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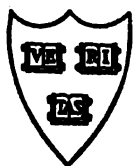
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THE
INSPECTOR,
LITERARY MAGAZINE
AND
REVIEW.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
EFFINGHAM WILSON, 88, ROYAL EXCHANGE.

1827.

D. Cartwright, Printer, 91, Bartholomew Close.

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LORD BATHURST AND THE COLONIAL LEGISLATURES.

The misapprehension which generally prevails as to the real state of society in the West Indies, and the point at which the West India question is now arrived, is as gross as it is injurious to the characters and interests of a numerous and important part of the community. Nine-tenths of the people who sign petitions in favor of Negro Emancipation, as it is called, have no ideas on the subject, except that to pray that the negroes may be made free, must be to perform a notable service to the cause of liberty. The notions commonly entertained of a West India Planter are, that he is a man who wears a straw hat, with an immensely large brim, sits on a rum barrel under the shade of a cocoa tree, and with a large whip amuses himself in touching up a row of black slaves at work in the scorching sun. He has been described as a "white savage," to whom the exclamations of the slave ship are "fragrance," and the groans of tortured and bleeding negroes "delicious music," ready to rebel from an abstract love of the use of the cartwhip, and convulsed with horror at the bare mention of any proposal for raising the moral and civil condition of the negro, not merely from motives of personal interest, but from an innate love of tyranny, and an instinctive abhorrence of the happiness of his fellow-creatures.

Ideas so ludicrous would be only laughable, were not a belief in them assiduously encouraged by the exertions of an organized body of implacable and persevering enemies, and devoutly entertained by the greater part of the Tomkineses and Joneses, who form the bulk of the English nation. Many thousands of well-meaning and respectable people are induced to imagine that there can be no hopes of improvement for the slave, without the master having been previously ruined; or, to use a phrase of the Abolitionists, starved into submission. A crusade has been carried on against the West India Proprietors at home, for the sake of preventing them from defending themselves in Parliament; and although this absurd attempt has failed so utterly, as to cover the modern Hermit who preached it with scorn and ridicule, yet the struggles it occasioned were violent enough to prove the existence of prejudices mischievous and wide spreading. Evil sufficient, indeed, and scarcely reparable, had already resulted from them. The Members of both branches of the Legislature had been swayed by the clamours of the people to contemplate the idea of a summary invasion of the constitutional privileges of the Colonial Assemblies; Ministers had been shaken from their propriety, and the respectable Nobleman at the head of the Colonial Department had been led into the commission of acts of impolicy, injustice, and arbitrary power, which he never would have committed, without the security that the British Nation would support him in any attack upon the rights, properties, and privileges of the Colonists.

"Respect," says Junius, "is due to the station of Ministers." In this instance respect is also due to the private personal character of the Minister, whose conduct is arraigned. Before entering, therefore, into an investigation which might in its result affect Earl Bathurst's reputation as a statesman, we are willing to advert to those

circumstances which may have blinded his judgment, and perverted his natural sense of equity; but we cannot think that the dislike of the public to the West Indians, was in any degree founded on evidence so accurate and legitimate, as to be an excuse for the disregard of public and private rights, with which he has proceeded in his management of the West India question. That dislike may, indeed, serve to screen him from the consequences which in England usually fall on Ministers, who use their power unjustly or unwisely; but it will not save him from the censure of reasonable men of all parties, and the curses both loud and deep of those whose interests and privileges he has unnecessarily invaded and impaired. Hitherto it has enabled him to escape not only reproof, but even enquiry.

The Colonists have been charged with resistance by the wishes of Parliament, because they have not complied with the instructions of a Colonial Secretary—with disrespect and contumacy, because they have remonstrated with the warmth natural to men, where privileges have been attacked. They have been made defendants, where they ought to have been plaintiffs; few have yet seemed to think it worth enquiry, whether those instructions were indeed in the spirit of the resolutions of the British Legislatures, or whether if the Colonial Assemblies have refused to adopt certain measures alleged to be intended for the improvement of the slave system, and some share of their obstinacy is not imputable to the manner in which those measures have been brought before them.

This silence has at last been broken. Earl Bathurst has threatened the West India Governments with an appeal to the British Parliament,—but when he has roused the storm, he may find some part of its violence fall upon himself. The attention of both Houses of Parliament is already called to his conduct, in the able and spirited pamphlet now before us;* and although our minds were already made up on this subject, we have found additional reasons from perusing this work to fortify our opinion that Earl Bathurst has much to answer for to this country, for the indiscretion and precipitancy which he has been guilty of in endeavouring to further its wishes for the emancipation of the negro,

In viewing the question between him and the Colonial Legislatures, it is of the highest importance that the latter should be contemplated both individually, and as corporate bodies, disencumbered from the obloquy with which they have been covered. Whatever may have been the case without, justice has always been done within, the walls of Parliament, to the West India Proprietors in England; but the resident Colonists, until lately, have scarcely ever been mentioned in any other terms than those of unqualified abuse, vituperation, and contempt. How few are there among[†] the public who seem to recollect that the Planters abroad also are men—many of whom have been born, more have been educated, in this country, and all of whom

* An Address to the Members of the New Parliament, on the Proceedings of the Colonial Department, in furtherance of the Resolutions of the House of Commons of the 15th May, 1823, "For ameliorating the Condition of the Slave Population in His Majesty's Colonies;" and on the only course that ought now to be pursued by His Majesty's Government.

are deeply impregnated with English feelings and attachments, who are continually being supplied and renewed by fresh draughts from the English shores, and must at all times be greatly influenced by constant collision with those whom interest, or duty, or pleasure, draw in thousands among them from the highest classes of English society. The traveller—the merchant—the official residents—the naval and military officer, *almost invariably*, speak well of their general humanity and kindness, and their disposition to do all which they can do, consistently with their own safety, for the happiness of their dependants. Of their ability to do this—of their capacities for legislating for themselves and their slaves—a most favorable testimony may be obtained from the reports of their proceedings with regard to Lord Bathurst's measures, and from the various able official documents which have been printed and laid before Parliament. The debate on the Slave Evidence Bill in the Assembly of Jamaica, has received the unsolicited applause of Mr. Brougham himself—and in the various memorials and representations transmitted from Trinidad and Demerara, the reader will find a vigor of language and closeness of reasoning—a knowledge of the principles of justice and policy, and an ability in the application of those principles to the questions at issue, which render them worthy of attention, no less for their intrinsic merits, than for the subject to which they relate. We have yet to learn why those in favor of whom this mass of testimony is given, should be treated by Lord Bathurst as men who *cannot* act wisely, and who *will* not act humanely.

However wise and excellent might have been in themselves the measures which Lord Bathurst thought proper to recommend, with a view to forward the object of negro improvement, we should still have thought it more statesman-like to have tried to procure their adoption by conciliation, rather than by authority. But how much stronger must be the indignation of the aggrieved, when they find that these measures were not only harshly and intemperately urged, but are calculated to produce the reverse of the effects intended. The Order in Council for Trinidad, contains provisions that are not “compatible with the well being of the slaves themselves, nor with the safety of the Colonies, nor with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property.”

The complaints which on both these grounds the Colonists have to make against Earl Bathurst, will be found briefly and forcibly stated in the pamphlet to which we have before alluded, and are summed up in the following extract from its pages. This we recommend to the attention of our readers, pledging ourselves that the statements contained in it are not overcharged, and fully prepared to enter at a future time into a more detailed examination of that important subject. It is to be remembered the author is addressing the Members of the New Parliament.

“Having laid before you the proceedings of the Colonial Department, and pointed out some of the bearings of these proceedings, I now request your attention, on constitutional considerations, to the danger that will ensue if you confer on them the

authority of parliamentary sanction. The rights of property, which are vested in the planters, have been placed by a nobleman* more distinguished for his rank and private virtues, than for his legal knowledge, on a footing with those of receivers of stolen goods; but an author has been found to deny to the planters even the respectable rights so liberally conceded by the noble duke, and to assert that, as by 'Gospel Dispensation,' there can be no such state as West India slavery, there can be no titles, yet I believe I may venture to rely on the national faith, pledged with all the solemnity prescribed by the British constitution, and assume that the planters' rights are undoubted. No charge has been brought against them of having violated any of the conditions on which the rights were granted; on the contrary, it is allowed that they have greatly ameliorated the condition of the slaves since this country ceased to force supplies on the Colonies—indeed, it is not pretended that the national guaranty was granted to ensure a state of comfort superior to that now enjoyed by the slaves. If, in these circumstances, a secretary of state be authorized to persevere in a course that may have the effect of lessening in value, or of rendering insecure, the property of the planters; if he is to be the sole judge of what may produce these effects, is it not evident that the rights, under the most solemn national pledge, dwindle into rights dependent on the will of a secretary of state? It would startle you to hear a secretary of state avow that property held under acts of parliament was at his mercy; yet Lord Bathurst's proceedings towards the colonists have not stooped short of such a declaration. He requires the colonists to adopt certain measures—they say that the value and security of their property would be thereby affected, and therefore demand a pledge of indemnification against loss. His lordship thinks the measure will increase both the value and security of property, and therefore will not entertain a proposal respecting indemnity. His lordship tells the planters that they must sell such parts of their property as may be demanded of them, and that certain persons shall be the judges of what they are to receive in compensation. The planters say that they will not sell such parts as may be demanded, that they will only sell such parts as they please, and that they will not leave it to the persons whom his lordship names, to estimate the value of their

* Duke of Devonshire, at the Derby county meeting.

† "Let us recollect what prodigious ruin one unguarded expression, dropped in the heat of debate, may occasion to those whom we would not willingly injure; while it is at the same time clear that the most ardent and enthusiastic eloquence cannot hasten the enjoyment of freedom by those who are not yet in a fit state to receive the boon."—*Mr. Canning.*

"My fixed opinion is, that those great and desirable objects have been more retarded by the intemperate zeal of those who have been the advocates of such measures, than they had been, or could be, by any direct opposition on the part of those who have opposed them."—*Lord Chancellor's Speech, House of Lords.*

‡ "Your Committee have also learnt from the agent, that in his conference with Ministers, it has been refused to acknowledge our claims to compensation for the injuries the colonies must sustain in the mere endeavour to carry the scheme of emancipation into effect; by which refusal the Ministers have shown an inclination not only to dispose of our property, without our consent, but even to violate those common rules of honesty, which ought to govern nations as well as private persons."—*Report of a Committee to the House of Assembly, Jamaica, 11 Dec. 1823.*

property, but that they will keep it until they can get what they think to be its value; they add, that if they were not to be the judges of the parts to be sold, they might be deprived of the very parts without which the rest would be valueless—the stream that turns the mill—the centre-stone of the arch. His lordship replies, that their arguments have had no weight, and that he must be obeyed, or he will call down on them the vengeance of the King in council and of parliament. It is to be observed that his lordship's measures had undergone no examination before parliament; no committees had sat in anxious deliberation; no witnesses had been examined on the probable effects; no counsel had been heard; in short, not one of the safeguards provided against the inroads to be made on private property by half a mile of road, a bridge, dock, or a tunnel, were thought necessary, as only the rights, and property, and lives of persons under the displeasure of the public, were concerned. It is dangerous to establish as a precedent, that whenever the public voice is raised, whatever be the means or artifices employed for that purpose, it is to be obeyed without enquiry, and without respect for acknowledged rights. When great public excitement exists, it is the duty of government to be doubly vigilant in going with the stream to steer clear of all encroachments on private property. This caution once neglected, who can say that his property will not be the next sacrificed? The contempt manifested by Lord Bathurst for the rights and privileges of the colonists, can be ascribed to nothing but a feeling of security, arising from the persuasion that the public voice is directed against them. In other cases, government has sought the sanction of parliamentary committees, or reports of commissioners. For instance, the change effected in the law of Scotland by the introduction of trial by jury in civil cases, although an acknowledged improvement was preceded by a laborious investigation, in the course of which every person whose interests were likely to be affected, had an opportunity of being heard. No important alteration has been attempted either in Scotland or Ireland, without similar caution and investigation. In England circumspection is as much in fashion: even Acts of Parliament passed for temporary purposes are not allowed to expire without enquiry; the Bank Restriction Act of 1797, which was only intended as a temporary measure, and the duration of which beyond two years after a general peace was never contemplated, was allowed to exist for years afterwards, and was not repealed until a full examination of every party and interest before committees of both Houses of Parliament. The corn laws may be adduced as another precedent for caution. The very advocates for them have long been satisfied that they are bad; but it has never been suggested by the wildest theorist that they ought to be abolished without enquiry. So far from that, the government sent a gentleman supposed to be well qualified, to the continent, for the express purpose of collecting information, and both Houses of Parliament will have been in possession of the information for months before the discussion; and before any thing is actually determined, there will be committees of both Houses, and witnesses examined from different

parts of the country. That such extreme caution is not superfluous, one example from the proceedings of the present year will prove. His Majesty's Ministers had expressed themselves in strong terms on the justice, and, indeed, indispensable necessity, of placing the Scotch and English banks on the same footing respecting small notes. The Prime Minister had said that without such uniformity the Bank of England would have to keep specie for all the Scotch banks, without any remuneration, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer had gone so far as to declare; that without such uniformity he would not envy the situation of any future Chancellor of the Exchequer; but when the subject was investigated before a committee of the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer himself joined the majority in voting against that uniformity.

"It will scarcely be said after Mr. Canning's description of the importance and difficulty of the West India question, that it deserved or required less caution, consideration, and enquiry, than the subjects which I have just enumerated; and, therefore, I presume, now that there has been time for reflection, that no further proceedings will be adopted without the fullest and fairest investigation of the claims of the planters. If his Majesty's government will consent to be as cautious for the next three years, as Lord Bathurst, in their names, has been precipitate for the last three, they will make some amends to the Colonist, and accomplish their object in a more effectual manner than by harshness and temerity. Mr. Canning, as the organ of administration in the House of Commons, has uniformly treated the question as one requiring time and caution; and depreciated the interference of parliament on any pretext short of contumacy. The subjoined extracts will demonstrate that the conduct of the Colonists manifests a very different spirit from that of contumacy. Wherever a disposition has been evinced to delay compliance with the wishes of government, to as great an extent as would be consistent with a due regard to safety and the rights of property, that disposition may in every instance be attributed to Lord Bathurst's *inconsiderate* and *unconciliating* despatches of the 12th of June and 9th of July, 1823, on which I have already offered remarks."

PROPOSED NEW BOND STREET UNIVERSITY,

AN EXAMINATION OF A CANDIDATE FOR A DEGREE.

We understand from very excellent authority, that an University is about to be instituted in the neighbourhood of Berkeley Square, where the old-fashioned qualifications of classical and scientific learning are to be dispensed with, and where nothing will be taught save the stiffening of cravats, the cutting out of collars, and other equally indispensable qualifications of a modern accomplished gentleman. The following is by anticipation our examination of a candidate for the degree of *Bac. Dand*,

Q. Repeat the articles of your faith?

A. I believe in the infallibility of *Stultz*. The omnipotence of

starch in cravats. The exclusiveness of *Almack's*. The fit of *Hoby*. The memory of *Brummell*.

Q. What is the meaning of the word, *WORLD*?

A. The place we live in—that is, a circle round Grosvenor Square, which a well educated horse might complete in nine minutes and fifteen seconds.

Q. If the exertion be not too much, enumerate what you consider the world to be composed of?

A. *Imprimis*.—One sun,—one moon,—myself,—my coat,—and an indefinite number of men, women, and brutes.

Q. Granting these you have mentioned to be the most important objects in it, which do you consider the next?

A. My tailor.

Q. What is the aggregate number of the population of the world?

A. There were two hundred and thirty at *Almack's* on the last evening.

Q. What is the utmost extent of time to which a man of fashion may enjoy an intimacy?

A. From the introductory bend of the neck, to the presentment of the fore-finger; which, in cases of extraordinary excitement, has taken up a space of half an hour.

Q. Do you consider it consonant to the laws of fashion to acknowledge an intimacy at the breaking up of a rout, which was formed at the beginning of the evening?

A. I have heard of such things, but question their correctness.

Q. In what do you believe the climax of human atrocity consists?

A. To bow to a man, to whom one never has been properly introduced.

Q. Admitting that it is perfectly correct in an exclusive enjoying an intimacy, had you ever a friend?

A. Yes; the most intimate I ever possessed, I dined with twice, and was seen with him for nearly a whole season in public, and recognized him at *Almack's* with a wrinkle in his shirt,—but I lost him—(*sighs deeply*.)

Q. What was the occasion of your parting?

A. It was *suspected* that his *valet matted*,* and wore cotton stockings in the morning.

Q. Taking it for granted that you believe it possible for a man to possess a bad character, give me your opinion what you should consider to be the vilest?

A. (*Indignantly*.)—A wretch who drank port wine, sent up his plate a second time for soup—used his tooth-pick more than once—that was detected before sunset in a white cravat, or some other equal atrocity.

Q. Can you believe it probable, that a being so lost to every sense of decency and humanity can be in existence?

A. (*Mysteriously*.)—I have heard it so suspected.

Q. Is it agreeable to the reputation of an exclusive to marry?

* In English---drank beer.

A. Only upon the condition that he never sees his wife.

Q. Did you ever premeditate matrimony?

A. I had once a tender connection, [Jerome, my *mills fleets*,] a being fraught with grace and loveliness; one, to the flounces of whose petticoat one might kneel with superstitious veneration—the extent of whose waist was irreproachable—from the pointing of whose shoes there was no appeal.

Q. Was your attachment mutual?

A. To a miracle, my valet lost his appetite, and her lady's maid grew thin!—(*Despondingly*.)

Q. You vowed eternal constancy, truth, and affection; swore that your love could be neither annihilated by time or distance; spoke of the disinterestedness of your views, and enquired whether her property was landed or vested in government securities?

A. My affection was so great, that it nearly absorbed my respect for etiquette; but I gave instructions to my lawyer, who declared my passion to her family solicitor.

Q. Did you before the solemnization of your nuptials, or the final *dénouement*, ever see the lady?

A. I will not be positive; but believe upon one occasion I caught a glimpse of her figure.

Q. As you have described the attachment to be ardent to an extraordinary degree, may I enquire in what extremity your passion seduced you into?

A. Our lawyers carried on a flirtation, and proposed the terms of the settlement, and I looked out for a wedding coach.

Q. If the recital would not be too much for your feelings, make me acquainted with the reasons why an alliance that gave every promise of future happiness and conjugal bliss, never went further than preliminaries?

A. I was nearly falling a sacrifice, but was saved from the brink of destruction by a fortunate though awful discovery.

Q. Do not exert yourself by repeating too much at once; endeavour to compose yourself, and inform us what it was?

A. The day my solicitor had obtained a special license, while my soul was revelling in all the joyous emotion of hope, fanned into certainty, it was hinted, that the tenderest object of my enthusiastic regard, the future partner of my name and parties, the fond idol of my bewildered soul, had actually consummated a supper with a steel fork!!!—(*Faints*.) *Examination continued.*

Q. I will no longer put a trial on your feelings by dwelling on these tender topics: do you know an individual called the king?

A. The person Brummel introduced into notice? Yes, I think I have heard there was such a man.

Q. Presuming that he is still in existence, is he one whom you could, without violence to your feelings, speak to in public?

A. (*After a pause*) It would depend upon what company I saw him in.

Q. Can you read?

A. (*Looks surprised*) I believe I could if I were to try. I have heard it said that my footman does.

Q. If, upon some extraordinary occasion, it would be necessary for a gentleman to swear, what would be the form of the oath?

A. (*Solemnly*) By the memory of Brummell's cravat.

Q. At what time of the day is it decorous for a man of fashion to be visible?

A. An hour before sunset, when the world is sufficiently aired for a gentleman to indulge in a morning ride or walk.

Q. As fashion confers but a qualified immortality, what would be your dying wish?

A. That my grave-clothes would be of the finest muslin; and that no vulgar fellows, who were suspected of indulging in gin or tobacco, would carry my coffin.

Q. From the acuteness of your replies to the various questions with which I have troubled you, I feel convinced you must have seen much of the world. Allow me to ask you, have you any belief of its extending beyond the region you first mentioned?

A. I once caught a glimpse of a place called Oxford Street.

Q. Did you gratify your curiosity to notice whether it was inhabited or not, or were you prevented?

A. I was—by a monster.

Q. Describe it—was it in the form of a man, a dragon, or a rhinoceros?

A. I am unable to form an opinion of its nature, but it wore a collar to its shirt, its shoe ribbons unironed, and, oh! (a glass of distilled water, or I shall faint) a human countenance without whiskers.

Q. Did you escape without injury?

A. I caught cold from the naked appearance of its face*.

Q. If I am not fatiguing you with too many questions, perhaps you will inform me whether you are acquainted with the situation of a place, island, or peninsula, called Russell Square, which was added to our dominions by our worthy friend, Mr. Croker, in a voyage of discoveries which he made in the year 1825?

A. I take particular pride in replying, that I was one of the chosen individuals who accompanied the adventurous traveller on that most perilous and enterprising expedition.

Q. Perhaps you will favor the Court of Examiners with the particulars of the discovery, and a brief description of the savages or *indigites* of the soil of this new acquisition..

A. With pleasure. I have a journal of the remarkable incidents which I invariably keep near my person, and, according to your request, will read it.

THE DISCOVERY OF RUSSELL SQUARE.

The conditions of our enterprise having been finally arranged, and our instructions delivered, sealed by the Lords of the Admiralty, after a few months preparation we were enabled to commence our

* Although this asseveration of the honorable gentleman may appear a little hyperbolic, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Brummell experienced the same malady by the negligence of his valet in putting him in a room with a *damp stranger*.

adventurous career. Prayers having been put up for our safe return, our wills having been made, and in case of our never arriving from

"that undiscovered country (Russell Square),
From whence (it was dreaded) no traveller returns,"

our property secured, as well as handsome annuities to our wives and children, we embarked on board the Admiralty yacht from Whitehall Stairs. Here a scene that would have melted the heart of a stoic took place. The difficulties and horrors of our campaign, the melancholy fates of Mungo Park, Bruce, and Captain Cook, the agonizing consequences of starvation, cannibalism, and vulgarity, which we were likely to encounter in these unknown regions, were depicted in their most vivid and powerful colors. But each of us was a Roman, a Columbus, prepared to stand or fall in the service of his country. The vessel left the shores amidst the tears, groans, and perfumed handkerchiefs of the surrounding multitude; so heart-rending were our *adieux*, that three officers of the guards, overcome by the afflicting crisis, went into strong hysterics, and were obliged to have their stay-laces cut. Standing on the poop of the vessel with a white handkerchief in one glove, and a bottle of *Eau de Cologne* in the other, we waved farewell to our friends, and, as the last vestige of their whiskers disappeared from our sight, a sad presentiment filled our minds that it was for ever. The gloom that this afflicting idea naturally cast round us had scarcely subsided, before we were violently seized with the sea sickness (the tide running up then very strongly), but by a prompt application of a cordial, with which our considering friends and relatives had provided us, we soon recovered sufficiently to enjoy the novelty of our situation. Groups of beings, wearing the form and countenances of men, though most barbarously disguised, occasionally passed us in what we supposed to be canoes, saluting us in an unknown and discordant tone. Our voyage concluded at a point which, we have since been informed, was discovered by a noble lord in a sailing expedition, where he was driven by adverse winds and tides, and baptised by him "Waterloo Bridge," after a certain victory obtained by the ancient Britons some time previous to the flood. Having landed, we were immediately surrounded by a native tribe of a warlike and barbarous aspect, being in almost a primitive dress, having only the lower part of their persons covered. The appearance of their skin was most remarkable; it was intersected by blue seams, as if nature had supplied them with a shirt of her own formation—for not the slightest appearance of muslin or cambric was visible. The name of this horde of barbarism is, as we were afterwards informed, in their native *patois*, SCULLERS, and from the circumstance of their appearing peculiar to the river and its banks, the Professor of Natural History, whom we carried with us, after six months of elaborate investigation, declared them to be members of the animal kingdom, of a species between the alligator and crocodile, and peculiar to the soil. After a most minute inspection of our dress and habiliments, which apparently excited in their simple breasts the most intense curiosity, we were suffered to depart, happily without experiencing any injury or annoyance, save that which arose from an odour (particularly

villainous), which arose from certain cavities in their faces, which served the creatures for mouths; and which odours, we have since discovered, was the effluvia caused by masticating a noxious herb, also peculiar to the soil, called by the natives *bacco* or *quid*, the real name we unfortunately could not discover.

Previously to our progression from this station, we had an opportunity of seeing, what our naturalist has declared to be since, the *female* Sculler, bearing in her paws, or arms, one of its young. It is an animal of hardly any perceptible distinction from the male Sculler, save that it has longer hair on the head, and a total or partial absence of that excrescence from the chin and upper lip. Our suspicion that the whole race were cannibals, was confirmed by an accident, through which we were nearly deprived of the inestimable life of our most enterprising and worthy commander, Mr. Crofton Croker. As strangers to the soil, it was particularly our wish, as well as that of the authorities we represented, to reconcile our visits to the natives; and accordingly our highly beloved friend, with his proverbial resolution, consented to take the office upon himself. Intending, by way of conciliation, to chuck the young of the Sculler under its chin, the juvenile savage at once assured us of his anthropophigical propensity, by making a snap at the fingers of the honorable secretary, and, what was more horrible, at those of his favorite hand. Fortunately, the prompt assistance of myself and the rest of the party, prevented its carrying its sanguinary wish into execution, and we had the gratification of preserving a life so dear to his country, so inestimable in the discovery of science, and the stiffening of calico for cravats.

After a reference to our geographical charts, we took our seats in our stanhopcs, being preceded by Mr. Croker's travelling chariot, a detachment of the Lancers, by way of security, two interpreters, a guide, and a surgeon, in case of casualties. By the instructions of the guide we steered in a direction N.E.E., and as we proceeded farther into the country, the barbarity and uncivilization become more apparent. Crossing a swamp called *the Strand*, we arrived at a native settlement called Drury Lane, inhabited by a horde infinitely more barbarous and rude than the tribe by which we were accosted on landing. The *indigites* of this soil, in ferscity of appearance, exceeded all our previous idea of savage life. They are generally *tattooed*, but the crevices in their skin, instead of variegated colours as the savages of the South Seas, seemed to be filled up by a composition much resembling dirt. They had, however, no tomahawks, nor implements of a warlike description, nor were any of them dressed in skins; although some of them had the hide of a beast hanging from their waist downwards, which appeared their only covering, and we understand is called by them—*leathern apron*.

Passing by a native wigwam, which we found in our maps defined as *Vinegar Yard*, we were surrounded by a motley and terrific group of the inhabitants, both male and female. Of their sexes we were in great doubt, especially of those which carried on their heads a kind of wicker basket, in which were a quantity of fish, of

whose *genus* our naturalist declared himself perfectly ignorant. As we had often heard of the simplicity of man when undefiled by a knowledge of the world, of his hospitality, and his overflowing milk of human kindness, and feeling besides exhausted from the length and difficulties of our journey, we determined upon putting these fabled attributes to the proof. Holding up his stick, as an emblem of peaceable intentions, and backed by two of the Lancers, he advanced, and enquired for the hut of their chief, and requested, as we were much exhausted, they would oblige us with a small quantity of their *ava*, and a few of their native *yams*. As they seemed unable to detect his meaning, which we endeavoured to make more palpable, by all of us at the same time advancing, simultaneously putting our fingers down our mouths, and rubbing our stomachs, in order to have our urgent necessities immediately gratified.

Instead of our wants having been anticipated, as we had naturally supposed, the whole tribe immediately set up a discordant yell. Believing that we were still misunderstood, we resolved on asking for food, and assuring them of our peaceable intentions in all the languages we were masters of. One of the lancers who had, during foreign service, picked up a few expressions of the Cherokee Indians, and also a knowledge of their habits, proposed addressing them. A consultation being held, and the result being favorable, he advanced; and in the Cherokian language asked for food, invoking at the same time the great spirit, which he did by spitting on his hands (an Indian custom), and holding up his right foot for the purpose of his auditor kissing it, as a token of conciliation. The person whom he addressed, in an uncouth but certainly melodious language answered in these words:

“Dôm hêw-êr hîcâ, giô tis nôac ô' hew-er jaw.”

Another, whom I had willingly intreated in my native tongue for a place of shelter, answered in the following couplet, which convinced me of the truth of the supposition of Mr. Thomas Campbell, the intended lecturer of poetry to the London University, that mankind in an aboriginal state is essentially poetical, and express their ideas either in rhythmical or figurative language.

Hâx hây-bont
Aû find it hout:

Others shouted with a peculiar strength of lungs, *Bedlam! Bedlam! ha! ha!* These words appeared to be instantly caught up by the surrounding groupes, and communicated like wild-fire amongst the different tribes, which by this time had increased to an alarming magnitude. Horror struck—the idea entered our minds, that the war whoop had been sounded, and as we actually saw many scalping knives in the hands of the barbarians, we concluded we should be brutally massacred. Resigning ourselves to the protection of Providence, we breathed a short and hurried prayer, beseeching, that if we

* These remarkable words have been submitted to the attention of the Royal Academicians of the Literary Society; who, after several meetings, have come to a decision, that they are derivative from the *teutonic*, and that they express a peculiar invocation to, or denunciation of, the eyes of the party addressed, with a register that he will refrain from further speaking,

fell a sacrifice to the blood-thirsty savages, and were roasted and eaten alive, that He would protect our widows and fatherless babes, who would see what remained of our bones decently interred. Scarce had we risen after the delivery of this prayer, when one of the female barbarians, with a wild ferocity gleaming from her eyes, and a grin which spoke the darkness of her intent, swore by Jingo (the name we understand of the idol they worship,) that she would have a "*buss*." Seizing upon Mr. Croker, who, as your honor are well aware, is of a small and particularly delicate make, she uttered aloud, that he was "so spick and span, and so nice a tit-bit, she could eat him." By the savage glee with which she strained him in her arms, and the awful extension of her jaws, we presumed she was about to carry her threat into execution, for when the tremendous gulph was opened, our beloved secretary did not seem to be above a respectable mouthful! Advancing as near as we dare approach, with tears in our eyes, we bade him adieu, and conjured him to deliver his dying request, solemnly promising that should one of us escape to be the survivor, he should carry it to his widow. At this instant, our commander uttered a piercing cry of agony, on the she-dragon applying her lips to his face, as the anaconda is said to lick her victim over ere she gorges him; whether it was this shriek, or the natural caprice of her sex, we have to thank for his emancipation from her bloody talons, we know not, but she released him without any further outrage, than barbarously disarranging the tie of his neck-cloth. Having secured ourselves against the perpetration of any further atrocity, by a rapid flight, we returned thanks to the power that had preserved to us our beloved leader. Arriving at a settlement, marked out in the maps as Great Russell Street, the marks of civilization became more apparent, particularly when we saw a native approaching in shoes, stockings, and a *bona fide* pair of breeches; but our surprise was increased on reaching the place of our destination, "Russell Square," to find very few traces of savage life, and a wigwam of considerable extent, erected in close imitation of our beloved and long-lost homes! Having stopped at a house which had the appearance of being inhabited by a civilized being, our interpreter, in the *patois* of the country, requested we might be admitted inside, for the sole purpose of judging of the manners and customs of foreign nations. The creature who received our request, was habited much after the same fashion as our footmen, only the wretch, as if to put his vulgarity beyond a doubt, actually wore white cotton stockings, and his hair without powder. Being shown up stairs, we entered a room of considerable dimensions, and our astonishment may be more easily conceived than expressed, on our finding instead of naked beings, squatted cross-legged on mats on the floor, we found them decently attired, and sitting upright in most Christian like and indubitable chairs. The master of the house, a short, fat, and for a savage, an apparently inoffensive man, having by no means a blood-thirsty appearance, made us welcome according to the fashion of the country, which he did by the following ceremony:—Placing himself about half a yard before us, with both sets of his toes so drawn in as to nearly meet, one of his hands being

struck where his breeches pocket should be placed, he ducked his head and shoulders, (as if he would make a bow,) at the same time drawing one of his feet from the other, and scraping it on the floor; this accomplished, he resumed his former position, muttered some unintelligible words, which sounded like "perdigiously happy," tucked up the collar of his shirt, (for the wretch actually wore one,) and stalked away.

It is needless to say that we were regarded with symptoms of infinite astonishment by the natives, with whom the room was filled, and who appeared to be mimicking the manners of civilized life, and often calling out words, which we have since understood to be names of liquids peculiar to the country, viz. "port," "sherry," and "lemonade." Our curiosity being amply gratified, the short fat native, who had at first addressed us, marched up to me, and to my indescribable alarm, offered to introduce me to his daughter, a young savage of about seventeen, who he pointed out sitting in a nearly civilized attitude on a legitimate sofa. Perceiving me shudder at the proposal, for I had heard that the New Zealanders (and other barbarous tribes) sometimes eat of their friends, as well as their enemies, he enquired of me the cause, and fearful of the consequence of exciting the anger of these savages while in their power, I expressed my total willingness to the introduction, and declared that my only objection was, lest she should scratch; upon his assuring me she was perfectly tame, I consented to be led (though like a lamb to the slaughter,) to the couch, praying most fervently, though silently, she would not make a meal of me. What was my horror when the short fat gentleman addressed her with a most horrid wink of the eye, "Poppett, as I know you to be partial to these smart young fellows,"—heavens! she was then addicted to cannibalism, "I have brought you one." I heard no more, but making up my mind I was to be served up for supper, flew with the utmost rapidity my stays would permit me, when my ears were electrified at the sounds of Stultz and Nugeè. I knew not how it was, but the hearing of these words, surrounded as I was by doubt and danger, calmed at once my agitated spirits; like some well remembered air which we have heard in our infancy, stealing over the waste of years and distance, I felt completely overcome by my feelings. Home, and my native land, with a thousand sweet associations of relatives, and all the charms of friendship and love, seemed to accompany the sounds, and I gazed with unqualified mildness on the innocent source of my happiness, who stood gazing in simple wonder at my ill-suppressed surprise. I was nearly fainting, and should have fallen, had it not been for a kind hearted savage in a satin slip, and blond trimmings, bathing my temples with a grateful distillation of otto of roses. The natural reserve of my disposition having been overcome by the force of nature, I proposed to our entertainer, if he would part with his daughter, to take her back with us, and make her a member of the civilized world. He shook his head, and declared his inability to relinquish her; so great do we find the force of parental affection, even in savage life; but upon the approach of his son, an eligible and ductile youth, with a promising

pair of whiskers, and irreproachable pantaloons, consented to part with him, declaring that next to his daughter he was the only solace of his life. As the youth bore the name of his tribe, the semi-barbarous cognomen of Simpson, he agreed to accept of that of *Lee too*, not only as being more civilized, but expressive of his situation. As he was of an ambitious nature; he had made, unknown to his parent, many excursions towards the west; we therefore agreed to accept of him as our guide; and we left our simple and promising friends, with the assurance of a speedy return: as a pledge, we exchanged one of our cravats, well stiffened and with the Petersham tie, for one of the collars worn by the male, and a sounce of the ~~she~~ savage's petticoats; promising also to send them on our arrival, a pattern of Lord Harborough's beard, which approached nearer to savage life, than any other object we could then think of in the civilized world. Not to trespass any further on the time of my honorable listeners, I will merely mention, that we reached Connaught Place without any accident, with the young savage as a trophy, and received the most affectionate welcome on our unexpected and safe return. Prayers were put up the following day at most of the fashionable churches, and a solemn *te deum* was composed expressly for the occasion. The young savage has already realized the expectation we formed of his docility and capacity; already he speaks our language equal to a native, has run through the whole of his property—keeps race horses—and has an opera singer under his protection—never pays a bill, and is admitted without a voucher at every hell in the metropolis; has forgot his father's name, and never hears the unknown region of "Russell Square" mentioned, but inquires, "if that is not the place where the people drink porter, and don't wear shoes and stockings?"

[It is needless to observe, that after this examination the aspiring candidate for academical honours was admitted without a further question, and his degree of *Bac. Baud.* was delivered to him with a handsome compliment on his extreme capability.] Y.

SONG ON THE DELPHIN CLASSICS.

BY AN AMATEUR.

For we're all nodding, nid, nid, nodding,
For we're all nodding o'er these drowsy tomes.

OLD SONG PARAPHRASED.

Let scholars lament o'er the ruins divine
Of Athenians, and Romans, and Massics,
So famous alike for their wit and their wine,
That they face all our cleverest classics.
No writers of old, whatsoever they may be,
Come forth in such scurvy condition,
As those whose fine talents are mildewed by the
Man-moths of the Delphin Edition.

CHORUS.

With thy Brék, ek, ek, ax ko-ax, ko-ax*,
Aristarchus and Co. are astonishing quacks.

* *Bpak, ax, ax, ax, noké, noké*, the chorus of frogs in Aristophanes. Aristarchus, the assumed name of the editor of the Delphin Classics, from his having written a dull work in defence thereof, yclept "Aristarchus ante Bloomfieldianus."

First Horace, who boasted how vainly to be
 An eloquent eulogist *vini*,
Variorum'd, with vengeance, is plunged in a sea
 Of nonsense, in *uauu delphini*.
 Next Ovid, whose spirit and pages were big
 With love, and its Julian abettor*,
 So buckrammed in starch by a man in a wig,
 Who thunders a note in each letter.

CHORUS.—With my Brek, &c. &c. &c.

Superlative Caesar, sole king of the world,
 Unequall'd in fight or defence,
 Still achieves, with a banner of blarney unfur'd,
 Fresh conquests o'er grammar and sense.
 Grim Juvenal's text, with the rest of the squad,
 Transformed by a pantomime change,
 Is clystered with critical pills, 'till, by —,
 You would swear that his mind had the mange.

CHORUS.—With my Brek, &c. &c. &c.

Philosopher Tacitus, solid as beef,
 Oak-hearted in spirit and strength,
 Condemned without jury, is hung like a thief,
 On a note of some acres in length.
 Poor Cicero, salted for sale like a pig,
 And alter'd as alter'd can be,
 Seems to cry in each sentence, "Oh, man in the wig!
 Oh, why persecutest thou me!"

CHORUS.—With my Brek, &c. &c. &c.

"Miser Catullus," (how justly) and eke
 Propertius, tricked out by his foes,
 Are tweaked with their critical tongues as you'd tweak
 A thick-headed fop by the nose.
 Their stiff Aristarchus has put them to bed
 On his book, where each heedlessly slumbers,
 Tucked up in a blanket of bombast, instead
 Of a sheet from his own flowing numbers.

CHORUS.—With my Brek, &c. &c. &c.

But I call to revenge the foul insults of this
 Anthropophagus, cunning and clever
 Acherontis Alceto, whose serpents shall hiss
 In his critical conscience for ever.
 The ghost, too, of Virgil shall howl o'er him loud,
 As the voice of a critic whom I know,
 With the sprits of his love in her skeleton shroud,
 And the "dora ultricio" of Dido.

CHORUS.—With my Brek, &c. &c. &c.

Though murder will out, it had better be in,
 When published in calf-akin octaves,
 Go for God's sake, dear Valpy, repent of your sin,
 And let the dead rest in their graves.
 And still let them sleep in their solitude deep,
 In your tractates no more let us see 'em,
 And so shall the world out of gratitude sleep
 O'er your own soporific Museum †.

CHORUS.—With my Brek, &c. &c. &c.

* Julia, the name of the lady in whose cause he was banished.

† The name of a delectable weakly miscellany with which the town was treated. It died, however, the death of the righteous.

MATRIMONY.

"If any know cause why this couple should not be joined in holy matrimony, they are to declare it."

COMMON PRAYER.

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being, do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease—in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements."

RAMBLER.

The charms of society, and the necessity that the affections which Nature has implanted in us should be decently satisfied, illustrate the advantages of marrying, were it not desirable for any thing else. But, besides this, we establish a fire-side of our own, we bind one heart to our service, and secure one bosom in which we may confide in seasons of adversity; and from which, in such dark hours, we may draw forth ample consolation and affectionate support: and this last, appears to me, the highest privilege of connubial bliss. When the results of business have thwarted the worldly man, and the caprice of dissipation, the gay man; or when, perhaps, some imagined coldness in another's conduct has wounded the feelings of a friend, it is then that each of these *may* fly to his home, and seek in the bosom of his wife that alleviation to his uneasiness, which an interchange of thoughts and feelings ought not in any, and does not in most cases, fail to ensure. I can easily imagine a man may pass through life singly with less care, but in sickness he will have to purchase kindness with money; and, in misfortune, he will look in vain for that companionship and countenance which it is the nature of the least worthy or most miserable to wish for. As a sign-post, whose direction line is washed off by the hand of time, is thought an incumbrance to a highway, so an old bachelor, without money to buy attention to his sufferings, is regarded by travellers, on the grand highway of life, as a thing of no interest, and not worthy of speculation. If this be the case, and the hearts of all men yearn for social intercourse; if they do so, how necessary is it, then, to attach oneself, early in life, to an intelligent and amiable woman.

Those of your readers, Mr. Inspector, who are not taken with the dash of dissipation (which is often as unsatisfactory to its votaries as it is contemptible to reflective minds), will readily allow the desirability of matrimony; but we must not pass by the disadvantages of it, and I will therefore run over those which, to me, would be of some moment. It is an old observation; that all happiness here is imperfect, and, therefore, marriage should not be avoided because of its attendant annoyances; the most palpable of which, and that generally first thought of, (and, indeed, of great importance,) is the difficulty of providing for a helpmate, and the probable consequence, a family. This, I have said, is of great importance, but it is not of the first importance—it is of more moment that we look to the temper of our companion: the inconveniences of poverty will warp even a good temper, how much more then must be borne from

an irritable one! There is a disadvantage, too, arising in the marriage state from the intimacy being necessarily so close, and so open, that each party is made acquainted of the other's faults; whereas, in other connections (for instance, such as friendship), the contact of persons not being so incessant, some mental deficiency, or annoying turn of temper, may be concealed. It may likewise be avoided, which is not the case with one's wife. There is too; too often, a use made of the knowledge of this fault in matters of disagreement, by which the happiness of the person thus reproved is, of course, abridged. Besides which, the married state gives too much power to women generally, inasmuch (for this requires explanation, that it may be observed) there is less delicacy or tact in their way of delivering their censures or dissenting opinions, than in the male sex; and matrimony gives no palpable means to put down, or soften, or avoid this evil, which too often creates bickering and unhappiness. The state of matrimony, therefore, *before the service*, must be cautiously weighed; and those who have already entered it, must look to the failings of their companion with the kindness of affection, not with the strictness of propriety. In the choice of a wife, temper, pecuniary consideration, health, and family, are, with sense, of great importance. With a bad temper, differences are inevitable; with an unequal income, they are probable; with imperfect health, your happiness, if there be affection, will be abridged; and marrying into a family that does not go kindly with you, is certainly a lesser sort of evil. If, on the other hand, there be good temper, straightened circumstances will be cheerly borne with; the sickly look of infirm health will be cheered by the sunny smile of contentedness, and differences of friends will flee away at the prospect of connubial happiness.

C. W. L. Q. S.

SONG.

The sun is up---though feebly still
 He throws his yellow beam;
 The gray mist shrouds the distant hill,
 And floats along the stream.
 The fluttering hangs on the air,
 And pours his matin lay;
 While Mirth and rosy Health repair
 To meet the rising day.
 The forest-branches slowly wave,
 Where sport the zephyrs coy,
 And Echo, from her hollow cave,
 Repeats the notes of joy.
 The light airs cool my fevered brow,
 And pain and care depart;
 For Nature's holy radiance now
 Hath flashed upon my heart!

D. L. R.

ON VERSIFICATION.

Notwithstanding the present popularity of the muses, and the extraordinary increase of late years in the number of their successful votaries, it is surprising how many otherwise well-informed persons, are utterly unacquainted with the simplest principles of poetic composition. On this account, perhaps a concise and easy explanation of the mechanical construction of verse, may not be altogether unacceptable. I shall not, however, in the present instance, puzzle the unlearned reader with definitions of the terms Trochee, Iambus, Spondee, Pyrrhic, &c. and the order in which poetic feet should be used to produce the most perfect harmony. They will probably form the subject of a future communication. I shall now proceed, without further introduction, to a consideration of the principal forms of English verse.

"BLANK-VERSE," says Southey, in his preface to *Thalaba*, "is the noblest measure, in my judgment, of which our admirable language is capable." There are few persons at the present day, who would question for a moment the justice of the Laureate's remark; though perhaps, when Johnson swayed the sceptre of literary criticism, there were not wanting many of his slavish admirers, who were willing to embrace the absurd opinion expressed in his life of Somerville, that "if blank-verse be not tumid and gorgeous, it is crippled prose."

BLANK-VERSE is commonly formed of lines of ten syllables, with no other precise regulation for the pause of sense or sound, than that it should be varied as much as possible, and be placed not more frequently at the end of the line than elsewhere. Care, however, should be taken that the stream of harmony be not ruffled by interruptions too abrupt, or numerous. Full pauses at the fourth, sixth,

* "The variety of pauses, so much boasted by the lovers of blank-verse, changes the measures of an English poet, to the periods of a declaimer; and there are only a few skilful and happy readers of Milton, who enable their audience to perceive where the lines end or begin. *Blank-verse*, said an *INGENIOUS* critic, *seem to be verse only to the eye.*" *Life of Milton.*

"Blank-verse, left merely to its numbers, has little operation on the ear or mind."

Life of Roscommon.

"The disgust which blank-verse, encumbering and encumbered, superadds to an unpleasing subject, soon repels the reader, however willing to be pleased."

Life of Dyer.

"His blank-verses, those that can read them may probably find to be like the blank-verses of his neighbours. 'Love and Honour,' is derived from the old ballad, 'Did you not hear of a Spanish lady?' I wish it well enough to wish it were in rhyme."

Life of Shenstone.

"Blank-verse will, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome." *Life of Akenside.*

The above extracts from the "Lives of the Poets," sufficiently express Dr. Johnson's dislike to blank-verse, and shew that he was glad of every opportunity to abuse a metre, the melody of which a remarkably dull ear rendered him wholly unable to appreciate.

R.

or tenth syllable, are those most gratifying to the ear. The following description of a serene Winter Night, by Shelley, is a specimen of this measure.

"How beautiful this night! the balmyest sigh,
Which vernal zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,
Were discord to the speaking quietude,
That wraps this moveless scene. Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls,
Seems like a canopy which Love had spread,
To curtain her sleeping world, yon gentle hills
Robed in a garment of untrodden snow;
Yon darksome walls, whence icicles depend,
So stainless that their white and glittering spears
Tinge not the moon's pure beam; yon castled steep,
Whose banner hangeth o'er the time-worn Tower
So idly, that rapt fancy deemeth it
A metaphor of PEACE,—all form a scene,
Where musing SOLITUDE might love to lift
Her soul above this sphere of earthliness;
Where SILENCE undisturbed might watch alone,
So cold, so bright, so still!"

There are a few blemishes in the above verses, but they are scarcely worth noticing. The eighth line has a syllable too many. The pauses on the third syllable in the eleventh and fourteenth lines are not pleasant: and perhaps it is a defect that in eighteen lines there is not one final pause at the end of a line.

The euphony of Blank-verse is exactly the same as that of the heroic rhyme so much used by Pope and his imitators. If the reader will make the last syllable of every two lines of any piece of musical blank-verse rhyme together, and pay no attention to the full pauses, except when they fall at the close of the line, he will perceive what I mean. Perhaps, however, I had better save him the trouble of rhyming, and try to do it myself; I shall deform Shelley's verses in the attempt, but I must request that the *sound*, and not the *sense*, be attended to.

How beautiful this night," the balmyest sigh
Which vernal zephyrs" breathe in evening sky (ear),
Where discord" to the speaking quiet (ude) now
That wraps this moveless scene." Heaven's ebon brow (vault),
Studded with stars" unutterably clear (bright),
Through which the moon's" unclouded beams appear (grandeur rolls),
Seems like a canopy" which Love had spread,
To curtain her sleeping world," when care had fled (yon gentle hills).

The HEROIC MEASURE is formed of couplets of corresponding rhymes, with lines of ten syllables. The full pause of sense and sound is generally at the end of a couplet. A slight pause of the voice (termed the *cæsura*,) must, however, be made about the fourth, fifth, or sixth syllable from the commencement of each line. I will subjoin a specimen from the Lamentation over "Palestine," by Heber, the late Bishop of Calcutta.

Where now thy pomp," which kings with envy viewed ?
 Where now thy might," which all those kings subdued ?
 No martial myriads" muster in thy gate ;
 No suppliant nations" in thy temples wait ;
 No prophet bards" thy glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre" and swell the tide of song :
 But lawless force" and meagre want are there,
 And the quick-darting eye" of restless fear ;
 While cold Oblivion" mid thy ruins laid,
 Folds his dark wing" beneath the ivy shade !

The OCTO-SYLLABIC verse, of the "fatal facility" of which Lord Byron has spoken, requires but few observations. There is scarcely any cæsural, and no full pause, except at the end of the line. If there be any cæsural pause besides the one at the end of the line, it is generally at the fourth syllable. The poet who has written most, and with the greatest success, in this measure, is Sir Walter Scott. I shall give an extract from the "*Lay of the Last Minstrel*," one of his most delightful productions.

"The way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infirm and old ;
 His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day.
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy ;
 The last of all the Bards was he,
 Who sung a Border chivalry."

The HEROIC and OCTO-SYLLABIC metres, when used with alternate rhymes, form the QUARTRAIN, or verse of four lines. The following are specimens.

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the sea,
 The ploughman homewards plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me."
Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

"In yonder grave a Druid lies,
 Where slowly winds the stealing wave !
 The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,
 To deck its Poet's sylvan grave !" *Collins.*

The SPENSEREAN STANZA, so called from its having been introduced by Spenser, is of Italian origin. It has been rendered very popular of late, by the publication of Lord Byron's *Childe Harold*, which is written in that measure. It is extremely elaborate, and somewhat intricate,* but there are few species of verse that gratify the ear with such a volume of melodious sounds. The full majestic sweep of the concluding line, is in the highest degree grand and impressive. It is termed an Alexandrine ; that is, a line of twelve syllables, with the cæsura on the sixth syllable. In other respects, the rules for the position of the pauses in this stanza, are nearly the same

* A labyrinth of sweet sounds.---HAZLITT.

as those for blank-verse; the only difference is, that the full pauses should rather more frequently close the line. The following is a fine model:

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed,
That knows its rider. Welcome to their roar!
Swift be their guidance, wheresoever it lead!
Though the strained mast should quiver as a reed,
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
Still must I on; for I am as weed,
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail;
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail!"

, Lord Byron.

The SONNET* is also of Italian origin. I have already occupied so much space; that I must somewhat abruptly conclude with a specimen of this complicated and difficult composition. I have gone through the principal forms of verse, but there are a great number not yet noticed. The reader, however, who is well acquainted with those I have thus feebly treated of, will easily comprehend the nature of any others he may meet with: the following poem is constructed on the principles of the *legitimate* Italian Sonnet; a form of versification which admits of the melody and variety of blank-verse, with the addition of frequently recurring rhymes.

PAPAL DOMINION.

A SONNET, BY W. WORDSWORTH.

"Unless to Peter's chair the viewless wind
Must come, and ask permission when to blow,
What further empire would it have? for now
A ghostly Domination, unconfined
As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,
Sits there in sober truth---to raise the low---
Perplex the wise---the strong to overthrow---
Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!
Resist---the thunder quails thee! crouch---rebuff
Shall be thy recompense! from land to land
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff,
For occupation of a magic wand,
And 'tis the Pope that wields it,---whether rough
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand!"†

This is by no means a favorable specimen of Mr. Wordsworth's Sonnets, which are often most exquisite; but it is the only *legitimate* one I can at this moment offer. I ought, perhaps, to explain the nature of the OTTAVA RIMA and the TERZA RIMA, both borrowed from the Italian, but this article is so much longer than I intended it to be, that I must embrace another opportunity.

D. L. R.

* Petrarca, Gaxi, Bembo, and other distinguished poets, often bestowed the labour of months upon one sonnet. It is said of Bembo, that he had a desk with forty divisions, through which his sonnets passed in succession, before they were published, and at each transition they received some correction.

† The concluding assertion is rather startling. The fact is, however, that the sonnet is one of a series, entitled "Ecclesiastical Sketches," and has reference to times less happy and liberal than the present.

ROSES AND THORNS.*

A FRAGMENT.

"To kneel to pleasure, is to bow to pain." OLD POEM.

This preternatural apparition of the majestic old man, did not long affect me with horror. His countenance, though unmoving, was all benignity and compassion; and, moreover, it was the only object visible to me through the dense vapour that surrounded us. On a sudden his lips stirred, and I heard, as from the hollows of the deep, the encouraging words, "Fear nothing." Immediately I could perceive from the backward motion of that enveloping mist, that we were hurrying on with great velocity; and in a space of time too short to be determined, we found ourselves in front of two gates very near each other, but in every point wholly dissimilar. We approached, and I examined them with close attention. That on the right hand was of the older architecture, but was incomparably superior to the other, in the state of its repair, and in the design and execution of its embellishments. On a bas-relief, surmounting the square door in the centre, was a sculptured paradise of angelical forms, innumerable as they were inimitable; and through a small lattice, at a convenient height from the ground, there was presented to the eye one of the most exquisitely charming landscapes that the mind of even Claude could imagine. On directing my view, however, to the gate on the left, all appeared gloomy and forsaken. The original arch that formed the entrance was so dilapidated, that what remained of it might be rather called an obstruction than a structure. That portion of it which was erect, seemed threatening annihilation to all beneath; and the blackening fragments that indented the ground were matted over with every kind of noisome weed. Yet, as I mentioned before, this remnant of an edifice was clearly of a subsequent date to the other. It stood in its destruction like a child of sin, whose brow has been stained with crime before age has silvered it: and yet this was the portal alluded to in the following inscription which I read upon the neighbouring architecture: "They who enter through me, shall depart through my fellow." The awful writing over Dante's gate of Hell, was but little more disheartening; yet when my venerable conductor looked wistfully at me, as if to know my intention, I laid my hand on the brilliant pannels, and on their yielding to my first touch, advanced eagerly towards the scene that had so delighted me. My feet had scarcely planted themselves within these heavenly precincts, than all fatigue in advancing was at an end. Though my limbs moved as before, it was without exertion; so that I rather glided than

* So entitled, because neither roses nor thorns are the subject. *Lucus a non lucendo.*
 PRINTER'S DEVIL.

walked ; and yet the air was quite perceptible, for my eyes twinkled with the enchanting freshness that greeted them, and my senses were half dissolved in the seraphic sounds and ambrosial perfumes breathing about me. Such living green, such deep, deep blue, and such burning gold, I had never beheld even in dreams. The murmur of cascades, the trickling of rivulets, the sighing of spring branches, and the rustling of autumn leaves,—to say nothing of the more touching melody of the birds,—made up a concert of sounds that no single climate or season could elsewhere have provided. But after all the varied enchantments, far more than I can describe, which attended the progress of me and my guide throughout this unearthly domain, I still was fixed motionless in admiration and delight, when there fell upon my eye what I judged to be the fairy dwelling of the happy spirit to whom this paradise belonged. It was a palace of inconceivable magnificence ! The very materials were an exhaustless mine of wealth ; and the decorations, the mosaics, the sculpturings, with which the walls were enriched, were of a value that nothing but the magic of art can give to even the costliest of earth's productions. A glory burst from the whole face of the building that resembled nothing I ever had conceived : but it was not only the grandeur and the gorgeousness of the pile,—its divine symmetry and tastefulness were its chief attractions. I would have passed the fatal ferry to set but one foot in such a heaven as I deemed it to be. On gazing more and more steadfastly, as I approached gradually nearer, I perceived with some degree of amazement, that the left side of the palace was joined by a small low and dingy mass of ruins, that presented a most chilling contrast to the brilliancy and grandeur of what it thus clung to. Even the witching effect of the golden domes that swelled on the right hand like sunset mountains into the sky, could not prevent my glance from settling now and then timidly on the vile shed that so disgraced its neighbourhood. I soon discovered that this shed was, in fact, of stone ; and my blood curdled, as I remarked the small barred windows, and smaller air-holes, with which the exterior was perforated ; however, there were some openings, unglazed, and even ungrated, so yawningly large, as to bely the first appearance of its being a prison. I wanted no longer to enquire into these anomalies, but hurried, as if in fear, into the vestibule on the right, and my doubts were soon quieted, for I forgot them. The towering and variegated columns, the glowing cornices, the veined and mosaic-wrought floor, and the gorgeous dome over all, struck me at once with a feeling of present beauty and magnificence, that no inanimate, no material, objects had ever before inspired me with. But enchanting as was the apartment I stood in, that to which it led made me soon lose all thought of the former. Nothing " which art can reach, or science can define," was wanting in this hall of bliss. My soul was intoxicated with the lights, the colours, the sounds, the perfumes, and the thousand other witcheries that encircled me. There stood a goblet at the upper end of the saloon, that glittered like a constellation of gems. It looked brilliant as the sun, cool as the shower, and

infinite in variety of hue as even the rainbow. In a paroxysm of thirst, I hurried it to my lips, when my eye caught this sentence inscribed on the crystal rim:—"They who drink out of me, must drink out of my fellow." The momentary delay which occurred as I read this, did but inflame my eagerness to drink. Every drop was an ocean of delight. I could not have believed myself capable of sustaining so high an excess of enjoyment. When the goblet was drained, I saw by the moderated light which now prevailed, a girl of the most maddening beauty. She had eyes—oh! what was the blaze of the chandeliers, the liquid purity of the mirrors, the intense blueness of the unclouded dome,—what were all *these* to those eyes, and the halo shed around them? Her forehead, amidst all the red glare of the spicy lamps, was as fair as if the moon were shining full on it; while her cheeks and her breathing lips, in spite of all the emulous glow around them, were unequalled in their deepest of dye as carnations in the midst of a rose-bank. Who shall describe her hair? It was like the dark wavings of the willow seen against the silver twilight! But her forehead had a band of unwrought gold, and the startling words upon it ran thus: "He who loves me, shall embrace my sister." "Thy sister!" I cried,—“And is it possible that *two* such angels of bliss can have sprung from one parent, or be held by one world?” My transport is redoubled even at the thought. I am no mortal. This is not earth I tread on. “Spirit of all ecstatic joys,” said I to the sweet trembler before me, “thy charms are nigh consuming me; but even as the moth rushes frantically towards the taper that may destroy it, I devote myself in this one wild embrace to all that dear ruin which thou dost bring.” It was over, in a moment, that electrical touch; and the fatal SISTER stood before me. She held in her left hand the fillet, on which were graven the conditions of that enjoyment I had proved, and with her right she clasped me to her skinny and sweltering neck, less disgusting only than the bosom which hung under it. The poison of her breath, and the malignity of her eye, soon dispersed all the odour and brilliancy with which I had been surrounded. Nothing met my sight but her sickening ugliness; and all the rest of my senses were wrapt in the hellish influences this fury shed about her. I quickly found that in one and the same instant, I had reached the apex of both rapture and agony. Without dilating upon the horrors of my new situation, be it enough to say, that if the demon who so embraced me had left an increase of my torture at all possible, the augmentation was effected by the draught she forced on me from the fellow-goblet of that which had before entrapped me in delight. My blood curdled, my heart sickened, my knees trembled, and my brain throbbed, until I was brought to a state of torture which no words can give a notion of, and which, but for the evil power that sustained me, would have been utterly insupportable. When the bowl had dropped, and the fiend had vanished, I found myself alone in a dungeon-like apartment, which, from the shape and size of its windows, I knew must belong to the vile building which had previously caught my attention. There was

a heap of dying embers laid in one corner of the room, and giving just light enough to make the loathsomeness of the place fully apparent. I might well indite a volume on the soul-chilling noises and visions that assailed me in my progress through this hall of terrors. Dead limbs crossed mine, and threw me frequently on the noisome floor, where slimy reptiles and clammy hands received my face as I fell. Stenches, the most suffocating and nauseating, made me reel with weakness and disgust. I made no motion, I uttered no sound, but my pangs were instantaneously deepened; and when at length I reached the outer door of this Pandæmonium, I thought I had "passed and proved" all the pains of which human nature could be susceptible, and far more than it had ever yet endured. I turned my face upwards, and foetid secretions were shaken from the rank boughs that now twined over me. Splintered stumps lay in my track, and precipitated me continually into the mire. My face was mutilated by jagged stones, and thorns transfixed my bursting feet: I emerged from the avenue of trees, and the big rain beat heavily down upon my head. My eyes were bruised with hail, and parched with lightning; while the crashing of trees, and the bellowing of the clouds and adjacent ocean, filled my ears with anguish. I soon recognized the inner side of the dilapidated gate I had formerly noticed; but it seemed an age before the mazes of the wilderness I was in, would admit of my escape. On a sudden, however, I tripped, and my head was dashed against the ragged edge of the only part of the ruin left upright. A strong hand lifted me, and the old man I had so long forgotten, motioned me to look back at the two gates of PLEASURE and PAIN. I turned loathingly away, and saw that my brandy and water had almost frozen, while the glow of a good coal fire had been tinging my fancy with those whimsical hues which I have endeavoured to exhibit to my readers.

R. M.

THE TEAR.

[BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY.]

Thou gently-falling tear, that gem'st the eyes,
 Thou pearly boon of passion's changing move,
 More eloquent than all the burst of sighs,
 To plead the burning grief, or raptured love!

Betraying drop of deep convulsive woe,
 Thy spring---the anguish of the throbbing heart;
 Oh! who unmoved can mark thy briny flow,
 Nor sweetly feel one kindred feeling start?

I've watched thee, tear, in Pleasure's gladdest hour,
 Steal from thy fount, and cool the glowing cheek:---
 I've watched thee, tear, when grief's despondent power
 Had no interpreter but thee to speak.

No dearer sight hath gentle Pity seen,
 Than joy-lit eyes with beaming tear-drops dewed;
 When thanks the swelling bosom overween,
 Till streaming forth in gems of gratitude!

GOOD THINGS BY GOOD AUTHORS.

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira voluptas
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli."

JUV. 1.

"There is not a man in the world but desires to be, or to be thought to be, a wise man; and yet if he considered how little he contributes himself thereunto, he might wonder to find himself in any tolerable degree of understanding." CLARENDON.

It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments, or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labour wears, while the key often used is always bright.

As the rose-tree is composed of the sweetest flowers, and the sharpest thorns; as the heavens are sometimes fair and sometimes overcast, alternately tempestuous and serene; so is the life of man intermingled with hopes and fears, with joys and sorrows, with pleasures and with pains.

We should manage our thoughts in composing a poem, as shepherds do their flocks in making a garland; first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper places, where they give a lustre to each other: like the feathers in Indian crowns, which are so managed that every one reflects a part of its colour and gloss on the next.

I had rather never receive a kindness, than never bestow one: not to return a benefit is the greater sin, but not to confer it is the earlier.

Pride, ill-nature, and want of sense, are the three great sources of ill manners; without some one of these defects, no man will behave himself ill for want of experience, or what, in the language of fools, is called knowing the world.

'Tis not juggling that is to be blamed, but much juggling, for the world cannot be governed without it.

There is this difference betwixt a thankful and an unthankful man: the one is always pleased in the good he has done, and the other only once in what he has received.

As the fertilest ground must be manured; so must the highest flying wit have a Dædalus to guide him.

Parody is a favourite flower both of ancient and modern literature. It is a species of ludicrous composition, which derives its wit from association: and never fails to produce admiration and delight, when it unites taste in selection with felicity of application. Even licentious specimens of it move to laughter; for we are always inclined to be diverted with mimicry, or ridiculous imitation, whether the original be an object of respect, of indifference, or of contempt. A polished Athenian audience heard, with bursts of mirthful applause, the discourses of the venerable Socrates burlesqued upon the stage; and no Englishman can read the *Rehearsal* without smiling at the medley of borrowed absurdities which it exhibits.

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best clothes for Sundays; the puny pedant who finds one undiscovered property in the polype, or describes an unheeded process in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail: the rhymers, who make smooth verses, and paint to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. 'Where was there ever so much merit seen? No times so important as our own; ages, yet unborn, shall gaze with wonder and

applause !' To such music, the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

The most positive men are the most credulous ; since they most believe themselves, and advise most with their fellow flatterer and worst enemy, their own false love.

The state of the possessor of humble virtues, to the affecter of great excellencies, is that of a small cottage of stone, to the palace raised with ice by the Empress of Russia ; it was for a time splendid and luminous, but the first sunshine melted it to nothing.

If there be a nation that exports its beef and linen, to pay for the importation of claret and porter, while a great part of its people live upon potatoes and wear no shirts, wherein does it differ from the sot, who lets his family starve, and sells his clothes to buy drink ?

One principal point of good-breeding is to suit our behaviour to the three several degrees of men ; our superiors, our equals, and those below us.

The French seldom dine under seven hot dishes ; it is true, indeed, with all this magnificence, they seldom spread a cloth before the guests ; but in that I cannot be angry with them, since those that have got no linen upon their backs, may very well be excused for wanting it upon their tables.

A herald calls himself a king, because he has authority to hang, draw, and quarter arms ; for assuming a jurisdiction over the distributive justice of titles of honour, as far as words extend, he gives himself as great a latitude that way, as other magistrates used to do, where they have authority, and would enlarge it as far as they can. It is true, he can make no lords nor knights of himself, but as many squires and gentlemen as he pleases, and adopt them into what family they have a mind. His dominions abound with all sorts of cattle, fish, and fowl, and all manner of manufactures, besides whole fields of gold and silver, which he magnificently bestows upon his followers, or sells as cheap as lands in Jamaica. The language they use is barbarous, as being but a dialect of pedlar's French, or the Egyptian, though of a loftier sound, and in the propriety affecting brevity, as the other does verbosity. His business is like that of all the schools, to make plain things hard with perplexed methods and insignificant terms, and then appear learned in making them plain again. He professes arms, not for use, but ornament only ; and yet makes the basest things in the world weapons of worshipful bearings. He is wiser than the fellow that sold his ass, but kept the shadow for his own use ; for he sells only the shadow, (that is the picture,) and keeps the ass himself. His chief province is at funerals, where he commands in chief, marshals the *tristitia irritamenta* ; and like a gentleman-sewer to the worms, serves up the feast with all punctual formality. He is a kind of a necromancer ; and can raise the dead out of their graves, to make them marry, and beget those they never heard of in their lifetime. His coat is like the King of Spain's dominions, all shirts, and hangs as loose about him ; and his neck is the waist, like the picture of Nobody with his breeches fastened to his collar. He will sell the head or the single joint of a beast or fowl as dear as the whole body, like a pig's head in Bartholomew Fair, and after, put off the rest to his customers at the same rate. His arms being utterly out of use in war, since guns came up, have been translated to dishes and cups, as the ancients used their precious stones, according to the poet--*Gemmas ad pocula transfert a gladiis, &c.*---and since are like to decay every day more and more ; for since he gave citizens coats of arms, gentlemen have made bold to take their letters of mark by way of reprisal. The hangman has a receipt to mar all his work in a moment ; for by nailing the wrong end of a scutcheon upwards upon a gibbet, all the honour and gentility extinguishes of itself, like a candle that is held with the flame downwards. Other arms are made for the spilling of blood ; but his only purify and cleanse it, like scurvy-grass ; for a small dose taken by his prescription, will refine that which is as base and gross as bull's blood, (which the Athenians used to poison withal) to any degree of purity.

The humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good will toward men, and

puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion. People of gloomy uncheerful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strikes in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it, from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

The scholar, without good breeding, is a pedant; the philosopher, a cynic; the soldier a brute; and every man disagreeable.

The good parishioner is timely at the beginning of common prayer. Yet as Tully charged some dissolute people for being such sluggards that they never saw the sunne rising or setting, as being always up after the one, and abed before the other; so some negligent people never hear prayers begun, or sermon ended; the confession being passed before they come, and the blessing not come before they are passed away.

There are not more cripples come out of the wars than there are from great services; some through discontent lose their speech, some their memories, others their senses, or their lives; and I seldom see a man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the favour of some great man. I have known of such as have been for twenty years together within a month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happiness of being possessed of any thing.

Rich people who are covetous, are like the cypress tree, they may appear well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have the means to be generous, yet some are not so, but they should consider they are only trustees for what they possess, and should show their wealth to be more in doing good, than merely in having it. They should not reserve their benevolence for purposes after they are dead, for those who give not till they die, show that they would not then if they could keep it any longer.

A weak man, however honest, is not qualified to judge. A man of the world, however penetrating, is not fit to counsel. Friends are often chosen for similitude of manners, and therefore each palliates the other's failings, because they are his own. Friends are tender, and unwilling to give pain, or they are interested and fearful to offend.

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill-grace, in little and inconsiderable things, than in expences of any consequence; a very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

Dependents on great men, as well for the homage that is accepted from them, as the hopes which are given to them, are become a sort of creditors: and these debts, being debts of honour, ought, according to the accustomed maxim, to be discharged first.

Flattery—Delicious essence! how refreshing art thou to nature! how strongly are all its powers and all its weaknesses on thy side! how sweetly dost thou mix with the blood, and help it through the most difficult and tortuous passages to the heart!

I asked a poor man how he did? He said he was like a washball, always in decay.

Tragedies, as they are now made, are good, instructive, moral sermons enough; and it would be a fault not to be pleased with good things. There I learn several great truths; as that it is impossible to see into the ways of futurity; that punishment always attends the villain; that love is the fond soother of the human breast; that we should not resist heaven's will, for in resisting heaven's will, heaven's will is resisted; with several other sentiments equally new, delicate, and striking. Every new tragedy, therefore, I shall go to see; for reflections of this nature make a tolerable harmony, when mixed up with a proper quantity of drum, trumpet, thunder, lightning, or the scene-shifter's whistle.

THE PORTFOLIO—No. III.

KANDEE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND FROM THE FIRST PART OF THE RAMAGANA.

Kandee, the hermit, dwelt in a solitary wood on the banks of the Gemati, and performed the severest exercises to increase in desert and power. In summer, he had four fires continually burning round him—in winter, he exposed his limbs, covered with moistened garments, to the keenest frost. The God, India, became alarmed lest Kandee, through his pious exercises, should become equal to himself in power. He, therefore, sent down on earth the heavenly beauty Prumnotscha, accompanied by the God of Love, the Spring, and Zephyr, to interrupt the performance of Kandee's penances. Prumnotscha approached the hermit's dwelling, and gently raised her sweet voice till its sounds penetrated its halls. The Spring shed all her delights upon the wilderness: the birds flew more languishingly than they did before: an unspeakable harmony sank his soul into voluptuous weakness. Zephyr, laden with all the sweet fragrance of his home, winnowed the air softly, and bestrewed the earth with the most delicious flowers. The God of Love, armed with his burning darts, thrilled his inmost spirit with unwished for, but irresistible, emotions. Kandee, no longer master of himself, subdued, transported, led the heavenly stranger to his hut, and, consumed by glowing tenderness, changed himself, through the power which he had already obtained through his former exercises, into a youth of unearthly beauty, adorned with garments and flowers of Paradise. There was an end of fasting, of prayers, of offerings. The sweetest amusements filled their place, and days and months flew away, unmarked by the hermit, in the absorbing tumult and delight of love. One evening, when the sun was sinking, a thought of his evening prayer fell across his mind, and he started up to fulfil it. Prumnotscha said (laughingly to him, "This is the hundredth day since thou hast performed thy duty." "O woe, O woe is me!" cried the distracted Brahmin, now awaking from his dream. "O, reward of my long penances, for ever lost! All the meritorious works, all the learning of the holy books, are rendered useless through the machinations of a woman! Fly! fly far from me, false one! thy mission is fulfilled."

JUDICIAL SEVERITY IN THE YEAR 1386.

During the reign of King Urneeslaus the Fourth of Bohemia, the office of Burgomaster, in the town of Prague, was entrusted to a German of the name of George Schwerhammer, who carried the town seal, for greater security, about with him in a purse which, according to the fashion of the time, was fastened to his girdle.

Once when he had returned home from the council-house, and his wife was busily engaged in trying to bathe a screaming baby, he laid aside his official dress with the purse on a table in the room, and being summoned hastily away, he left it there. The mother, having made many fruitless attempts to silence her infant, looked about for some shining object to give to it as a plaything, and nothing being immediately at hand, she took up her husband's purse, and gave the child the town-seal, whose glittering appearance soon distracted his attention from the unpleasantness of the water in which he was plunged.

In a short time the ordinary restlessness of infancy began to work, and the infant, tired with his plaything, let it drop into the bath, without being remarked by the mother; the consequence of which was, that the town-seal was flung out into the street, together with the water.

A citizen, who soon after passed by, could scarcely trust his eyes, when he beheld this important state-instrument lying on the ground before him, and, amazed at the apparent negligence of the Burgomaster, he carried it immediately to the President of the Council, and related to him where he found it.

The President related the adventure to the council, and on the next day, when the Burgomaster appeared among them, he was asked to produce the town-seal. Astonished, but not alarmed, the unfortunate man immediately sought in his purse, but could not account to the others, nor to himself, why it was not there. He requested permission to return home, and fetch it thence, where he thought it must certainly be.

The permission was granted, but the President of the Council, and the Town-executioner, were ordered to accompany him, and the latter had instructions, that if he should set his foot beyond his door without the seals, to behead him on the spot. This was done, and the corse of the guiltless counsellor was buried in St. Martin's Church.

Such were the rude notions of those remote ages with regard to the performance of official duties.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT FOR CALAIS.

Upon the winds---upon the waves---
 There comes a voice of fear;
 The tenants of a thousand graves
 Are screaming in my ear;
 They come from ocean and from plain,
 Beneath the walls they are in vain
 With me to wail and weep:
 From rampart and from citadel
 The Frenchmen's shouts of triumph swell,
 And will not let them sleep.

Pale mourners of her child's disgrace,
 I see my father's ghost
 Leading the kings of Edward's race
 To join the shadowy host :
 Well, royal spectre, may'st thou frown—
 Gone is the gem, which England's crown,
 By England's valour won,
 Yet am I worthy that and thee,
 My doom is seal'd---I cannot be
 Despis'd---and yet live on.

There came a fiend---with with'ring breath
 He told a tale of shame ;
 Of blights on England's rosy wreath,
 Of scorn on Mary's name.
 The word of Calais on my heart
 He trac'd as with a fiery dart ;
 And as the letters grew,
 More slowly roll'd the sanguine tide,
 The springs of life within me died,
 My destiny I knew.

O that I could have shed the blood
 So creeping in my veins,
 By drops, or in one gushing flood,
 To wash away the stains
 From me and England---to have gone
 To death in glory from the throne,
 Amid a nation's woe,
 That little deems how much I lov'd
 Their welfare, when I most reprov'd,
 And now can never know.

But they had turn'd to fancies wild,
 False victims had crept in,
 And as the mother chides her child,
 I smote, but wept, their sin ;
 When I had purified the land,
 How gladly had I sheath'd the brand
 And sooth'd the desolate ;
 But now my unblest diadem
 Seems dropt with blood for pearls to them,
 A thing to cause and hate.

Gone are my hopes of glory---fled
 My dreams of shout and song---
 Still must I hide my unwreath'd head
 Amid the courtier throng :
 Joy lights for me no sparkling eyes,
 For me no unbought cheers arise,
 And mine may never be :
 Ye Saints of Heav'n, for whom I've borne
 To be abhorr'd---this cause of scorn
 Ye might have spar'd to me.

There is no time to call my brave,
 To win my glory back ;---
 There is no time---the grave, the grave,
 Lies close before my track.
 Still, be it welcome I've not been
 So happy---daughter, wife, or queen,
 To mourn with life to part.
 Perhaps too, there may remain a one
 Who'll say for me, when I am gone,
 " She had an English heart."

THE PRAISE OF THE PAST.

"Extinctus amabitur idem"
Minaturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacrauit.

HOR. Epist. l. ii.

How powerful is the influence of antiquity ! With the multitude, whatever it has touched, becomes at once the object of commendation and reverence. How many laws, how many customs, though conspicuously unjust and inconvenient, are not permitted to be altered, because, forsooth, they date their origin many ages ago. For my part, I respect nothing on account of its antiquity, except an old ruin, and old man or woman. Age, contented and cheerful, is, indeed, a pleasing sight ; but I am vexed, when I hear those who are in the decline of life, loud in their detraction of the present, and reserving all their praise for the past. Is it not our duty to render ourselves, or those about us, as happy as we can ? ought we not rather to strive to increase, and not to diminish, the enjoyment of life ! How then are they justified, who go about like malignant spirits, endeavouring to sow the seeds of discontent and misery, by expatiating on the virtue which existed in times past, and by pointing out the deterioration in morals and manners which is conspicuous in the present. If they are dissatisfied with the existing state of things, let them retire from the busy hum of men, and seek some solitude where, uninterrupted, they may pour forth their dolorous strains, and receive at least the consolations of sympathy from the rocks and woods, which will return wail for wail, and groan for groan. Let them fly to some dreary ruin, where they may hear the sweet melody of the owl, and listen to the soft notes of the raven. Or should the sight of antiquity too forcibly remind them of the days that are past, let them fix their habitation on the border of some stagnant pond, where the mournful croaking of frogs may, with their own complainings, form a congenial concert. Let them retire, I say ; not mix with those who find no reason to complain of their present situation. It is cruel to make the young and the middle-aged sigh for that state they can never enjoy. If they are in error in supposing that the world has improved in their days, it is at least a harmless and pleasing delusion, and "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Misoneus is on the verge of sixty, a bachelor, and possessed of a small independence. He has nothing to make him unhappy, yet he is always complaining. The wickedness and folly of the present day, are to him a constant source of vexation and discontent. Whenever he comes in contact with those who are younger than himself, he tells them how sad the world has altered since he was a young man ; what a wonderful change for the worse has taken place in morals, manners, and dress, in the last thirty years. He never takes up a newspaper, but he bewails the increase of murders, robberies, and every kind of wickedness. "When I was a young man," he will say, "we seldom heard of more than four, or at most half a dozen, murders in a year,

but now I believe there's one a week; and as to robberies, you can now scarcely walk the streets in the middle of the day, without losing your pocket handkerchief, or your watch. In my time, when a man became insolvent, he was content to be gasseted, or to go to his parish; but now people think nothing of forging a check or a bond. How cheats abound now-a-days! There's your Steam-washing Company, and your Milk Company, and your Mine Companies, just so many schemes to chouse people out of their money as fast as they get it. And whence comes all this roguery? Formerly the Bank gave five per cent. and every one who had any money, was glad to place it there; but now there's no such thing, one can't get more than two and a half; consequently, rather than let their money lie idle, people think they must speculate. The work-houses will soon suffer from this. What a pretty pass servants have come to! My mother never gave her servants more than eight pounds a year, and good, honest, hard working servants, they were. But what are they now? Idle, saucy, and knavish. They demand double the wages they used to do, and won't do half the work. They won't wash, they won't iron, in fact they won't do any thing, but think of dress, and read novels. But, how can it be otherwise, when they are all taught to read and write? This comes of your Sunday Schools. We must all be our own servants by and bye. What a wonderful alteration is there in dress, since I was young! What a deal of foppery and nonsense amongst the men. From the lord to the 'prentice, they are all dandies, whereas, in my time, we never heard of such a thing. Tails, powder, and buckles, are now scarcely ever seen, and good sense seems to have gone with them. Look at the young men of the present day, with their stays and their bolsters, their collars and their black stocks, and their shoe-ties! What will become of us, should the Yankees or Russians attack us? It would soon be all over with us, I fancy. Then there's the women. They've thrown off the good old English dress, and their modesty with it. Look at their wanton curls and ringlets, and their fine shapes! No such thing as a hoop to be seen, not even at court. Ah, those hoops were proper things! Now-a-days, the women wear their dress to fit so close, that they may as well wear no dress at all. How adultery has increased since hoops were left off! They never touch a needle now. They never knit, nor net, nor make shirts; they spend all their time at the harpsichord, in reading novels and going out. And where's the wonder? Scarce a day passes but a novel or a poem appears. And they must read them all, because, as they say, they're all written by clever men. Clever men, forsooth! a set of infidels and debauchees. They deserve to be sent to the tread-mill; but nobody meddles with them, because they are lords and squires. Then there are so many sights to see, that the women are never at home. In my time, people were content with the theatres and an exhibition or two; but now there's no end of places of amusement. And they call them such queer names, one can't pronounce them. I suppose in a few years we are to leave off talking English. There's the Diorama (where they turn you about till you

feel quite qualmish), the Cosmorama, the Peristrepheic Panorama, and the Apollonicon, and the Euphonon, and I know not what besides picture exhibitions without end. Pleasure, pleasure, is the only thing thought of now. Any thing to squander money away, and amusement. O these are sad times!

What a wonderful age is this for discoveries, we are told. How science flourishes! If you go on improving as you call it, I believe there'll soon be an end to Old England. I remember in my time a good old proverb, "time and tide wait for no man." But now, faith, man won't wait for time or tide! one can't get a comfortable sail to Margate now; but you must go in the steam vessel, where you can't walk the deck for the horrid roaring under your feet, enough to frighten one out of one's seven senses; besides expecting every moment a sudden toss up into the air. Then there's another mighty improvement, gas,—and what's the consequence? Scarce a night passes, but there are half a dozen fires; hence follow bankruptcies, and forgeries, and appeals to "the charitable and humane." One can't even walk the streets in safety for this gas, for every now and then a shop-front is blown out, and not a little damage done, and not a few arms and legs broken. Then comes the great Mr. M'Adam, who has just discovered that the stones in our streets are too big, so they are to be hashed and minced; the consequence of which is, our streets will become so many sloughs, through which we may wade as well as we can: but worse than this, there will be no jolting for the carriages, so the great people will have less exercise than they used to have; consequently they must either die or consent to walk, and government will lose the tax, and then we shall have the odious income tax again. But the worst improvement of all is boring. What with boring under the Thames, and under houses and hills, and boring for water, England will soon be like an old rotten cheese, and some night there'll be a sudden falling in, and there's an end to Old England. But perhaps, before that happens, we shall all be murdered by the new improvements in medical science; the doctors are as mad as the rest. When I was a young man, if a person was ill, they were contented to give him pills and draughts. But what horrible inventions the present days have produced! One doctor invites people to be melted in a sudorific bath; another modestly tells us, that he can cure every disorder by means of gases, which the patient is to breathe—very pleasant truly. A third solicits people to place themselves under the direction of a galvanic battery, which can make dead men get up and dance a hornpipe. I suppose by and bye they'll discover that leaden pills, injected into the throat by means of a pistol, are wonderfully efficacious. If I feel unwell, I dread to call in a doctor, for fear he should recommend some of these terrible remedies." Misoneus concludes his lamentation by observing that it is time he went out of the world, for it is going mad as fast as it can.

Q. Q. Q.

QUARRELS OF POETS*.

Poets have been called an *irritable race*, and there can be little doubt that they in some degree merit the appellation. Of this, D'Israeli's Quarrels of Authors, the Dunciad, and the History of its Heroes, are a sufficient demonstration. It is, however, a gratifying consideration, and a glory to the age we live in, that most of our great living Poets, by their harmony of feeling, and liberality of praise, have in a great measure blunted the age of this sarcasm, and conduced to elevate the Poetical Character. Indeed of all our cotemporary Poets, (in my recollection) there are but three who have ventured to wave the brand of poetical warfare, and to cherish those hostile feelings, which so peculiarly disgraced the literature of the last century. It is melancholy enough that this pugnacious Triad should be composed of three such Master Spirits as Byron, Wordsworth, and Southey. The former (through the mists of prejudice) could never discover any thing to admire in the Poetry of Wordsworth: of the longest of whose works—the "Excursion," he thus speaks in his Don Juan:

" A clumsy, frowy Poem, called the Excursion,
Writ in a manner that is my aversion!"

And in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," where is an agony of rage, jealousy, and disappointment, "he runs amuck" at all his brethren; I cannot say without rhyme, but certainly without reason, he thus designates the author of the "Lyrical Ballads":

" Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth stoop,
The meanest object of the lowly group,
Whose verse of all but childish prattle void,
Seems blessed harmony to Lambe and Lloyd!"

The noble Poet's virulence to Southey in the same work, is sufficiently disgusting to the reader, and degrading to himself: but is nothing when compared to the long note which forms a portion of the Appendix to the "Two Foscari." It must be confessed, however, that there is no courtesy or liberality lost between these Poetical Gladiators.—Southey is but paid in his own coin; and Wordsworth, though perhaps the most moderate of the three in this instance (contenting himself with occasionally expressing his astonishment that the Noble Lord's works are read and enduged, and gravely prophesying how speedily they will be forgotten), has not been backward on other occasions. In his egotistical letter to Mr. James Gray, of the High School of Edinburgh, he has shewn Jeffery that he has slang and scurrility at command.

It is curious enough to observe how the Satirist of the "English Bards" has since had occasion to rectify his judgment of their respective merits. Wordsworth and Southey are among the very few of whom his opinions have always been consistent. If the Noble Lord's Literary Creed is thus changeable, he has no right to taunt Southey with his political versatility. In their youths the one was a literary reformer, and the other a political reformer. They have both changed, and perhaps by a fair and honest conviction of the folly and untenability of their former opinions. There was a time when Lord Byron had but little to say in favor of Scott or Moore, and as for Coleridge and Bowles, they were every thing that was contemptible!—he has since learnt to speak with admiration of these fine Poets. He once paid a noble compliment to Cowper:

" What! must deserted Poetry still weep
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep!"

But in the flippant Letter, which owes its birth to the "Pope and Bowles Controversy," he finds him to be "No Poet!!" Though on the same sheet with strange inconsistency he quotes some Lines of his Poem to Mary (written when he was very old and infirm), of which he enquires—"will any one deny that they are eminently poetical and pathetic?" I profess myself an enthusiastic admirer of his Lordship's poetical genius, but

* The two following articles are extracted from a friend's Scrap-book; they were written in India. Edit.

do not, nor cannot, like some of his bigoted votaries, consider every thing that comes from his pen to be excellent and sublime. His letter to Murray concerning Pope and his Editor, is, in my humble opinion, totally unworthy of him; and forms a most disadvantageous contrast to the eloquent, argumentative, and temperate correspondence of Bowles.

Of Mr. Bowles's private character he knows enough to be aware that it is most amiable and exemplary—but he says as little as may be on that subject, and insinuates that he may not be all that he appears. Lord Byron never judged from appearances, for he "once had his pockets picked by the civillest gentleman he ever met with; the mildest person he ever saw was Ali Pacha!" He also hints something about "a humorous and witty anecdote;" whatever its other characteristics might be, which was a much better (*id est*—much worse) story than Cibber's about Pope's having been decoyed into a house of carnal recreation. But notwithstanding "*a youthful frolic*," he is "*willing to believe*" Mr. Bowles a good man—almost as good as Pope! wonderfully candid!

The Noble Poet must "have a word on payment to Mr. Campbell," the delightful Author of the "*Pleasures of Hope*," and quotes from Dyer's *Grongar Hill* the following lines:

"As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near
Barren, brown, and rough appear,
Still we tread the same coarse way—
The present still a cloudy day."

And then enquires—"Is not this the original of the far-famed"---

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue!"

I will answer, that it is very possibly a coincidence, quite as much so as his Lordship's expression of "*Rome of the Ocean*," applied to Venice, which expression is also used by Lady Morgan, in her "*excellent and fearless Work*."

"The Eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar so high."

WALLER.

"Is not this the original of the far-famed?"

"So the struck Eagle stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart."

Barrington, October 6, 1823.

INDIAN SOCIETY.

Among the many "*minor miseries of life*," I know none more painful or more frequently experienced by intelligent Europeans in the East Indies, than the being condemned in every party and at every hour to listen to long disquisitions upon individuals with whom they have perhaps no connection or acquaintance, and the being utterly excluded from all rational or general conversation. From the conversation of the Ladies of British India, I am ashamed and sorry to confess, there is little prospect of gaining either pleasure or instruction; the whole of the day being spent in scandal, and nice dissertations upon the ranks of their respective Husbands, or the boldness and ill-breeding of some poor *Subaltern's Wife*, who allowed herself to be handed to table before the *Captain's Lady*. Such dreadful and unwarranted conduct, of course, excites just indignation; but I cannot help thinking that it is generally dwelt upon with more consideration than the insignificance of the objects of animadversion altogether merit, among people of more exalted rank and consequence.

It is equally astonishing how contracted is the conversation of a circle of old Indian

officers, who meet together for no other earthly purpose than to oppress Nature with unrequired, and consequently unwholesome, food; or to talk of who has got or will get such and such an appointment; who has gone to the Presidency, and who has left it; who is near promotion, and who is gone home. In putting and hearing such queries and their replies, the time is too often spent, which should have been devoted to general and entertaining conversation, in which young and old, male and female, would be able to join. I would not have you conclude, that I am disapproving of professional knowledge: far from it. A soldier should make himself acquainted with every thing and every body, as far as such information is likely to prove of service to him in the discharge of his military duties. What I would enforce is, that there is no necessity for his confining his conversation or knowledge to those topics; for in my humble opinion no character is so disgusting and tedious in mixed society as that of a professional gentleman; I mean one who has no idea out of his profession, and is for ever thrusting his knowledge upon every company, at every season, and at every place, like the pedantic schoolmaster, who

*"Throughout his whole life pursued the same track,
And in company carried the School at his back."*

It might perhaps be observed with POPE, that

"The proper study of mankind is man;"

and that such frequent dissertations on individuals would infallibly lead to the minute investigation, and accurate knowledge, of mankind at large. But this is by no means the case. All judgment must be the result of comparison and reflection; and when the intellect is thus confined and contracted in its general powers, and unblest with the light of general knowledge, how can it be expected to acquire just notions on the varied and mysterious compounds of good and evil which form the characters of men? Such knowledge cannot possibly be acquired; nor is it even aimed at, by those who listen to the humdrum details of old Qui-Hi's. With them a man is either dogmatically pronounced a *Great Fool*, a *Good Fellow*, or a *Brute*. These, in their minds, are the three grand and distinct classifications of the human character.

With regard to the *latter*, as it requires but little penetration to discover (for a man must be a palpable *Brute* indeed who is so designated in *ladies*), they are I think generally correct. But let us consider the common definition of a *Good Fellow*. "Do you know Jack T——?" "No!"—"I am sorry for that; you must make his acquaintance, he is an excellent *good fellow*! I must confess that he is not ever punctual in the payment of his debts, draws rather a long bow, drives a close bargain, and has no mercy on a griff.* But his house is the very temple of Hospitality; he gives good dinners, and is generous in the extreme; in a word, I am convinced no one has a better or warmer heart than Jack T——." While, in the first place, we are informed that this *Good Fellow* has neither honor nor honesty; in the second place, he gives dinners which are not paid for: thirdly, his generosity is with other people's money; and, lastly, his good-heartedness is a quality which allows him to feed his own pride and ostentation at the expense of a poor suffering Tradesman. Verily this is a *Good Fellow*! There is no character which is oftener drawn, and yet we see with what discrimination. Now the *Great Fool* is a character quite opposite to the *Good Fellow*; inasmuch as he is silly and mean enough to live within his income, and pay his debts:—he is perhaps silent in company, and easily taken in; one whose true generosity of heart has prevented his conceiving or suspecting the duplicity and falsehood of mankind, and is therefore too apt to imagine that those who talk a great deal about honor, really possess it; and to crown all, he is even simple enough in purchasing a horse, hungalow, or any other necessary from a brother officer, to trust implicitly to his word of honor. And yet am I obliged to confess that I not only know such a man, but most cordially esteem and respect him.

ASIATICUS.

A LETTER FROM THE LAKES.

To the Editor of The Inspector.

SIR,—It was on the evening of a fine summer's day, an evening precisely suited to contemplation, that I arrived, after a long and tedious journey, at a village situated in Westmoreland, in an almost

* A young inexperienced Cadet.

earthly Paradise—there being on one side rocks and hills, which seemed as if they would hover to the skies; and on another, in the distance was beheld a lake, whose placid and silvery waters were wandering away in a distance which appeared endless. To gaze on such scenery unmoved, was an absolute impossibility: I felt its magic steal with rapidity to my heart, and began to ask myself for what purpose. I visited the spot, or why, knowing that earth held many such treasures within my reach, I did not visit them oftener? I recalled to mind the wide difference there was between the crowded scenes of festivity which I had just left, and the sweet tranquillity of the present moment, and found by experience the unsatisfying nature of "Pleasure," as it is called by the votaries of this world's pomps—the worshippers of this world's fading sanities. I felt as if a new life were opened before me, and as if a fresh path to happiness, of which I had never dreamt, had that instant disclosed itself, and I resolved to avail myself of the bounties thus lavishly displayed. I will (thought I) abjure the world, and all its captivating vice and splendid and intoxicating follies, and cultivate as long as I may be able the calm which now rises within my bosom.

My resolution being thus taken, I proceeded to put it in execution; for being blessed with a fair proportion of decision of character, I did not hesitate to do what I considered, on mature deliberation, to be right.

I accordingly took a small residence in the delightful residence I have been describing; and having laid out a small garden, combining the useful with the pleasing, I stored the rooms with such furniture and books as I deemed of importance to my scheme; thus hoping for pleasures hitherto unknown to me, and counting on transports I had often heard of, but never felt. Thus did I commence the experimental search after happiness, which I had modulated.

My life, I candidly confess, was somewhat monotonous; but then there was a degree of placidity and self-satisfaction about it, that gratified uncommonly—although, in reality, I did nothing, I could not willingly believe my time altogether mis-spent. The reason of this feeling was, because I seemed so much the gainer in point of mental happiness by contrasting my situation, thus lonely as I was, with what I had been; and might have become, had I pursued the giddy course, in which every one of my companions thought I was too much in love with, and fascinated by, ever to separate or break away from.

At length having brought, as it were, every thought and feeling into perfect subjection to my understanding and reasoning faculties, I made the discovery which hundreds, nay, thousands, had made (similarly and unsimilarly situated) before me, namely, that employment of both mind and body is essential to the well-being of humanity of every "clime, complexion, and degree." I consequently did resolve, that no moment should pass unoccupied—but how? Should you, Mr. Editor, or your readers, wish to be informed—it must be learnt in the next communication from

FLAVIUS.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The following Parody was written in a leaf of a volume of Wordsworth, from a circulating library; we do not imagine it has ever been published.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining on the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and, oh !
The difference to me.

IMITATION.

He dwelt amid the untrodden ways
By Rydel's grassy mead,
A bard whom there were none to praise,
And very few to read.

Beneath a cloud his mystic sense
Deep hidden who can spy ?
Dark as the night when not a star
Is shining from the sky.

He lived unknown---his "Milk-white Doe"
With dust is dark and dim,
It lies in Longman's shop, and oh !
The difference to him.

LINES

TO MALVINA B———.

BY JOHN B. RUDDUCK.

O ! breathe again sweet minstrel ! breathe once more
That strain whose music round my soul now clings,
For it recalls the memory of hours,
Once bright with hope and Love's imaginings !
And ne'er could Fancy in her brightest hue,
Array a form so exquisitely fair
As thine, whose presence now delights my view,
Whose music's flow delights my raptur'd ear !
Yet still the pleasure's mix'd with deep alloys,
Where'er a chord responsive in my breast
Is touch'd by thee, that speaks of early joys
And times, when once my troubled soul had rest.

Oct. 3, 1826.

EDDISBOOMBE COLLEGE.

POETRY, PAINTING, AND MUSIC.

[We insert with considerable gratification the first part of an Essay, which we understand was delivered as a Lecture at a Literary Society in the metropolis, on the Principles on which the Fine Arts afford pleasure. We strongly recommend it to the notice of our readers on its own intrinsic merits, on the interests of the subject on which it treats, and as a very good introduction at least to the study of Mr. Allison and other writers on Taste.]

Etenim omnes artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quod dam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quædam inter se continentur.---CICERO.

I do not know if it be a fact, that a much more correct and refined knowledge of the Fine Arts has of late become more universally spread among us; but one thing is very certain, that they have lately become more than ever the general subject of talk and observation. Every one seems to decide without hesitation upon these topics, because, as matters of taste, they are supposed to be beyond the reach of rules; and as no conclusion is sought, no one cares to examine the grounds of his belief, or enquires if he have any reason whatever for his avowed opinion. In the course of our discussions in this Society, we have sometimes entertained questions upon the relative merits of poetical productions of different authors, and continually in the course of debate, opinions have been stated of contrast and comparison, upon what are generally called matters of taste. When some of these questions have been originated, I have felt, like others, a strong predilection for the works of one or other of the authors mentioned, and have even regarded it as preposterous to carry out the comparison between them; I have deemed the matter too obvious to afford any discussion, but when the evening has arrived upon which I had the opportunity of explaining my reasons for this preference, I found in myself an abundance of feeling, but a most lamentable deficiency of argument---and the sum of my reasons has sometimes been, I prefer one or other, because I do!

Why then am I affected by a poem or picture in a manner entirely different from other men? Why am I perhaps unmoved, while the liveliest emotions are excited by the same production in the breasts of others? Are there no general principles discovered or known by which these seeming contradictions may be reconciled and explained?

He who adventures into this field of enquiry, will not long want for opportunities of observation. Every man he meets will afford him the prospect of a different shade and gradation of taste; of an individual who, compared with others, is differently affected by the productions of the Fine Arts. There are, first of all, the great divisions of mankind into classes of admirers of the different departments of art.

The lover of poetry will talk of the feebleness of the painter's

art, and represent its inferiorities to his own; in being confined to the exhibition of one action, and one moment of time; in leaving nothing to the imagination of the spectator, obliging the time and invention of the artist to be extended on minute details which produce no corresponding effect; while in his favorite art, time is commanded to proceed or stand still—events past and present are represented in affecting succession, and the heart of the reader is gradually prepared for the exhibition of that action, which the painter is obliged to force at once on the unprepared mind of the spectator. The admirers of painting are not behind hand nor negligent in representing the dignity of their art: we are desired to remember the perfect image which a painting gives of the imagination of the artist—the pleasures and perfection of design and coloring—and that at least one scene of grandeur, one point of mighty interest, is exhibited to the mind in so vivid a manner, that any given point in poetry must be altogether languid and powerless when compared with such surprising effects. In this contention and rivalry we find the followers of all branches of the arts engaged, the warfare descending to those who practice any kind of art, which by any construction of their own, however remote, can be denominated one of the Fine Arts. So low indeed does it descend, that we at last hear from a fiddler, who styles himself a professor of music, that of all imaginative pursuits, of all the means of operating on the mind and passions of mankind, nothing can be compared to the scraping according to method upon four pieces of catgut! These great factions are again divided and distinguished by endless subdivisions of opinions and minute shades of difference. From many who will unitedly proclaim themselves lovers of poetry, for instance, select a few, and present a given production: from the lips of one will burst the warmest eulogies, and indications of feeling and emotion; while the other may remain unmoved, and meaning to degrade the author, incontinently stumbles on the truth by pronouncing it “too high for him.”

If we enter a picture gallery, we shall find acknowledged admirers of that branch of the arts quite as divided. There “Schools” of Painting are contesting the prize: the admirers of the Dutch and Flemish Schools call aloud on you to observe the nature and truth of their masters; while other zealous devotees are paying homage to the wonders of Italian art, they are murmuring over the pictures the words, “divine conception,” “grand composition,” occasionally pausing to sneer at the meanness and vulgarity, the poverty of design and want of imagination, in the rival artists.

Are all these varied emotions, then, produced by accident or caprice, subject to no principle nor restrained by any law of the mental constitution? Yes, say some, our sense of beauty is innate: men are born with a genius and predilection for particular arts; the mind of one man is so organized by nature, as to be incapable of relishing the higher beauties of art—he possesses no imagination, and to speak of genius and taste, as confined to any rule of action, as subject to any laws, very clearly shows that you are unblest with either one or

other, or, as the most rhetorical would tell me, you were never warmed with the true Promethean fire !

It has been the misfortune of the arts to be talked about by men who mistake darkness for depth. Many use a mysterious jargon about taste, and about the objects of taste ; which is calculated to lead others to suppose, that they are favored by nature, that they possess a distinct sense for the perception of beauty, as the eye perceives light and the ear sound, and that the great mass of mankind are mentally incapable of any such combinations or perceptions. There cannot exist more barefaced quackery than such language indicates. Every thing which affords pleasure must act on some principle. This unmeaning jargon is not unfrequently uttered, as the secure resort of ignorance and want of enquiry. Oftener it is used to encourage an idea of the superior gifts of pretenders, who, by these and similar means, endeavour to elevate themselves as the oracles of taste, the one-eyed monarchs of the blind !—But is it the truth, that this impervious darkness naturally veils all the subjects of taste ; that mystery attends all the sources of our pleasure derived from the arts ? I believe not, nor ought we by any means to rest satisfied with these shallow, though obvious and easy, explanations.

Every object, I repeat, that delights us, must afford pleasure upon some certain and fixed principles. The human mind and passions are acted upon as certainly—causes produce effects as surely, as in all the operations of nature in the physical world. I am not supposing that philosophers and men of deep thought have acknowledged these absurd sentiments, to which I have referred ; that they have come to the conclusion, that the emotions produced by the Fine Arts are the effect of caprice, or without assignable and generally operating causes ; on the contrary, the most eminent investigators of mental philosophy have loudly testified against such thoughts : I speak of what I believe are the loose and popular notions afloat on subjects of taste.

Let us then ask ourselves at first this unmixed question : Upon what principle do we derive any pleasure from the arts ? Not, why does painting or sculpture afford us the most pleasure, but why they please at all ?

This then is our first point ; what is the kind of power which a picture or statue may possess to raise emotions in the mind ? Simply upon the principle by which any material object may possess the same power, though in different degrees, we are moved by the sight of rocks, trees, ancient ruins, and an endless range of objects, which, under certain circumstances, raise ideas more or less vivid, and fill the mind with pleasure and delight. It is no other than the principle of association, the chief, if not the only, source and origin of every kind of beauty and attraction, which any material form or substance whatever can possibly possess. Let us then look a little at this explanation, let us examine it, even with suspicion, and appealing at every step to that which passes in our own bosoms, let each of us submit it to the test of his own individual and personal experience.

The enquiry very naturally divides itself into two branches—the first relating to the nature of *the faculty*, the other to the nature of *its objects*. By one we endeavour to answer the question, what is taste? by the other, what is beauty? Although it may be impossible within our limits strictly to analyze these philosophical divisions of the subject, we cannot do better than keep them distinctly in our minds. It may be stated almost as an incontrovertible axiom, that except in the case of positive bodily pain or pleasure, we can never be interested by any thing but the fortunes of sentient beings. Every thing partaking of the nature of mental emotion, must have for its object the feelings past, present, or possible, of something capable of sensation.

For this reason, nothing can be more false and unsatisfactory than these theories, which would lead us to suppose that any material objects can possess physical attributes, any dispositions of form or color, which can abstractedly of themselves create emotions in the mind. The truth seems to be, that the sense of beauty is never produced by any material quality of the object before us, but by the recollection or conception of other objects which are associated with, and brought to mind by, the presence of the one under our immediate consideration. These associated feelings must be interesting to us, on the natural and familiar principle of being the objects of our love or pity, hatred or fear, or some other lively and stirring mental emotion. This then is the plain statement of the principle. All objects are beautiful or sublime, which suggest to us some natural emotion of love, pity, terror, or any other social or selfish affection of our nature ;---all their effects consisting in the power they have acquired by association of reminding us of these familiar and deeply seated affections. Here then is the secret of the great, the varied power of the fine arts, of poetry and painting, of sculpture and music; they are powerful and pleasing only in the exact proportion as they are capable of agitating our minds, by suggesting certain trains of thought and feeling. But to satisfy ourselves that this is practically the fact, let us advert to one or two cases of the strongest and most obvious associations that can be established between the inward feelings and external causes of sensation.

Take for example a much quoted, because most striking, instance, the case of thunder. Nothing in all nature is so universally powerful in creating feelings of sublimity. Is it because of any peculiarity, or intensity, or quality in the sound? No. We habitually associate with thunder the ideas of majesty, power, and danger, which produce their natural and corresponding effect on the mind: That these sensations arise from no peculiarity in the nature of the sound, is made evident by the mistakes which are often ludicrously made respecting it. The noise of a cart rattling over our paved streets, is not unfrequently mistaken for thunder; and as long as the mistake lasts, we are impressed with strong feelings of the sublime, derived even from such a vulgar and unimportant cause. We associate undefined ideas of power and danger with thunder, but the sublimity is lost as soon as the associa-

tion is destroyed, though the noise may continue the same as when it first caused these impressive sensations. We can from this example perceive how objects may affect us, which do not seem to possess, as they really have not any inherent quality of causing, these feelings.

In the same manner, though in different kind and degree, we can understand how the sight of a picture, or the description of a poem, should affect us nearly in the same way as the sight of the original; nor is it more difficult to conceive why the prospect of a cottage should intimately bring to our minds an image of the cottager and his family, and thus, through an infinite variety of instances more familiar or remote. Now taking this theory, what a multitude of phenomena connected with the arts will it satisfactorily explain to the enquirer! Why are men imbued with classical learning, delighted with scenes, which to a man who never heard of Parnassus or the Forum are mean, and the pleasure derived from them wholly unintelligible?

"What is it," says Mr. Alison eloquently, "that constitutes that emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon the first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream flowing amid the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honors of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, and Cicero, and Virgil which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise from her tomb to give laws to the universe. All that the labors of his youth, or the studies of his mature age, have acquired, with regard to the history of this great people, open at once before his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery, which can never be exhausted. Take from him, says Mr. Alison, these associations, conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotions!"

Different, indeed, as the eloquent author remarks, would be his emotions, but much greater would the difference be in him who never had informed himself of the history and manners of civilized Rome—who, ignorant of the history and productions of her statesmen, philosophers, orators, and poets, vacantly surveys the scenes pointed out by a guide, and wonders for what he came so far. Alas! how many journey from Rome to Brundisium by the Appian Way, how many see the Esquiline Hills, traverse the site where Cicero's villa once stood, and sigh for the lively and intelligible beauties of Margate Pier!

Why does a statue of Apollo move the man of sensibility and knowledge, while thousands are untouched by it? because they are ignorant of that which is familiar to his mind, the ascribed divinity of the God, his mythological attributes, his beauty, and his power. In what manner does the prospect of a coin, a flower, an insect, affect

an antiquarian or a naturalist, but by its association of former pleasures with present objects, in inducing pleasant trains of thought of past or future events and delights? The charm of these objects all the while remaining to many, who have not the same associations, a dark and inscrutable mystery.

In addition, we cannot, upon any other principle, explain those various relations of internal emotions with various objects which we see established among whole classes of men, throughout entire countries, and which form, what are called, national tastes. Take, for example, the much quoted case of female beauty—what varied and inconsistent standards should we find established in Africa, Asia, Lapland, Greece, Tartary, and Circassia! Nothing, however, can become easier of explanation, when we consider that female like any other kind of beauty, consists in reminding us of natural sympathies and emotions with which they may have been habitually connected.

It is easy to perceive, for instance, if female beauty consists in the visible signs and expressions of youth and health, of gentleness, vivacity, and kindness—then it follows that our ideas of these agreeable qualities may be associated with certain forms, colors, and proportions, which nature may have connected with them. Is it not then plain to demonstration, that these colors and proportions must be beautiful to all who have habitually associated agreeable female qualities with these various external indications of them?

There is an infinite range of equally obvious illustrations, but the mind of every one can supply abundant instances. Which of us, for instance, has not peculiar associations with certain countries, books, houses, styles of female beauty, musical airs, men, objects animate and inanimate. Many which can convey no corresponding feeling to others, yet excite in our own bosoms emotions alternately pleasing, tender, or terrible.

Now, then, let us apply this great and guiding principle of our minds to the immediate object of enquiry before us—the fine arts. If we repeat the question that we asked at first, why are men so differently affected by a given poem or picture? we may answer with some confidence—because, in the one case, their knowledge and habits of thought furnish them with the materials for multiplied and agreeable associations—in the other case, the same prospect calls up no associated images, because there is none to answer to the call—there is no internal vibration, no ~~union~~ within, that corresponds—all is cold, lifeless and unmoved.

Take, for example, a poem of love and chivalry. To a man who has treasured, in his mind, the history and character of bygone ages, who has dwelled upon the honor, constancy, sufferings, and valor of the men—and the beauty, refinement, and fidelity of the women, what trains of thought and feeling are suggested: in what a surprising manner does his heart respond to the delineation, under new circumstances of interest and beauty, which such a poem may afford. The scenery, too, the very places in which those actions are performed, are as familiar to the mind of such a man as the commonest tracts on

which he may daily walk. He may never have passed beyond the walls of a city, yet the mountain precipice, the turreted castle, the drawbridge, the lay, and the tournament, may be to him as common and familiar as the every-day sights and scenes of ordinary life.

Let but the poem open with a description of lofty mountains and retired and almost inaccessible recesses, of lakes and castled promontories, of an extensive and uncultivated country, and mountain-echoes repeating the sound of the waterfall, with all the wild and beautiful scenery from which some of our finest poetry draws its principal charm. How instantly do the chords in the bosom of the man of sensibility and cultivated knowledge respond! In what quick succession do whole trains of imagery of adventurous enterprise or retired solitude pass in his mind! The primitive inhabitants of these regions, the romance of their traditionary histories, their superstitions, their feudal attachments, their zealous honor, their combats and exhaustless valor, their fidelity in love; these, and a thousand other recollections, are the materials in a well disciplined mind, ready to answer, at the poet's call, to be moulded, arranged, and produced, in order and beauty at his command.

It is no matter of astonishment that in the mind of such a man, *Marmion* and the *Lady of the Lake* should contain character and description which has, on him, precisely the same effect, as a tale of his own times and country would have on a pilgrim remote from home. They are his own friends, his chosen associates, of whom the poet writes, the vicissitudes of their fate, and their valor, affect him as though they were the fortunes of his own house and kindred.

But what do multitudes know, or care to know, of belted knights and the pageantry and manners of chivalry? It can only be illustrated by an extreme case. Suppose a tale, the interest of which should turn on refined notions of honor, or delicacy of love or sentiment, to be told to a race of brutal and plundering savages—or a story, which involved the mysteries of court intrigue and the manners of a palace, to a clown—where would be the interest and sympathy produced by such relations: how, in fact, could there possibly be any associations agreeable or otherwise?

It is not because either are incapable of feeling and appreciating the merits of such incidents, that they are formed by nature incapable of judging of them, but they have not the knowledge, they have no store, though they have the memory, they have not the materials, though they possess the power of using them—*ignorance*, in short, and nothing but ignorance, in the great majority of instances, is the source of every bad and corrupt taste. Trace it through every other kind and description of poetry, the gay, the moral, or the sentimental, we find the same principles prevail, and, above all, we shall find a confirmation of this fact; that to relish all the higher kinds of poetry, there must be great previous acquisitions of *knowledge*, without which a man may possess the most refined sensibility, allied to the soundest judgment, and be alike insensible to the charms of poetry, its merits, or its power.

The characteristics of the highest departments of art are, it is true, that works of that order appeal to the general and immutable dispositions of our nature, and that they do not rest their influence upon those secondary and local interests with which the meaner departments content themselves. This is true to a certain extent only, none of the greatest works of art exist, the effects of which are not improved and exalted by a more extensive knowledge, and, consequently, of associations.

This thought, Gentlemen, Members of our Association, is highly encouraging to us, it calls on us loudly to pursue our course of study and improvement. We may not always find the labor agreeable, we may think it sometimes but ill repays itself; but, depend upon it, these views are partial and untrue. We are not only gratifying our present tastes, but are laying up stores of information and materials which shall one day repay us by combinations beautiful and new. Every discussion in which we take part, every idea we gain, is making sure, though perhaps slow, progress. We are, in fact, gradually fitting ourselves to become a proper audience for poets, and more refined and discriminating judges of the arts; and we shall, at no distant time, certainly prove, as our reward, that while the ignorant and uncultivated mind can extract no beauty from literature or morals, much less the arts, there are few things which, to a mind well conditioned and regulated, have not the power to recall and excite emotions of quiet, but deeply seated, pleasure.

PORTRAITS.

THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

There are divers kinds of things dignified with the appellation of portraits, which warrant it in every thing but in the resemblance they are supposed to represent. A lover describes his mistress as a creature of unearthly perfection, "she moves a goddess, and she looks a queen." Her eyes are more beauteous than the stars gemming heaven's peaceful canopy of blue when night is enjoying her repose. Her ringlets are wanton as the tendrils of the vine; they fall languishingly on her brow of snow as the latter creeps round the lattice. Her lips are like the opening of ripening rose-buds; and, in her whole shape and person, she is as enchanting as the Paphian queen just sprung from her frothy birth, and sailing on the ocean-spray: and this is a portrait: one that eyeless Love draws. We must point out one contrary method before we commence our own intended portraits. Mark a jealous and an ugly woman describe a rival. She is unprincipled and adverse to all that is sexual and decorous; ungenerous, uninformed, and evasive; arch, designing, and cold-hearted—because she is likely to be preferred. Her manners are assumed with art and supported with difficulty; her language is

harsh, dissonant, and inexpressibly unwomanly; all her ideas are borrowed, and she claims no kindred with the tenderest offsprings of female character. Her temper is morose and crabbed, changeful as the breeze, and displeasing as the noxious vapor. She is vain and haughty, captious when not admired, and conceited when she is. She is partial in the discovery of her own failings, and delighted in exposing those of others. And as for her person—for herself she could never rank her among her selection of beauties; although there were *some* whose bad taste complimented her personal charms—and this is a portrait! In the former, fondness was the painter; in the latter, an undisguised enmity. Now we utterly disclaim all sympathy with hatred or indiscriminate affection; and, in all our future graphic descriptions it is to be understood, that candor guides the pen, however satirical may be its movements. We shall begin with a general character, one that every body affects to condemn, and most are inclined to resemble—the Worldling, or Man of the World.

Whatever be the rank of a worldling, his cynosure is self-aggrandizement: this is the life-spring of all his actions, and he will not hesitate, occasionally, to risk the salvation of his soul to benefit his condition. A worldling, from his nature, must be a weather-cock; turns wherever the breeze blows most prosperously; his independence consists in the pursuit of gain, and making *this* independent of all other operations. He is, strictly speaking, no character, but any character, and shifts his garb with more agility than the most active barlequin. He has bows for one, and scrapes for another; a smirk for this man, and a well-contrived grin for that: he knows where the magnet points, and adapts every thing accordingly. But there is this marked difference in his deportment, he is fawning to his superiors, and haughty and peering to his inferiors: servility to the former is repaid by his disdain for the latter:—his inferiors must be understood as regards worldly fortune, for this, with him, constitutes the *primum mobile*. His parasitical conduct will be archly displayed, and as cunningly modified. The worldling, if a man of middling respectability, simpers round his patron;—suppose a young “bit of blood,” with a flaming title, for instance, “My Lord,” will be eternally thrilling on his tongue; his ancient ancestry will be often alluded to, and the grandeur pertaining to patrician birth will be duly magnified. He will be his spaniel, and crawl as caninely before his will, as the other before his master’s feet. If my lord is a wit, he will attitise it, and shake his sides before half the joke is uttered: will be his *fidus Achates* to the meanest abortion of a budding punster. If the lord find it requisite to support his title by turning gambler and a first-rate corinthian, there will be none more alive to the interest of the dice-box, and the romantic beauties of a watch-house. The scenic-like scenes to be witnessed and enjoyed in the metropolitan haunts, will be painted in bewitching colors. Especially will the worldling note all his patron’s whims, likes, and dislikes. Does he love a fine pointer? he will never permit one casually to pass in his presence without eloquising on its graces:—and be careful, in particular, to twirl the

tail of his lordship's own pointer, with a pleasurable satisfaction. Does the young patrician admire horses and prize-fighters? The man of the world acquires the vocabulary of the jockey, and descants with the pertinacity of an old frequenter at Tattersall's, on the "fine throw of Miss Biddy," and the "knees of Betsy." The heroic image his lordship makes on horseback will not be unremembered. For the prize-fighters the worldling immediately entertains a great respect; he admires the valor of an Englishman, and the muscular symmetry of a well-formed arm. Pugilism helps to support the national character, and it prevents the native hardness of our countrymen from degenerating—and, therefore, prize-fighting is a noble custom; quite worthy his lordship's encouragement.

The worldling not only succumbs to his patron's fancies, but learns to discover the state of his feelings from the expression of his features, as we prophesy on the weather from the situation of quicksilver in the thermometers and barometers. In the study of a patron's temper and prejudices, lies the worldling's most considerable efforts. Nothing flatters more than that kindness which anticipates our wants, and contrives to supply, before the tongue has expressed the heart's desire. He, therefore, draws conclusions from the arching of a frown and the wrinkle of a brow; a scowling eye enables him to deduce displeasure, and a fallen lip has more effect on his imagination than Irving's prophetic discourses. He will study sighs as attentively as Locke did Ethics, and shapes his phrases to the hour and humor:—the face of the man he courts is the dial of his conduct. There is an immense deal of stoicism in a true worldling, although it be of the most degrading kind. No slight encroachment from a superior will provoke resentment, and the harshest presumption will meet with a very qualified opposition. With him, interest is more important than consequence; prosperity procured, may be enjoyed, although it was a sacrifice that reached it. Why should he resent a small injustice, if a patient endurance will hereafter be repaid? Is the pleasure of resentment more valuable than the pleasure of growing wealthy? Humility may be aggrandized, when the independence of pride is overwhelmed with obscurity.

Two of the principal characteristics of the worldling are, his partiality for calculation, and the scrupulous exercise of a selfish foresight, amiably denominated by him, prudence. Joyce himself is not better skilled in the doctrine of "Chances." He reckons them as carefully as the superstitious and duped Roman Catholic does the beads on her rosary. He never engages until he minutely investigates, nor permits a sanguine expectation to weaken his caution. The worldling is never careless, but in determining matters unconnected with his own advantages: it is then that the spirit of Bidder forsakes him, and he is as reckless of others, as he is calculating for himself. Of his foresight he is exceedingly vain: if a tradesman, he stands behind his counter with a philosophic grin, winks his eye, gropes his breeches' pocket, and, with a jerk of his person, joyfully exclaims, "that's just what I foresaw." Foresaw what? Nothing of moment,

reader; his neighbour, perchance, has taken a seat in the King's Bench to become accomplished, or he has been cheated in his goods, his wife has departed, or his customers are speedily deserting, and "prime cost" whitens his window panes; nothing more, only "he foresaw it." He is a prophet by practice, and unrolls the future as easily as he does bales of cloth. The fall and rise of articles is always predicted by him, and when it happens, "he certainly may admire his foresight."

Worldlings are always men of broad principles; perhaps, more frequently for the sake of avarice than for the love they bear them. Their broadest principle is, to cheat seldom, but machinate always. They dare not boldly cheat, since, as published cozeners they would at once be scouted. But to machinate, plan deeply, and speciously filch by greedy arts,—oh! that's perfectly harmless; every body, of course, must regard himself first. Thorough men of the world are mostly hard-hearted from the pertinacity with which they apply to their beloved object: compassion seldom reaches to charity, or pity to relief; tears become a woman's eye, and not those who are "men of business," who have a certain goal to reach; whose speed would be interrupted by an attention to soft solicitations of misery. Earth is their only paradise, and riches their celestial bliss: their enjoyment is the ambrosial perfections of well-filled purses, and "laying by" is beyond the anticipations of bible-storied glories. Among worldlings; there certainly are sectarists, but they are universally marked as the followers of a common object. They are proud to be denominated "matter-of-fact men," i. e. men who subscribe to no creed but that of selfishness; and whose cold imagination feeds on the gain that is to come. It is impossible for a few pages to develop all the beauties of a man of the world; but this is certain, he is the venal tool of degrading avarice, a parasite by profession, and who is honest because he knows "honesty is the best policy," and who prefers the certain emoluments of stealthy manœuvring, to the risky operations of bare-faced dishonesty. Reader, art thou a worldling?—go thou and be converted!

R. M.

A RUSTICATION IN LONDON.

BY AN EXPATRIATED EXCLUSIVE.

At this melancholy season of the year, when London is shunned as a pestilence by every one who can pay for an outside place to Brighton, or a steerage passage to Margate, the few that are left under its smoky canopy, seem to skulk along the forsaken pavement, with a full conviction on their countenances of the atrocity they are perpetrating. From July to December, London may be compared to a member of the animal kingdom, which, at a peculiar season of the year, relapses into a lethargy; till it wakes into life again, and with brighter and gayer colors, takes a new lease of existence. During

the interval, our metropolis is, to all intents and purposes, defunct; its functions seem suspended; it rolls itself into a chrysalis, and becomes a mass of dead life. Unless you choose to yawn for the hundredth and fiftieth time through the never-ending Paul Pry, or wonder, at the other House, why Mr. Thorne and Miss Hamilton are allowed to disturb the repose of respectable people, you have no theatre; every place of christian-like resort is abandoned. If you are bold enough to risk detection, and turn out for an airing in Bond-street, you are frightened into a nervous fever by the *fetch* of your tailor, who forms a shrewd guess of your staying in town, when Cheltenham, Brighton, and Leamington, are not overflowing, and he draws his conclusions accordingly. If you venture a drive, under that commendable screen against duns and country cousins—your cabriolet, to Kensington Gardens, you may make up your mind of being unmolested, save by some hapless creditor, to whom you have been “out of town” for the last three months. Your man servant begins to look sentimental, and your poodle becomes melancholy, while your landlady refreshes your memory, by sending you up a small note regularly with your breakfast. In a fit of desperation, you fly to Boodle’s, and find it as empty as an alderman’s *cranium*, or your own pockets. There’s nobody at White’s, save some bilious East India contractor, who talks of Rajahs, pagodas, natives, and “loll shraub:” nor at the Union, nor Army and Navy, save some superannuated commodore, or sentimental subaltern, who has made himself useful at every friend’s seat, till he is wanted no longer. The Alfred has no one but the waiters, looking as blank as the tables, and as melancholy as the empty benches, or a midshipman on half pay. Suicides ought, therefore, to be charitably overlooked at this season of the year, as a man would be justified in hanging himself, or blowing his brains out, by way of creating a change.

Would you console yourself with the newspapers, you may despatch the seven daily, and five evening, with as little ceremony, and less time, than you would despatch your morning rolls and coffee.—In opposition to the consumptive nature of the Editor’s resources, every paragraph appears to be laboring under a dropsy, being swelled to its utmost magnitude. A murder that would have “blush’d unseen,” a few months since, under that general catalogue of calamities, “accidents and offences,” in these seasons of scarcity, when casualties are all that can be depended upon in a newspaper office, now greets the eye, under the awful form of “most horrid occurrence,” or “Thurtle revived,” in the best part of a page. A fire, which, at one time, would have been discovered and extinguished in five lines and a half, now presents itself to your notice in three columns; a respectable manslaughter is a prize; a fight, a ‘real blessing’—not ‘to mothers,’ but to Editors; and a gentleman having his pocket picked, a thing not to be sneezed at. With what an innocent joy the heart of the Editor boundeth within him, at the full particulars of a bona-fide seduction! Unpublished poems of Lord Byron are laid on the shelf, and anecdotes of Sheridan, for a while, cease being manufactured.—Recollections of Dr. Parr are left, till the doleful cry is heard of “more copy.”

But no sooner does December and its pitchy gloom arrive, than the city of the world begins to assume appearances of re-animation. The first orthodox fog brings with it a post chaise and four, travelling equipages follow, slowly at first, and then by strings; Covent Garden smiles, and Drury Lane puts on her best looks. The correspondence in the *Times*, of "Viator," and "Pro bono publico," on the dry rot, and the "essays on curing smoky chimneys," are at last concluded, "for want of room;" "constant readers" disappear, and the *Morning Post* becomes suddenly poetical; Parliament revives the exhausted Editor's hopes, and the *Opera* is announced. Then may you, with as much effrontery as you please, issue from the attic where you have been vegetating for the last five months, turn into your club, or discover your whiskers in the Burlington Arcade, talk of your summer excursion, and wonder "what the wretched people in *LONDON* did with themselves in *SEPTEMBER*."

Q. Q.

Saturnalia.

No. III.

Ridisti: licet ergo, nec vetamur:
 Pallentes procul hinc abite curæ,
 Quicquid venerit obvium, loquamur
 Mororosa sine cogitatione.

MART.

These jovial lines are quite impartial,
 And taken from that punster, Martial,
 Let no splenetic classic hate them,
 Because we waggishly translate them:
 "We like bold speech as well as you, sir,
 Nor fear to scout blue devils too, sir,
 While freed from dismal hesitation,
 We give our thoughts due explanation."

SCENE—*A Library.*—BAVIUS AND MÆVIUS.

BAVIUS. (*Solas, walking up and down the room in great agitation.*) Cursed be the day when I was fool enough to turn poet! and cursed be the flattery that persuaded me I was so! What a simpleton must I have been to listen to the applause of Lady Louisa Lamb, whom I now find only praised my sonnets that I might help to complete her album. And Miss Kidney, too! her applause could not have come from the heart—and yet I will believe but my "Ode to the Moon," and "Stanzas on the Death of a Puppy," do not a little partake of the real *divinitus afflatus*! Still it was a lamentable want of judgment in me to print so hastily. I might have corrected these hexameters, and repaired the metrical pauses in the blank-verse pieces; for, after all, there's no genius in having a correct ear: melody is not thought, or smooth versification equal to grandeur of idea: I'm sure this does not sound badly, (*reads*)

"The Mighty One, in awful splendor shrined,
 Unglimped by mortal eyes, is throned on high,
 Where round his glories all th' Archangels sing
 Their strains of never-ending, never-weary'd, praise!"

I don't admire his taste, who does not admire the magniloquent kind of euphony in the close of the last line; the

— "never-ending, never-weary'd, praise,"

sounds in beautiful sympathy to the sense. But see how that manderous quill-driver and wordy critic has served me! under "Sights of Books." (*reads again*.) "Were we requested to decree a severe punishment for a literary sinner, we could not single out any thing so salutary for its completion, as Mr. Bavius' 'never-ending, never-wearied praise.' But he certainly may be classed among the poets of the more exalted order; he is perpetually soaring beyond *almu mater*, and presumes to describe heaven with as much accuracy as if he had been there! He is too much of a poetaster to merit the appellation of a sing-song psalm-driver." I wish I had hold of Jerdan's case! I suppose if I had been I—

MÆVIUS.—Ah! my cronny. What! all in the mumps! or, as the poet says, "down in the mouth!" Cheer thee up, man! Some mangling criticism I'll wager. Come, come, be seated, and let me into the secret. Open your burden'd bosom, and I'll be the balm pourer. Never let a mortal oracle discompose you; especially when it is nothing else but the mouth-piece of a croaking party. Oh! I perceive it all: a slashing review this, 'pon my soul though! and yet—come, come, don't wear out the carpet by these agitated perambulations. You ought to know by this time how to esteem the criticism of the day!

BAVIUS.—Criticism! Criticism! Sir, I tell you there's no criticism going. Just examine two of the head Reviews—take the Quarterly and Edinburgh—*exempli gratia*. The former is under the twink of Murray, the paymaster of a troop of servile scribblers, who would bedizen a donkey, if they could compromise the subject. A Review in the Quarterly is, and ever will be, a *misnomer*;—a complete medium for conveying certain opinions flavor'd high with Toryism, and tending to laud their patronising party—by parasitic abortions. What are we to consider a Review, but an impartial examination of the work in question—not a display of venomous censure to gratify a pique or party—not the meagre display of the "Table of Contents" in a book, but an analytical development of its literary merits, and a tasteful scrutiny of all its various claims:—in fine, a manly, vigorous critique should exhibit every merit, as well as illumine every defect—its primary object should be, to detect what is bad, and freely laud what is excellent. Then look at the Edinburgh—another cadaverous mouth-piece, heated in every line with the rage of Whiggism; and, if it be possible, when in the full tide of abuse, more rancorous than Absolute John's concern.

MÆVIUS.—The anonymous lacerators belonging to the Quarterly are particularly dastardly at times, vengeful, and burning with animosity. What could be a more bilious and nauseous criticism, than Milman's review of Shelley's "Revolt of Islam?" Such as could only come from one whom Heber had puffed to greatness, and whose envy made him tremulous of a successful rival. Well might Byron say, "Judging from Milman, Christianity would appear a bad religion for a poet, and not a very good one for man." And as for Keats—I am certain that he was murdered by Croker's inhuman and unprincipled attack:

"On his own bed of torture let him lie,
Fit garbage for the hell-hound infamy."

BAVIUS.—I know few men who have met with more barbarous treatment from the Quarterly, than Lisle Bowles; and why, forsooth? because he had too much regard for his honor, as a gentleman, and his character as a Christian minister and a classical critic, to describe Pope a stainless angel, and a poet of the first rank. I was delighted at the bold way in which he drove the sneaking "bush-fighters" from the field of combat. Roscoe, I believe, has done nothing but growl since—thinks himself most secure in his den; but we have lost sight of Jerdan and the Literary Gazette; you seemed to have been served rather unmercifully.

MÆVIUS.—Unmercifully, Sir!—cowardly, Sir!—villanously, Sir!—One would conclude from the unfeeling sarcastic style, that I had been exposing some of Jerdan's chicaneries, but I leave this to the Examiner.

BAVIUS.—I do not think much of this critic of Cocksaigne; he is but a lounging sort of reviewer, and a very dissonant rhymester, whenever he attempts to poetise. This is

but a hiring, you must be aware, in the pay of Longman and Colburne: by the bye, it is somewhat paradoxical that the Literary Gazette has so immense a circulation; between six and seven thousand, I hear. I suppose the interesting extracts give it a zest, aye?

MAVIUS.—Heaven forbid that it should be the criticisms! What is your opinion of L. E. L.'s outpourings in this weekly oracle? the snug little quantities of verse from the Improvvisatrice, Jordan's protégée you know?

BAVIUS.—Why, it cannot be denied, that she has written many most beautiful gems, some of them breathing a Sappho-like strain; but then we have had from the same pen, innumerable prosy and sickly pieces, replete with palling traits, and amorous feeling disgusting by the frequency of its introduction. She certainly is indebted to Jordan for her fame; he brought her forward, and now all that is requisite to preserve her fame, is to sport an "L. E. L." occasionally in his Gazette. If you can once obtain a rank in public estimation, however baseless it may be, if scrupulously reviewed, a little exertion will maintain it; repeated failures will scarcely overthrow it.

MAVIUS.—It has often vastly astonished me, to observe how exactly the country newspaper scribblers follow the Literary Gazette. These miserable bipeds appear afraid to advance any dogma of their own, and therefore contentedly remain slavish copiers. Such is the prevalence the Literary Gazette has obtained in its critical statements, that to insure his success, an author had need throw a sop to the Cerberus: two nice columns in the Literary Gazette, well larded with Jordan's praiseful deductions, will amazingly influence the sale of his book, and never fail to give him a consequence in the eyes of the smaller critical fry. Jordan we may denominated the leading trumpeter; a good, wholesome, roaring triumph from him on Saturday, will procure you an echo throughout the kingdom for the next week.

BAVIUS.—The Literary Gazette is not indebted to the soundness and depth of its criticisms for popularity: compass the best of the critiques that has ever appeared there, and see if it bear the slightest comparison with those in Johnson's Lives of the Poets?—They are meagre introductions to the book, with a brief synopsis of its plan, written with that satirical facility which practice easily acquires. The copious extracts, and the early notice of new publications, are the basis of its popularity. The Gazette is interesting and useful to criticism; it has but poor pretensions, and perhaps if it were critical in the real sense, its sale would not increase; for the custom of prostituting venality has so palled the public taste, that it is now almost incapable of admiring criticism. Of course you are aware the Literary Gazette is the complete literary servant of certain publications?

MAVIUS.—Oh, yes!—How is it that the Literary Chronicle lags so much? Its appearance is not so respectable as its rival's; but the principles are more liberal, and the critiques less biased.

BAVIUS.—There is no paradox here; it is too liberal and fair to succeed:—so much now depends on the booksellers, that unless a periodical uniformly puffs forth their particular publications, they rather prevent than encourage it. We want a new periodical, "A Review of the Reviewers; or, the Critics Criticised."—To review the reviewers, and expose their venal practices, would be no arduous undertaking; the system of puffing prevails now from the Quarterly down to Limbird's two-penny miscellany. If those who reside far from town, and who are accustomed to venerate the denunciations of a metropolitan critic, were to mix awhile in a London literary circle, he would soon learn to estimate "notices" and "critiques" in their proper light. More than one-half are procured by the same method that Charles Wright puffs his be-rhymed "Champfagnons"—by money. A favorable critique is generally obtained by interest or money—a mangling one is more frequently the result of a private pique, than the actual opinion on the book reviewed.

MAVIUS.—Ours may be denominated the "Augustan Age of Periodicals":—we have them in every style and shape. There is Ackerman's "Belle Assemblée," to teach the ladies vanity, and the chancal absurdities of dress;—a "Lady's Magazine," replete with puling tales and pilfered bits of poetry.—The Monthly, the New Monthly, &c. &c. &c. Magazines, and innumerable minor dirty sheets, sewed up into a periodical form to enlighten tavern-boys, and assist the forthcoming erudite prodigies from the "Mechanics' Institutions."

BAVIUS.—Now we are on the Magazine topic, let us just exchange sentiments on the leading ones. Of all, I prefer Blackwood for strength, originality, wit, and caustic style. There is a manliness in the diction, and a fearless vigor in the articles, which give a smart relish to the opinions they are intended to convey. I own Master

Blackwood occasionally degenerates into the vulgarities of the John Bull newspaper; but considering the spirit of parties, it is tolerably decorous. Many extol the New Monthly above all its compeers; what say you?

MÆVIUS.—Why, I confess that I am dissatisfied with all: there is not one that displays the talent the London Magazine did, when Scott edited it; but on the whole, perhaps Blackwood's may be said to be the most solid and valuable Magazine, as they now stand. The New Monthly, through the bookselling efforts of Henry Colburn, Esq. New Burlington Street, the acknowledged prince of publishers, and puff-master-general, has rapidly increased its sale within these four years. It always abounds with piquant articles, teeming with flashy dialect and gayful allusions, exactly calculated to pamper the appetites of people of ton, who for the most part read the books, as they empty their coffee cups,—just swallow their contents, and think no more about them. The New Monthly, assuredly, excepting an occasional essay by that Antidiluvian, Elia, is too often futile, flimsy, flippant, and excessively prurient. There is little substance in its best articles, and were it not for the timely succour of flashy anecdotes, and fashionable allusions, even these would not be above mediocrity.

BAVIUS.—The London Magazine, I regret to find, has lamentably degenerated; it will not bear comparison with its original appearance in Scott's time. Like the New Monthly, it inserts the traveller's memorandum books, and fills a number of its pages with jokes and anecdotes filched from the newspapers---this won't do. We have no longer any of Hazlitt's Table-Talk, or Elia's Researches.

MÆVIUS.—The Monthly and European is passable, and generally contains at least one article of considerable merit---the rest are of the ordinary cast. In fact, there seems to be a universal degeneracy in Magazine Literature: whether this arises from the bad taste of the age which must be tickled, or that the too great prevalence of Magazines, impedes the advantage of selected articles, I leave for others to determine.

BAVIUS.—We have omitted to mention two more---Urban's Gentleman's Magazine, and Alaric Watts' Literary Magnet. I still maintain a literary reverence for Urban's Miscellany, from considering what it once was, when Johnson and other great scholars were wont to enrich it---not for its present success. The sale has decreased within these late years.

MÆVIUS.—The editor of the Literary Magnet is a bad copyist of Jerdan in his Criticisms, &c. and is by far too splenetic and envious for a liberal editor. Besides, what does he mean by printing "Original" at the head of many of his poetical articles, when half the world has read them in other publications? this is, methinks, but a sorry method of enhancing the publication. In the prose articles, there is rarely any thing very meritorious; and the "Chit-Chat" at the end of the number, has made Mr. Watts very unpopular among the booksellers. There is such pitiful cutting and slashing, such paltry insinuations and spiteful observations, that none but a little-minded reader can applaud the editor, or his bootless attempt. A poet ought to be above such *man-millinery*.

BAVIUS.—There was a time when I was wont to believe the critiques inserted in these different Magazines: but "*experientia docet*,"---they are rarely impartial. The New Monthly is at Colburn's service; the Eclectic, &c. &c. at Longman's; the Monthly at Whitaker's; and the London at Hunt and Clarke's, and so on throughout the whole trade. These Magazines are most convenient machines for giving an impetus to new publications. When the publisher's influence is unconnected with a new book, it stands a poor chance, unless private influence supplies its place. The Monthly Review, I believe, remains tolerably candid.

MÆVIUS.—The critiques which appear in the New Monthly, many imagine to be written by Campbell, but 'tis not so: some young man is employed for the purpose, and the common-place observations, and weak arguments, denote the novice, rather than the judicious and erudite critic. I wanted to have touched on the newspapers, but I perceive a visitor is waiting for me, so excuse me; when next you see me, I trust, I shall have recovered from Jerdan's criticism. Sylvanus Urban has promised me a cordial.

Review.

Honor O'Hara. A Novel, in three volumes, by Miss A. M. Porter, Author of the "Hungarian Brothers," "Recluse of Norway," &c. &c. London, 1826. Longman and Co.

Would that the world was *half* so alluring as it is represented in novels! Would that it possessed *half* those refined characters and enlightened beings we too often read of, and so fondly remember! But that cannot be: the cold realities of life, the rugged duties of business, duty, want, and ambitious *pride*—all conspire to harden and dissipate the endearing plausibilities which characterize the novel of sense and sentiment. How often, after perusing some soul-breathing speech, some unbosomed confession of love or friendship, have we turned away with disappointment from the selfish annoyments of real life! Having the fancy replete with the softest images, and retaining in the eye of imagination all the delectable scenes and personages we have read of, with a melting ardor of thought and a cherished sensibility, an hour spent in the mingled rivalries of the active world, disgusts the mellowed temperament of the mind, dissolves the all-imagined perfections by moving contrasts, and leaves melancholy to pine over disappointed expectations. Such, at least, is the case with ourselves, on rising from the perusal of an agreeable novel; and however removed it may be from the airy nothings of romance and enthusiasm, still we cannot forsake its pages to look for the portraits described, without feeling an inward depression for their absence—they are not in the pages of life. And what has this to do with a review of Miss Porter's novel? nothing at all, reader.

Former success is always an amiable pleader for the like in future; and even a degeneracy in this case is not keenly observed: superiority was anticipated, and our pride sternly endeavours to secure it. The various, amiable, and sensible productions of Miss Porter, have long since entitled her to a high rank in the list of our admired female writers, and were it possible for her to write nonsense in future, an old respect would unwillingly make the detection. Her present production is a novel, intended to "pourtray ordinary life." Our opinion, to effect this without being monotonous, is a more difficult task than the penning of a romance. What is ordinary, is not naturally so apt to interest, as the enchanting fictions of romance, or the tales of enthusiasm; and therefore in the power of creating an interest, consists the talent of a writer, whose intention it is to pourtray ordinary life. The style and language of the novel before us, is of a superior cast, and frequently reminds us of the sound and meaning phraseology in the best pages of the *Great Unknown*. Unalloyed by the piquant flippancies and refined corruptions which pervade the flimsy novel of ton and fashion, it is masculine and expressive; never dilated into lengthy nothingness, but nervous, elegant, and always applicable to the subject. The work is entitled with the name of the heroine,

Honor O'Hara; and includes so many characters, that our circumscribed review forbids us analyzing all; we must therefore content ourselves with a general survey, and a brief examination of the principal acting personages.

The first chapter opens with a description "of an old tumble-down rectory at the upper end of a straggling village, hanging on a steep hill's side, in the North of England." Within this antiquated dwelling, reside a Rev. Mr. Meredith, his wife, Miss Honor O'Hara, her Irish nurse Betty, with other domestics. Mrs. Meredith is admirably in character throughout; an absurd mass of vulgar ignorance, and coarse intellect: one of those beings so abundant in the world, who sprung from the dust of plebeian obscurity, love to keep down those whom circumstances have depressed, and yet the meanest fawner for the smirk of patronage;---but we will copy the author here."

"Miss Meredith was in truth a most formidable personage: being a lady, without either temper, sense, or breeding. For eighteen years, it had been her laudable practice to pass through the whole of her house twenty times every day, carrying all before her like a whirlwind; scaring men, women, children, dogs and cats, through the whole of the ordinary day: this hurricane blew with the constancy of a trade wind, during which time Mrs. Meredith went slopping about in a dingy gown, and flap-eared cap, but on the signal of a visitor by the evening, the fierce drab changed into a smart woman, all smiles and servility; seated at the card table of a bettermost neighbour, or presiding over her own tea and toast, surrounded by Misses in muslin, and spinsters in scoured satin."

Mr. Meredith, the rector, is a man who "passed his time in his study, meekly submissive to the dominion of the petticoat;" of a "tender heart, a yielding temper, tolerable talents, and much better principles." Disappointed of his first beloved, he was weak enough to admire Miss Simpson, an humble shipowner's daughter; and after his marriage, quietly submitted to the torments of an outrageous scold and tampering temper. Before we come to the hero and the heroine, we can just afford time to glance at the other characters. There is an old baronet, inhabiting of course an old mansion, and displaying all that is generally found in the old *Sirs* in the pages of a novel. He is nominated Sir Everard Fitz-Arthur; is of a jolly temperament, very hospitable, keeps good ale, and has the family arms quartered, over the "stately portico" leading to Arthur Court." Mrs. Preston comes next, having little more originality about her, and if it be possible to image the authoress in her novel, we apprehend she bears a resemblance to herself. Mrs. Shafto is an envious servile wretch, match-contriving, conceited creature, with three conceited husband-hunting daughters. A worthy dean, called Mulcaster, with a delightful family, consisting of a trio of beautiful daughters and most active, buoyant, and jocose son, form a conspicuous feature in the work: there are a great number of minor characters, but we cannot stay to analyze them, and at once proceed to a consideration of the leading two, Honor O'Hara, and Delaval Fitz-Arthur. From these two characters we draw the moral of the volume, viz. that the dreaming fancies of a young, inexperienced, and romantic heart, picturing perfection as necessary to attract and deserve her love, are not safe to be encouraged; they unfit the mind for more strengthening and solid attachments, and make

love to abide in the pride of a heated imagination, instead of being enshrined in the humble affection of a docile and diligent heart. Honor O'Hara is not so perfectly drawn as her lover, Fitz-Arthur: the wavering principles often appear too forced, and rather exhibited for the sake of a moral lesson than the development of character. Fitz-Arthur is exquisitely pictured, proud with meekness, lofty minded without a taint of disdain, warm yet prudent, and though properly estimating the glories of the hero, and the god-like energies of genius, is endowed with a taste for the serene usefulness of domestic life. But, much as we admire the many beautiful descriptions, the deep discernment and research exhibited through each volume, we could not escape a feeling of *ennui* after the first volume. The incidents are too little varied; every chapter is replete with meetings and partings, sighs and groans, and all the branching transactions of love's dalliance; we are aware, love must be the essence of a novel, but it is possible to develop it in a variety of transactions. We repeat it, the two last volumes are at times exceedingly monotonous; there is nothing bad in style, or trifling in thought; but repeated allusions to a like subject, and tame colloquies, create the fatigue of dullness, instead of the delight of sympathy.

The following is the description of Honor O'Hara.

"Honor really was charming, and being then at that childish age which privileges men in telling her she is so, the young red and blue coats were not slow in availing themselves of this privilege; and the fond nurse and admiring foster-sister was perpetually repeating what was said of the beautiful Miss Honor's 'flower of a face.' Honor was singularly graceful, possibly from the very freedom of dress and movement. She never thought how she was looking, when met in a fresh morning running over the hills with her hat half blown off her head, all her locks scattered, and her cloak escaping from her laughing struggle to keep it folded round her. She never thought it might look inelegant, when she sat down on some three-legged stool at the foot of a village Goody, her elbow on her knees, her hand crushing half the ringlets of her hair over one side of her glowing face; and while loosening the knotted handkerchief from her throat, getting up in the face of her companion, asking some favorite legend of the Cheviots. By some craft or mystery known only to herself, our heroine had the extraordinary power of giving new expressions to old clothes. If she had a certain large straw hat closely drawn down with a silk handkerchief, she might have gone to a masquerade as a gipsy; if she allowed the same hat to stand wide, with streamers of ribbon, and a few wild flowers twined round its low crown, she was a shepherdess; cast the hat off, and she was a Quaker in her close lawn cap; put that away, and twist the long ringlets of her forehead with the rest of her hair, and the finely shaped head, the expressive brow, and the large lifted eye, made her a Sephpho.

"Honor had a genius for drawing, that is, she sketched rapidly and freely the form of trees, old buildings, cattle, children, in short whatever picturesque group or object caught her attention; but she knew nothing of working them up into a lady-like or workman-like drawings, fit for display. She sang as woodlarks do, sweetly, wildly: her taste was born of her sensibility, her tones were rich and downy, and had a certain pathos in them, which deepened the tender sadness of Scottish melodies, and those of her native land. She could also accompany herself, in a self-taught way, upon the Irish harp. Beyond this accomplishment, Honor went out. She could, however, work like *Arachne*, arrange nosegays like *Glycerium*, make cakes and comfits like Mrs. Glasse, and dress herself at an instant's warning for a ball, out of a few ribbons. She told ghost stories better than any body: she had always some little comic touching anecdote to tell after her tour among the cotters, or some amusing sally ready to answer the bantering of a lovely companion. She was always in good humor, though not always in good spirits. She gossiped with the aged poor, played with their grandchildren, patted their cure,

fondled their kittens, helped them with a little money when they were pinched to pay the doctor's bill; and neither playing the inquisitor into their consciences nor their consciences; neither wearying them with lectures, nor pampering them with alms, bettered the hearts she was warming towards herself."

Now is not Honor a dear creature, we ask? the fact is, we mean to look out for such another immediately, and therefore cannot wait a moment longer to introduce her lover, Delaval Fitz-Arthur.—Reader, prithee pray for our 'search after happiness.'

Friendship's Offering for 1827. Lupton Relfe, Cornhill.

Although the birth of this charming "new-comer" has not yet been announced, we have been fortunate enough to obtain a peep at the child of promise, which we can confidently assert, not only bears a family name to its elder brothers and sisters, but can even boast of additional charms and graces. To drop from so homely a metaphor, into a plain matter of fact, the *Offering for 1827*, will be published on the date of our present number; and from the hasty glance we have had of its contents, we can prophesy that there will be a vigorous struggle for the palm of superiority between this knight-errant of the muses, and its rivals which are yet to come on the field. When we say that the claims of "*Friendship's Offering*" are supported by the first professors of literature and art, our readers will, we think, agree with us in our good opinion. We cannot resist an opportunity of presenting a taste of the good things this elegant *bijou* contains, reserving for another opportunity our intention of contrasting its pretensions with those of its forth-coming competitors.

Mrs. Hemans (whose name would alone shed a charm round the volume) has two or three beautiful pieces, from which we select the following:

LAST RITES.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

" By the mighty Minister's bell,
Tolling with a sullen swell;
By the colors half-mast high
O'er the sea, hung mournfully;
Know, a Prince hath died!

By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground,
By the volleying musket's tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride.

By the haunted palm, that fills,
Reverently, the ancient hills,*
Learn, that, from his harvests done,
Peasants bear a brother on,
To his last repose,

By the pall of snowy white,
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose.

* A custom still retained at rural funerals in some parts of England and Wales.

Which is tenderest rite of all!--
Buried virgin's coronal?
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,
Farewell gun for warrior dead,
Herdsman's funeral hymn?

Tells not each of human woe!
Each, of hope and strength brought low!
Number each with holy things,
If one chastening thought it brings,
Ere life's day grow dim!"

Although, as we have before said, there is a cluster of the highest names that sustain our literary pre-eminence, enrolled amongst the contributors of this beautiful little volume; we think we cannot give a greater proof of the thoral importance of celebrity, when compared to internal merit, than by extracting a nervous and highly-wrought little piece which is anonymous:

THE DYING BRIGAND.

"She stood before the dying man,
And her eye grew wildly bright!--
Ye will not pause for a woman's ban,
Nor shrink from a woman's might;
And his glance is dim that had seen you fly,
As ye before have fled!--
Look, dastards! how the brave can die--
Beware,---he is not dead!--

"By his blood ye have tracked him to his lair!--
Would you bid the spirit part!--
He that durst harm one single hair,
Must reach it through my heart.
I cannot weep, for my brain is dry,--
Nor plead, for I know not how!--
But my aim is sure, and the shaft may fly,--
And the bubbling life-blood flow!

"Yet leave me, while dim life remains,
To list his parting sigh;
To kiss away these gory stains,
To close this beamless eye!--
Ye will not!--no,---he triumphs still,
Whose foes his death-pangs dread--
His was the power---yours but the will!--
Back,---back,---he is not dead!

"His was the power that held in thrall,
Through many a glorious year,
Princes, barons, nobles, princess, all
Slaves worship, hate, or fear:
Wrongs, insults, injuries, thrust him forth,
A bandit-chief to dwell!--
How he avenged his slighted worth,
Ye, cravens, but may tell!--

"His spirit lives in the mountain-breath,
It flows in the mountain-wave!--
Rock,---stream,---hath done the work of death,
You deep ravine the grave!--

That which hath been, again may be!--
 Aye, by you fleeting sun,
 Who stirs, no morning ray shall see,---
 His sand of life has run !

Defiance shone in her flashing eye,
 But her heart beat wild with fear :---
 She starts,---the bandit's last faint sigh
 Breathes on her sharpened ear,---
 She gazes on each stiffening limb,
 And the death-damp chills her brow ;---
 For him I lived---I die with him !
 Slaves, do your office now !"

Our hasty glance must conclude with the following " Stanzas," which have all the delicacy of expression, and sweetness of feeling, of their deservedly popular author :

STANZAS. FROM A MS. DRAMA.

BY HENRY NEELE, ESQ.

" Sing me a lay,---not of knightly feats,
 Of honor's laurels, or pleasure's sweets ;
 Not of the brightness in beauty's eyes,
 Not of the splendors of royalty ;
 But of sorrow, and suff'ring, and death, let it tell---
 Of the owl's shriek, and the passing bell,
 Of joys that have been, and have ceas'd to be ;---
 That is the lay,---the lay for me.

Twine me a wreath,---but not of the vine,
 Of primrose, or myrtle, or eglantine ;
 Let not the fragrant rose breathe there,
 Or the slender lily her white bosom bare,
 But twine it of poppies so dark and red,
 And cypress, the garland that honors the dead
 And ivy, and nightshade, and rosemary ;---
 That is the wreath,---the wreath for me.

Bring me a robe,---not such as is worn
 On the festal eve, or the bridal morn,
 Yet such as the great and the mighty must wear ;
 Such as wraps the limbs of the brave and the fair ;
 Such as Sorrow puts on, and she ceases to weep ;
 Such as Pain wraps round him, and sinks to sleep ;
 The winding-sheet my garment shall be :---
 That is the robe,---the robe for me.

Oh ! for a rest---not on Beauty's breast,
 Not on the pillow by young Hope prest,
 Not 'neath the canopy Potop has spread,
 Not in the tent where shrouds Valour his head ;
 Where grief gnaws not the heart tho' the worm may
 feed there,
 Where the sod weighs it down, but not sorrow or
 care :
 The grave, the grave, the home of the free ;---
 That is the rest,---the rest for me."

The Editor (T. K. Hervey) has some very beautiful lines from his own pen, which we do not intend to let escape our " admiring ken."

GRAVITIES AND GAITIES OF THE MONTH.

INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY DEVOTION.

When we tell our readers that we have another martyr to record, who fell a sacrifice to unquenchable affection, they will doubtless imagine we have a most melancholy tale to relate,

"Of all love's thousands hopes, its many fears,
Its morning blushes, and its evening tears,"

We hardly know whether to look grave or smile, when we say, that the object of the modern Werter's affection, was a *goose*! of which, as one of the papers inform, he was *passionately* fond. The author of "Smiles and Tears" has truly observed, that there is a close sympathy between the heart and the stomach;* and this unfortunate individual verified it by making a supper of the object of his attachment. An inquest has been held on his body, and a verdict was found, "died of suffocation." He is, however, not without a parallel in the records of romantic devotion to the good things of this life;—an equally enthusiastic being entertained as ardent an affection—for buttered crumpets, but

"The course of true love never did run smooth;"

and Indigestion was the monster who marred his happiness, and forbid any future intercourse. With a resolution worthy of a better fate, this unhappy votary of love determined upon taking a last farewell of his affection's choice, for without which he felt life was insupportable, and then relinquish his existence. The crumpets were brought hot, and nicely buttered; he threw at them a pitiful look, never did they look so lovely before—"at one fell swoop," he devoured eleven! The bile rose---Indigestion already racked,---he throwing a long and lingering look on the remaining one, he seized his pistols which lay on the table, and in five minutes he was a sacrifice to an unconquerable affection for buttered crumpets!

BOOTS, A BLACK LEG.

A country paper informs us that the 'boots,' of the Three Tuns Inn, Newcastle, decamped with 125*l.* of the hostler's money, with such a celerity, as to induce his pursuers to believe he was the 'seven league boots,' mentioned in ancient history. When hostlers carry 125*l.* in loose cash about them, we shall not be surprised at hearing of the stable boy defrauding the scullion of her 'estate in Yorkshire.'

BIBLE SOCIETY FLUMMERY.

By a report in the Maidstone Journal, we are informed, that the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the Kent Aux---(query) Hoax-iliary Bible Society, took place at the Town-Hall in Maidstone, some Thursday in the last month. When, notwithstanding the rain came down in torrents, to the detriment of the reverend gentlemen, "parsons grey," and of the ladies' best satin gowns, Lord Bexley and several other old ladies were present, together with a few young ones, and a numerous party of gentlemen, piously inclined.

Several long speeches were made, of which we cannot reproach ourselves with reading one; a fact, however, came out, on which we cannot help remarking:

"The receipts of the Parent Society, during the past year, were 82,768*l.* 2*s.* 9*d.*; and its expenditures, 96,014*l.* 13*s.* 7*d.* And it is under engagements at home and abroad to the amount of 25,876*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*! What! one hundred and twenty thousand pounds in one year for bibles! This item does not simply express volumes, but, as Mr. Swallow in the farce says, it speaks "libraries."

One of the reverend gentlemen is reported to have delivered himself in the following strain; speaking of the bible, he prettily says, "It is the word of the spirit---it is the word of God---it is the spirited weapon of our warfare, mighty through God, pulling down strong holds, it is the incorruptible seed of the kingdom---it is the milk of babes, and strong meat for those of riper years---it is the bread of life, sweeter than honey to the taste, piercing even to the dividing asunder of the joint and marrow---it is more precious than rubies, &c."

Precious indeed, if in one year 120,000*l.* has been expended in its distribution, at least to the pockets of those from whom it was *canted*. Far be it our wish, that the word

* Mr. Alaric Watts, author of "Poetical Sketches, &c." has announced a new volume of poems, entitled "Lyrics of the Heart;" why not call it the "Sorrows of the Stomach?" We are sure the subject would take, and seriously recommend it to his notice. The above pathetic tale would make an admirable sketch from private life.

of God should be withheld from the poorest and meanest of our fellow-creatures; but, when in 'one short year,' a sum like that is mentioned as the cost, we confess that the fact appears too vast for our comprehension.

OUR NATIONAL MORALS.

In one week there appears to be no less than four suicides* by females, in consequence of seduction, and after desertion by their betrayers. This fact, and the paper that gives us the intelligence, is a fine satire on its name, "The Englishman." The same print contains the report of a trial, "Manville v. Thompson," in which the aggression is the same crime: the party injured was a girl in service, and the defendant a shoemaker, residing in Grace-church-street, who accomplished his detestable purpose under the solemn promises of matrimony. Thus it is that these poor, confiding creatures are rifled and abandoned; the love shown to them is of that vampire-like description, which invariably seeks the destruction of its object. In the latter case, the ruined one met with a reverse, or rather her natural protector was compensated for his wounded feelings by a pecuniary award; but what did these four poor wretches experience for the punishment of their errors? death, and that the most awful of any, that of their own seeking. While our religion forbids our interfering with the most solemn dispensation of our Creator, the termination of existence, our feelings too readily admit of a pardon for those who have committed the act under such circumstances. Can the heart of man imagine the alternate throws of anguish and shame which assailed the breasts of these unfortunate women ere they wrought themselves up to the dreadful act? Of the "hope deferred which maketh the heart sick," of the probability of treachery and desertion---of the full certainty of shame and ruin, and all the dreadful consequences. How the brain must burn, how the heart swell, with what insufferable pangs must the soul be riven, ere the mind can admit of that most horrible of all remedies for a murdered happiness, SELF-DESTRUCTION. What scalding tears of repentance, what a maddening sense of undeserved injury, the sting from the serpent it nestled in her bosom; what awful struggles between conscience and her feelings before the bloody deed was committed. Well may "the angels weep" at these "fantastic tricks;" in one word, hell, black and horrid as it is, has no parallel for the monster who wilfully seduces a woman and then betrays her.

A FOREIGNER'S TASTE OF "ENGLISH LIBERTY."

Of all phrases without meaning, surely the one which is in every body's mouth, "English Liberty," is the most empty. We cannot but shrink at the contemptible ideas which Aliens must have of our much boasted national freedom, when the following case, which is one of a thousand similar others, proves its non-entity:---*The Courier* of the 18th instant, reports, that a Mr. Edward Vitris, a foreign gentleman, was brought before the Magistrates of Marlborough Street, from the St. Giles's Watch-house, on the charge of Maroonery, a watchman, of being drunk and disorderly.

In the investigation of the case, it clearly appeared, that Mr. Vitris was quietly parting with some friends, when he was peremptorily ordered by the watchman to "go on!" Mr. Vitris, perceiving from the man's manner that he was drunk, sought hold of his sleeve, for the purpose of ascertaining his number, when the fellow collared him, and conveyed him to the watch-house, where he was confined till the following morning. The Magistrate fined the watchman 5s. and suspended him from his duty for a fortnight.

Taking it for granted that this conviction was legal, the law of England appears to be, that any respectable gentleman, however high in rank and character, may be taken in custody by a dirty vagabond, whose only authority is a rattle and leather, incarcerated in a filthy hole of a prison with drunken rogues and felons, to the great violence of his own feelings, and the serious anxiety of his friends, till his case is heard, when the aggressor is fined a crown, and kept suspended from his employ for a fortnight---a punishment which only keeps him in idleness. An English gentleman must acquire strange notions of national independence, when his personal liberty and private character is ever at the mercy of the lowest and most contemptible retainer of justice.

* We do not include in these a story, which found its way into the newspapers, of a seduction and suicide which never occurred except in the addle-brains of the fool who played off the hoax. We need not, God knows, require the aid of imagination for instances of the blackness and depravity of man, when he is daily convincing us of his own brutal nature.

PUBLIC CHARACTERS.

No. 1.

[Our design in the following sketches of our more distinguished contemporaries, is not to furnish full-length portraits, but, if possible, faithful etchings; not to enter into a minute detail of each event or occurrence in the life of the individual selected, but to note such as may have affected his conduct or opinion, and thereby influenced the general event, and to specify those peculiarities of manner and opinion which may characterize him amongst his fellows. These profiles of character, it is intended, shall be chiefly parliamentary. There are two good reasons for this selection. The first is, we possess, and mean to make available, peculiar opportunities of daily witnessing the display of the intellectual and official energies of each member of the legislature, so as to impart to our decisions, the confidence of results valued by a relative as well as a positive standard. Our second reason is derived from the effects of that great engine of public opinion in a free country, a free press; which, by giving publicity to, and freely commenting upon, the proceedings in Parliament, thereby converting every man in the empire into a vigilant and interested spectator of those proceedings---has made the character of the actors in theirs a kind of public property, which need only be defined to be duly appreciated and respected. Having no party to serve, or particular interest to promote, our sketches will have one merit, that of being impartial.]

MR. HUSKISSON.

————— with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state; deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care;
 ————— sage he stood,
 With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies; his look
 Drew audience and attention, still as night,
 Or summer's noontide air.

The first impression that the British House of Commons might produce upon an intelligent foreigner, would be a curious, and perhaps not uninteresting, speculation. The oaken wall, compact size, and Spartan plainness of the chamber itself, might induce him to believe that he was among the legislators of a Helvetic or Dorian republic, did not a strange mixture of freedom and reserve, of dignity and homeliness of manner, and the peculiar business-like look of men, much less regardful of the appearance than the actual possession of wealth and distinction, persuade him the assembly before him was composed of English gentlemen. The very absence of uniformity of deportment—the heterogeneousness of the materials—the alternation of loquacity and silence—of prim decorum and careless negligence—

of hats off and hats on—of buttoned up box-coats, and top boots, and embroidered waistcoats, and silk stockings, the, in fact, do-as-I-please air of men, resolved to attain their end by every means not subversive of the rights of another—must convince him that he is in the land of freedom and of wealth—thence of individuality of character—in a word, in the land of John Bull. As yet, no one member would appear to the stranger of more personal consideration than another; for the influence of station and ability would be swallowed up in the to him apparently confused equality of the proceedings. His curiosity would therefore be naturally employed in endeavouring to identify some of the individuals before him, with his preconceived notion of the personal appearance, and the moral and intellectual character, of our leading orators and statesmen. From observing that all eyes are strained and pointed, as faithfully as the needle to the pole, to a certain seat or passage north-west of the Speaker's chair, known by the name of the Treasury benches, he will soon learn to distinguish the *ins* and the *outs*, the temporary disinterested talker about patriotism and economy, and, if they themselves can, the permanent dispensers of place, wealth, and distinction. This knowledge will greatly assist him in his attempts to identify persons with preconceived notions. He has now merely to look at the seat of power, to at once recognize the graceful mien, the classical head, the chiselled features, the speaking eye, the dilated nostril of genius, and the playful smile of wit, lurking about the mouth of the Right Honorable Secretary. Equally legible to the physiognomist are the characteristic features of that eloquent man's colleagues; the shrewd intellect, sound judgment, and patient industry of the head of the magistracy, Mr. Peel; and the manly frankness, the candour, and the insinuating ingenuousness of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Nor, on the other side, will he be long at a loss as to the identity of the leading spirits of "His Majesty's opposition." The keen penetrating intellect, cutting irony, and inimitable manner of Mr. Tierney,—the vehement sarcasm and various readings of Mr. Brougham,—the refined taste, proud integrity, and alternate energy and languor of Sir Francis Burdett,—and the Cocker scrutiny, calculating attention, indefatigable perseverance, and *figurative* style of Mr. Hume, betray themselves in the appearance of their possessors. Without also a particular revelation, the possessors of the fee-simple of heaven (as well as of the good things on earth), are ascertainable by those who seek to find them out. The evangelical sleekness of mien and vesture, the heaven-viewing formation of vision, the Wolsey humility, the philanthropic disclosure of our neighbour failings, the sanctified African sympathies, and the holy nasal sonorousness of speech, characteristic of the disciples of Wesley, Southcote, and Wilberforce, are discernible in St. Fowell Buxton, and his ebony-loving brethren of the cross bench.

But the most important individual in the House yet remains unnoticed—him to whom the domestic manufactures and foreign commerce of the country are entrusted. The stranger is aware how much the high place of England, in the scale of nations, is dependant

on her commercial pre-eminence; and of the great changes that have been effected, during late years, in the system of commercial policy, by which it was supposed that pre-eminence was cherished and promoted; and, he is also aware, that the great natural opposition to these changes required an extraordinary degree of firmness, ability, and perseverance to resist and overcome; and must, therefore, seek, with some degree of impatient curiosity, for the person of the at the same time official guardian and great revolutionist of the system of the trade of Great Britain. His curiosity will soon be gratified, and his expectations realized, in the square manly form, stern grey eye, and marked Cromwellian features of—Mr. Huskisson. He will behold a man who, of all modern statesmen, would have made the most distinguished figure in the senates of ancient history; who would have been a Lycurgus at Sparta, or an Aristides at Athens. He will behold a man who, though the least classical in his language and opinions, and whose character has been cast in the truest national mould, would most strongly remind him of the stern simplicity of Cimon, the austere firmness of Cato, and the republican inflexibility of our own glorious Commonwealth-man. He will behold a man who, in a strange country, neglected his anatomical studies, to take part in the proceedings of the red-hot republicans of the French revolution. He will behold that man, without the stain of apostacy, by the mere firmness of his temper, and the solidity and inflexible structure of his intellect, some thirty years afterwards, raised from the obscure practice of a comparatively humble profession, to one of the most important stations in the government of his country; possessing withal, on every subject he discusses, a weight and authority in Parliament, and a degree of confidence and respect out of doors, that no other President of the Board of Trade could ever lay claim to. He will behold a Member of Parliament, the least observant of the adventitious means of obtaining a patient hearing, listened to with the most marked deference, respect, and attention of all parties in the House. Nor, indeed, need this great influence of character surprise him. It is founded on a system of conduct wisely adopted in early life, and firmly adhered to in all weathers, and under the most trying circumstances, and on the fact that Mr. Huskisson, take him all in all, is the *ablest* statesman in either House of Parliament. He does not, it is true, possess the flowing eloquence of Mr. Canning, or the quick perception of Mr. Tierney, or the logical acumen of Mr. Plunkett, or the lofty declamation of Earl Grey, or perhaps the precision of Lord Liverpool; but in shrewdness and inflexibility of judgment, comprehensiveness of views, and firmness in maintaining them, in the rare faculty of connecting the demonstrations of facts with the probability of arguments, in prophetic sagacity, and in profound knowledge of finance and the other important subjects of political economy, he is scarcely rivalled by any member of the legislature. This is high praise; the merit of deserving it is the secret of Mr. Huskisson's rise to power and distinction. In this he stands almost alone; at least, it would not be easy to find a perfect parallel

to him in the list of our bye-gone ministers. To Mr. George Grenville he bears more points of resemblance, in the frame of his temper and intellect, and in the nature of some of his opinions and measures, than to any other modern statesman within our recollection. Like that great man, Mr. Huskisson, under an austere and rather forbidding *aboard*, covers a heart throbbing with the tenderest sympathies of humanity. Like him, also, the rigid path of public duty is never deflected from to gratify the feelings of private friendship. There is the same unbending punctuality in business, the same unostentatious integrity, the same endeavour to rather merit than obtain popularity. Not that Mr. Huskisson is indifferent to public opinion—by no means. Although he would not bend any measure to accommodate the views of party, or win the applause of the multitude, no man displays more earnestness to satisfy and convince his hearers of the purity of his motives, and of the propriety of his conduct. His speeches, on this account, are frequently loaded with facts and arguments almost to tediousness. And with all his power of arrangement, copiousness of diction, and the consequent freedom from gaps in his discourse, he will not drop a subject, nor be content to rest upon a host of arguments already adduced; while there remains a single reason in his own mind that he thinks would serve his purpose. Mr. Grenville early reprobated and foretold the evil consequence of Parliaments countenancing the efforts of factious demagogues and fanatical incendiaries in the colonies. Mr. Huskisson, also, almost alone, long since denounced the legislature's encouraging flagrant violation of property, and the abrupt rooting out of established usages, by listening, *without reproof*, to the inflammatory mis-statements and canting falsehoods of a party who no longer happen to be holders of property in the West Indies. The points of resemblance do not terminate here. It was a maxim with Mr. Grenville, and indeed with every sound statesman, that all changes which were *unavoidable*, and were in harmony with the progress and sound opinion in any country, should be *met half way* by its government; otherwise, the constitution, like a vessel between icebergs, from the shock of two masses moving in opposite directions, might be crushed to pieces. We have in the philosophy of this maxim, the origin of Mr. Huskisson's adversary of the present system of free trade. And here we beg leave to point out to the studious in the science of human nature, and the observer of dissimilar effects from similar causes,—the working of the one principle at different periods of Mr. Huskisson's life, and under very different circumstances. We have said, that Mr. Huskisson, when a young man, took part in the first proceedings of the French revolution. He did—but not on account of the philosophy of Voltaire and the Encyclopedists, who, in the words of Lord Byron, "might have written their fingers off" before they would have influenced him,—nor from the contagion of the American revolution, or the financial embarrassments of a despotic form of the government; but from a conviction, that the degree and kind of knowledge possessed by the French people, far exceeded the measure of their political liberty,

and that the *retention* of a number of forms and institutions *not suited* to the growing knowledge and expanding opinion of the age, was injurious to the society, and should be overcome.

This was *his* theory of the revolution; and this made him a Jacobin. In his mind, all other causes were influential in producing that great political earthquake, only in as much as they co-operated with this—the main spring of the revolution; without which, they were but “dashing with the oar to hasten the cataract,” or “waving “with a fan to give swiftness to the wind.” This necessity then of accommodating forms and institutions to the growing intelligence of the age, made a Jacobin of Mr. Huskisson in 1790, influenced him in 1820 to introduce the Free Trade System into England, and stimulated him throughout life to advocate the great cause of civil and religious liberty.

The writings of Locke, Hume, and Smith, had long since established in Great Britain the abstract truth of the free trade theory, which, as Mr. Huskisson well knew, the interests of mankind would soon teach them to appreciate, so as to render its adoption in practice unavoidable. The only consideration left then to Mr. Huskisson was, the *when and how* of introducing the Free Trade policy into a country where the contrary system had long existed. And however opinion may differ, this is the only point on which controversy can arise; upon it, therefore, Mr. Huskisson has been severely censured. The silk trade, the corn factor, and the shipping interest, have successively assailed him, and with threats and intreaties, besought him to re-adopt the ancient system of prohibition. Mr. Huskisson, trenched behind a barrier of sound doctrine and philosophical principles, stood firm and inflexible; and told them, that as they could not sweep a room without being annoyed by dust, so they could not pass from an old absurd system to a contrary one without some temporary inconvenience; he maintained to them, that the clouds that hung over their respective interests, were but the presaging mist of a sunny day, and should be considered but as the exhalations of a soil teeming with fruitfulness, which would shortly disappear before the bright sunshine of England's prosperity. Our limits do not allow at present enquiring into the validity of these propositions, but we shall take an early opportunity of going minutely into the question. At present, we shall merely say, that we are converts to the Free Trade System in the abstract; but are fearful, under the peculiar circumstances of the country, lest its advantages should be too much on the side of foreigners. It is doubtless a proposition demonstrated by Adam Smith, “that in every country it “always is, and must be, the great interest of the people to buy “whatever they want of those who sell it cheapest.” But, however true this may be in the closet, we fear a country with a debt of 900,000,000 sterling, cannot hastily adopt it in practice. The truth is, a perfect freedom of trade, under any circumstances, is a philosophical vision, which never will be realized. All that can be done, is to make it the general rule, and approach it as nearly as we with safety

can. That Mr. Huskisson has been unfairly censured for a supposed rashness, or a commercial *coup de main*-ship, in introducing the Free Trade System, the following passages on the advantages of foreign trade, taken from his pamphlet on the currency published in 1810, will shew, and besides may be received as no bad specimen of his state of thought and expression :—

“ The mind and faculties of man are constantly engaged in pursuit of his own happiness, and in multiplying the means of subsistence, comfort, and enjoyment. Trade, which effects the exchange of a part of the productions of the soil, industry, and talent of any country, against those and the soil, industry, and talent of any other countries, is the great instrument of multiplying these means. By the aid of this exchange, not only those natural productions, which Providence has distributed in abundance in one portion of the globe, and refused to some other, are rendered common to all; but the soil of every country, and of every portion of every country, is left at liberty to be cultivated principally, or wholly, if necessary, in raising those productions for which it is best calculated and adapted; those which, by experience, it has been known to afford of the best quality, in the greatest abundance, and at the least expense of capital and labour. Labour and capital, employed in manufactures, is enabled to avail itself of local situations and natural advantages (for instance, a stream or a coal mine), and to adapt itself exclusively to those pursuits in which, from any peculiar disposition, dexterity, ingenuity, or fortuitous discovery, the people of any particular country, or any particular part of them, may excel. The advantage derived from the division of labour, is well known. What is effected by the operation of that principle, for a *single undertaking*, is, by the aid of commerce, effected for the *whole world*. Commerce enables the population of each separate district to make the most of its peculiar advantages, whether derived from nature, or acquired by the application of industry, talent, and capital; to make the most of them for its own consumption; leaving, at the same time, the greatest possible remainder to be given in exchange for any other commodities produced more easily, more abundantly, or of better quality, in other districts of the world. It is thus that a country is enriched by commerce.” This is preparing the way for the easy application of the free trade doctrine.

N.

THE FADED FLOWER.

Thou fair faded flower! that so lately wert blooming,
 The pride of the garden where careless I strayed;
 Thou still might'st have blossom'd, the morning perfuming,
 Hadst thou rested content with thy peers in the shade.

But fond to be notic'd, and ripe for thy ruin,
 Thy gadding young stem caught my eye on its way;
 I sought not thy beauties, nor will'd thy undoing,
 But heedlessly pluck'd thee, then cast thee away,

Not reckless, however, I gaze on thee, blighted,
 A verse and a tear thy brief moral shall share;
 For, oh! thoughtless Beauty, thus thou art requited,
 While the spoiler speeds on, and forgets thou wert fair.

Dumfries.

C. G.

TO MY CHILD.

WRITTEN IN A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

Thou darling boy! the pride of this sad heart,
 That shrinks from death, yet struggles to be free:
 Though from thy dearer Father armed to part,
 A pang peculiar pierces me through thee.
 For e'en the thought, that thou, of all I love,
 Shalt heave no sigh, shall drop for me no tear,
 Hath power my boasted fortitude to move,
 And weary Nature shrinks and shudders here!
 Fantastic thought! and yet how strangely sad!
 That when in Death's cold arms the mother lies,
 Thy youthful mother! once in thee how glad,
 Thou may'st as now gaze on with laughing eyes,
 Peering on arduous tiptoe o'er her bed,
 Unconscious that she never more may rise!

Dumfries.

C. G.

THE WILLI-DANCE.

AN HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

The haughty Baron von Lowenstein looked from the balcony of his castle window down upon the road which wound round the valley by the foot of the mountain, and lost itself in the distance of the well-inhabited plain. He gazed upon a tall and gallant youth who rode forth from the castle upon a noble steed; he watched him as, with the fiery spirit of youth, he urged his courser forward; he smiled sternly, and ordered a page to desire the attendance of his daughter Emelka.

She came into the hall glowing like the star of Love amidst the dusky clouds. Her father called her to the window and spoke: "Seest thou that rider fast disappearing in the dust, and knowest thou him?" With difficulty, repressing her anxiety, she replied: "Yes, my father, it is thy page Gyula." "Him thou wilt, then, never see more," returned he coldly. At these words her senses failed, her eyes grew dizzy, and she would have fallen from the balcony, had not her father's strong arm withheld her. He ordered her attendants to convey her to her chamber.

In the mean time, Gyula was riding on without suspicion of what was meditated by the gloomy Baron; he thought the object of his journey was the Templar's Convent at Posteng. He had been directed to convey a letter to the Prior, with commission to deliver it to him in secret. It seemed to him, that he was more and more advancing in the favor of his Lord, and saw, in this secret commission, the beginning of the utmost confidence. Who can tell all the lovely dreams which floated round him, such as lovers weave from foundations weaker than the spider's web?—The reader knows well that he loved Emelka, and was fondly loved again by her.

At the decline of day, he entered a wood which lay at the foot of the convent, and there he waited for the coming of night, intending to seek the Prior under cover of its darkness. It was one of the loveliest days of spring; the purple tints of the evening melting off into the purest and most cloudless blue, the clear warbling of the nightingale, the countless odours springing from the flowers, the gentle rustling of the branches, as the breezes played among them, filled his bosom with tender extacy: it seemed as if his heart expanded to the whole world; and he abandoned himself to the delicious reveries so natural to young and ardent minds, when the face of internal nature seems to accord with the inward feelings,—till the iron sound of the convent bell warned him to break off, and roused him once more to the exertions of active life.

At the end of the long and winding path, the gloomy walls of the convent suddenly rose before him, and as they fell darkly on the scene, they seemed, to his already-excited fancy, to afford a just emblem of the mode in which the realities of the world frown on the

illusions of affection. With a sigh, he gave the token which had been communicated by him to the Baron; the porter opened the iron gates, which groaned heavily on their hinges, and asked with subdued voice, "Come ye from the brothers of the order?" "No! from the Baron of Lowenstein to the Prior." "Well, follow." They ascended from an arched and narrow passage, which echoed to their steps, up a winding staircase. The leader stopped at the nearest door, knocked thrice quickly and gently, a voice replied, "I am alone." The porter pointed to the door, and disappeared among the gloomy passages, and Gyula entered.

On an old and carved chair, dimly lighted by a single lamp, sat the Prior motionless, and resembling an ancient figure upon old tapestry. When the youth drew nearer, and the old man discerned his features by the broader light, he passed his withered hand before his face like one who endeavours to remember something that has been long forgotten. The youth presented him with the Baron's letter: the Prior opened it, and read in silence. His countenance deepened as he read, and his eyes seemed rivetted to the paper. All was so silent that Gyula could hear the beating of his heart. At length the Prior broke the silence: "Thy name?" "Gyula Forhegy." "Thy parents?" "Geisa Forhegy and Suse Lorandi, both dead." "The ring upon thy finger?" "The last present of a dying mother." A slight red passed over the pale features of the Prior. He signed to him to sit down, and spoke: "My predecessor was so suddenly called away, that it appears he had not time to apprise the Baron, for this letter is addressed to him. He writes: 'To death with the bearer of these tokens, to death; the audacious plebeian dares love my daughter, to death with him, that I may never see him more; but let it be done in secret.'" "Does love then acknowledge the pride of ancestry?" asked the youth. "Silence!" returned the Prior, "I have commands from my superiors to obey the directions of the Baron." Gyula was bursting forth, but the Prior added—"but thee I will not, and cannot, harm; yet swear that thou wilt conceal for ever what thou now hearest." Gyula swore: the youth pressed his hand in gratitude, and the old man spoke with a voice, in which the warmth of long repressed affections mingled a softened tone. "Thou must away this night; leave this country; here is a letter to the master of our order in Croatia. It was intended for another, now be it thine; read it, and mark well the name. The Superior will place thee in our brotherhood; behave nobly, and leave the rest to heaven: and should all others fail thee, I will remain firm." "Wherefore have I merited this kindness?" asked Gyula, deeply affected; the Prior answered: "Thou hast called back time long since past by: my heart has become weak, and it urges me to tell thee what dwells in its inmost cell,—what never passed my lips before; and to let thee know that thou hast owed thy life to thy mother a second time. I loved her with all the glow of youthful heat; I love her yet as a star in the gloomy night. I saw her often

"when she was yet a maid, in her father's castle; but there, too, thy father saw her, and loved her as I did; and, oh! who would not have done the same? Shall I unveil to thee all the sorrows of my heart? I could not bear suspense: with the resolution to know my fate, I rode to her father's castle, determined to make known to her my love. There met me on the way a squire who greeted me: 'You come in good time; all is gaiety in the castle, for Suse is just betrothed.' I gave the squire a ring, the same which thou now bearest on thy finger, as a present for her; I turned my horse's head and rushed away. I became a Templar: scarcely had it happened that I was bound by my vows, when a knight came to convent. He spoke of many things which I regarded not till he mentioned thy mother's name. My heart leaped up: he described the festivity of the bridal, and said how melancholy seemed the bride; and that the report was she loved another, and had given her hand to her husband in obedience to her father. These tidings were so many dagger-strokes to me! since then I have heard nothing of her. I forbade myself to ask of her. I was sent into the East; I sought for death, and found it not. It is but few weeks since I returned; a few days only since I have been here, and I no longer murmur that the Saracen lance has spared me, for I can save thy life. But see, the hour-glass has run down, the stars are disappearing, time presses, depart; and when thou art about to give way to sorrow, think of me, and how I have had to suffer."

The youth sank into his arms in wordless emotion—the Prior roused himself as the servant entered—Gyula hastily retreated, and sprung to horse almost before he knew what had happened. Sorrowfully did he look back where the domains of Lowenstein extended; and his heart was convulsed with the bitterest anguish, when he turned his horse from the well-known and delightful paths, obliged to seek a home among a stranger race.

Gloom hung on the Castle of Lowenstein; scarcely had Emelka recovered from her swoon, when a messenger arrived from the Prior to say that the squire of Lowenstein, on his return, had been waylaid and murdered.

Emelka sank into a melancholy illness—the only daughter of his house—the last scion of a noble race;—the hard heart of the Baron was convulsed with sorrow. He summoned a skilful Monk, who delivered her from death, but could not banish the secret disease of her mind. It seemed as if she revelled in grief.

The summer vanished, autumn came and went, and winter reigned in all its severity; the Baron seemed to dwell in the forest, hunting the wild boar, and yet oftener he went to Temetsving, with whose lord it appeared as if he had weighty matters to transact. At these times, when Emelka was alone, and the snow fell in thick flakes, and the twilight spread its dusky wings, and the silence was only broken by the rushing of the Aar, struggling with the icy masses floating in its current, she summoned the attendance of her nurse Gunda; while the fire crackled on the hearth, and the lady reclined

dreamily on her couch, the old woman told her a thousand tales of the days of olden time, of fairy love—of spirits who return to avenge the wrongs of perjured love—of spirits separated in life who are united in death. More than all, loved Emelka to hear the legend of the Willi-dance, which the crone always thus began—"Every maiden who dies, when she is betrothed, is called a Willi. The Willies wander restless on the earth, and hold their nightly dances wherever roads meet; if any man then meets them, they dance with him till he dies; he is then the bridegroom of the youngest Willi, who thereby at last is enabled to rest; such a one is my sister. Ah! often have I seen her in the moon-beam,"—and then followed the tale of the lover, the sorrows and the death of the poor young maiden. In stories like this, of the region of spirits, the luckless Emelka sought to forget the bitterness of earthly suffering.

When spring returned, and the Baron one day returned from Temetsving, he announced to his daughter that she was betrothed; the betrothed of the Lord of Temetsving. Emelka knew her father's sternness of purpose, and retired in silence; the Baron looked joyfully over the wide valley before him. "Here," thought he, "to the right and to the left, over mountain and valley, shall I and my stepson rule." In the despair of her heart, Emelka prayed to heaven to deliver her, and heaven did deliver her, she became paler and paler, the roses of her lips decayed, the light of her blue eyes became dim, her raven hair languished unringletted over neck and arm, as if death had cast his mantle over her—she died. "Father! I forgive thee for sending Gyula from me," were her last words; but they pierced the heart of the Baron like arrows tipped with poison; and when she lay indeed a corse before him, he left his castle and the wide spreading domains of Lowenstein and Temetsving, and entered into a cavern, where he buried his daughter with his own hands, commenced the life of a hermit above her grave, and never spoke again.

With unwonted swiftness, the tale of the desolation of Lowenstein spread into Croatia: Gyula roused himself from his first sorrow, and returned homeward. "Is not my life," said he, "like a flower cut down in the prime of its beauty? Well, then, let its scattered leaves yet be strewn above the grave where my happiness lies buried. Will the Baron grudge me watching over the grave with him? he may now kill me himself, but thence will I never depart."

It was late in the evening when he approached Lowenstein, after many weary wanderings. A nameless power attracted him into the recesses of the wood; near him there was a sound like that of autumn branches shaken by the wind, and a sweet tone like the song of the unseen nightingale; a faint glimmering like that of a thousand glow worms streamed from the bushes, the morn burst forth in all its splendor of fullness: the convent bell struck twelve—he stood in the circle of the Willies. Softly swelled their voices into a song, breathing of tender sighs; and the lays of disappointed love flowed into harmonian concord from the lips of the shadowy beings; swifter and swifter the dance went on; the rings on their fingers, and the myrtle

crowns, shone in the light, and their ringlets flowed like clouds upon the air ; one of them advanced to him, and seized him by the arm ; he looked at her and shrieked, " Emelka." He gazed upon her eyes, till he grew wild ; she pressed him to her heart, his own ceased to beat, and when she kissed him, he was dead.

On the following morning, the Baron roamed into the valley, and found the corse lying on a bank of roses. He recognised the features of his former squire ; " forgive my sins," was the language of the supplicating look he raised to heaven. He lifted the hapless youth upon his shoulders, and buried him with tears by the side of his daughter. From that time after frequently appeared to him the young lover and Emelka in his dream, shining like the morning star, and gazing on him with looks of consolation and forgiveness.

THOUGHTS ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

I do not know what distant air
May fan thy cheek, or wave thy hair ;
But know, I'd have that air for thee,
From every breath of evil free.

Unknown the land (that land, how blest)
On which thy feet may rove or rest,
I do but know, I would, for thee,
That land a paradise might be.

Ah ! thou to-day will often hear
In tones, not fonder, but more dear,
Such wishes as are breathed for thee
By one thou wilt not hear nor see.

Their wishes will with smiles be heard,
And answered by some grateful word ;
But tender look or tone from thee
Will ne'er be sight or sound for me.

Yet, with that sweet reward in view,
My wishes would not be more true :
It is not what I am to thee,
'Tis what thou art, that conquers me !

ACHSAM.

STARLIGHT ON MARATHON.

1.

No vesper breeze is floating now,
 No murmurs shake the air;
 A gloom is on the mountain's brow,
 And quietude is there.
 The night beads from the breathing grass,
 Fall brilliant as my footsteps pass.

2.

No wakeful tones disturb the scene,
 The clouds are lull'd to rest—
 'Tis like a calm, where grief hath been,
 So welcome to the breast!
 The day-god's rayful splendor's gone,
 And starlight gleams on Marathon.

3.

I look around from earth to sky,
 And gaze from star to star;
 The Grecian host seem gliding by,
 Triumphant from the war:
 Like restless spirits from the dead,
 Revisiting where once they bled!

4.

The stony records of each name
 Have mouldered from the soil;
 But valor leaves undying fame,
 Which Time may not despoil:—
 Can patriots roam th' Hellenic plain,
 Nor wake the dead to life again?

5.

Oh! to have seen the marching bands,
 And heard the battle clash,
 Have seen their weapon-clenching hands,
 And eye's defying flash:—
 Their bossy shields, and pluming crests,
 And corslets on their swelling breasts!

6.

Then said the mother to her son,
 And pointed to his shield ;
 " With it! return, and conquest won,
 " Or, *on* it! from the field!"
 With valiant hope, and tearless face,
 They clung in silent, firm embrace.

7.

Here met the foes—and martial peals
 Once trembled o'er the ground,
 And gory wounds from plunging steels
 Flow'd on each clotted mound :
 Here freemen strew'd the Persian dead,
 And Grecians vanquish'd while they bled.

8.

But past the days of Freedom's sword,
 And cold the patriot brave;
 When slaughter'd there, the slavish horde
 Found Marathon their grave ;
 And swarthy despots left the free
 Unfetter'd as their own blue sea!—

9.

Still, starlight sheds the same pale beam
 For aye upon the plain ;
 And musing breasts might fondly dream,
 The Grecians free again !
 For empires fall, and freedom dies,
 But changeless beauty lights the skies :

10.

May He whose glory gems the sky,
 God of the slave and free;
 Hear every patriot's burning sigh
 That's offered here for thee—
 For thee, fair Greece, and every son
 That fights the Turk on Marathon !

R. M.

BOARD AND LODGING.

"TWO (LARGE) GENTLEMEN of respectability are desirous of obtaining board and lodging in a genteel private family. They are of regular habits, and would be found no intruders on the regulation of the domestic circle. Letters addressed (post paid) to X. Y. at ———."

TIMES.

"Half-a-guinea a week for coals!" thought I, "throw coals to the dogs, and the landlady with them, before I submit to this brumal chicanery."—"Half-a-guinea a week for coals!" re-echoed my friend Dapper, throwing himself backwards in his chair, and elevating his legs to an awful height—"No, no, Mrs. Ramsbottom, we'll follow Keeper on his travels first." The encroaching dame rubbed her hands with a washer-woman-like grace, muttered some unmeaning mumble, and made her exit. Friend Dapper and myself are two bachelors (one of us is a Bachelor of Arts), and not being burdened with a troublesome load of income, we have united our purses, and by this social juncture, have contrived to board and lodge together in a more *convincing* style, than either of us could have done separately. Our gracious landlady came into existence on the top of some mountain in a Swiss canton, and certes retains to this day a frostiness of disposition, that would vie with the coldest avalanche in her country. We have resided in her house for something more than three months, and have generally escaped civil wars and domestic broils. To be sure, we have occasionally been favored with her petulant eloquence, for tripping up stairs with unwiped shoes, slamming doors with impatient vengeance, and rousing the inmates sometimes from their midnight *snooze*—but this is allowed to be "all in the family way." We have scarcely ever glimpsed her horned spouse: for aught we know, he may be sometimes taking an airing in his wife's coal-hole for spousal disobedience, or be seated on the mantle-piece, and compelled to squat there, till taken down again. At all events, he is quite an underling in our present domain, and serves instead of his wife's bell, to call the servant, and carry messages. His stature is very dwarfish, and he is of such a ghastly paleness in face, that he would terrify in a dark passage: to the personages already introduced, add, one frowsy good-tempered housemaid, and a superannuated tom-cat, reader, and you have at once before you all the live stock in our premises.

After Mrs. Ramsbottom's departure, and a momentary mutual gape of suspense, Dapper and myself consulted on future proceedings.—"To pay, or not to pay, that was the question,"—we perceived it was most convenient to our pockets to do the latter; without hesitating to enquire whether "'twas nobler" to bear the "sting" of "outrageous" pay, determined on a speedy removal.

"When will the advertisement appear, sir?" "On Thursday next," replied the silver-haired old clerk, brushing my crown-pieces

into his money receptacle with conscious *nonchalance*—"Thank you, sir." The door of the office swung back to its place, and I was soon paddling my way on the sloppy pavement of Fleet-street. "How very abrupt you are!" exclaims my fancied reader, "transporting me from your drawing-room to a newspaper office!"—I bow my assent, and have only to say, that *eclipsis* is an allowable figure in rhetoric, and may be legally introduced into my "Board and Lodging."—Thursday came, and presented me (to speak *Hibernice*) with sufficient letters to last me for the remainder of my days. Four consecutive postmen were each loaded with a dozen epistles for "X. Y." and many were personally delivered; thus one solitary seven lines in the Times, inspired about sixty pens, and occasioned a waste of many quires of paper. "How great a matter a little *fire* kindleth!"—The housemaid's countenance was for the remainder of this day illumined with a timid, reluctant smirk, whenever she appeared. Dapper did little else but grin over the outside scrawls of the letters, while I was busied in anatomising their contents, and selecting such as were deemed answerable. Need I explain the result of my discoveries?—One was from an ignorant, but exalted, laundress, stating, that she "rezided in a werry genteil sitivation, and felt quite certain as how the gentlemen would be well acommodated in her lodgin." Another came from a sea-captain, and stated, that we might "jump into a good birth if we choose to tack over to him," that he had a "snug little cottage, *only* troubled with wife and three children," and that "on winter nights we might have a sip of hot grog." Another, sealed with a dashing coat of arms, and remarkably square at the corners, was from a bachelor, whose house was "rather too extensive for himself and servant"—with him we should experience "every *domestic* comfort." I shall only mention two more, which were rather mysterious to our view, and afforded subject for various gallant conjectures: one was from a "lady of respectability," informing us, that she had "two daughters, one eighteen, and the other nineteen years of age;" after stating this, and that "emolument was not her principal aim," added, that she was "desirous of meeting with *two agreeable young men for boarders!*"—The other was equally pleasing to us: explaining, that there was a "daughter just turned twenty, that there were plenty of *young ladies*, who made frequent cheerful visits;" the summing up, as the judge calls it, was very endearing for a stranger, she hoped to "find two pleasant additions to *their family circle!*"—On concluding the perusal of these complaisant productions, a mutual stroke of chins, a bridled erection of heads, and satisfactory survey of the person, passed between Dapper and myself: both of us were convinced that a sight would be sufficient to convince the lady, that we were the "pleasant additions." Within half an hour, we were duly caparisoned, and externally armed with inspiration from the Graces for the approaching interview—but, alas!

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
"And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

By an unaccountable oversight we did not discover, till a second glance, that, in a serene corner of the epistle, terms were mentioned! they appeared to claim a very warm consanguinity with "emolument;" and fearful that both might conduct us to the same finis, we delivered these gallant enticers to the care of a paper cupboard. After an arduous selection from the remaining bundle, we commenced with the guidance of half a dozen that directed us, severally, to six different quarters of the metropolis. The remainder of this paper will contain an account of our proceedings and "hair breadth 'scapes."

Yellow fogs were swimming in the bilious air, and cold steams evaporating from the muddy drains, when Dapper, "smiling like "May-morn," and myself in good spirits, from sundry potations of well-sugared coffee, entered briskly on our travels. The first house we arrived at was in a square, which, for the present, must be nameless. The outside walls were dingy, and crusted like rasped rolls, and the whole edifice was quite of the *Broddignag* order—windows sinking into their cases like withered cheeks in a decline. The stony grandeur and reverential aspect of the building awed for a moment our first glimpse, and woke up sighs prophetic of a non-residence there. Dapper's patrician appeal to the knocker startled me from a reverie I was enjoying over the darkling depth of the area. A freckled servant, with a nose of *astronomical* consequence, snarled an abortive answer to the question, "is your mistress at home?" Having used a little *manual skill* in the arrangement of our hair, and stretched our surtouts to their symmetrical fit, we marched through the hall with that inward independence felt by those about to experience the delight of prying, enquiring, and rejecting—if the apartments "were not exactly what was required." Alas! for the miserable endurance of lodging-house keepers, letters, and *hoc genus omne*! Compelled to listen and answer to the impertinent, unclose the cupboards for their satisfaction, unravel domestic regulations, traverse, mount, descend, and screw up replies to feed the whims of curiosity—but I can spare no more condolence here.

The parlor door opened, and a motley circle of persons of various ages, arranged round a breakfast table, were performing their matin mastications; but our approach interrupted their engagement. One old fellow, with a wig, blinked his eyes, and could not conceal the toast which bulged through his half-opened lips. Another, with a sauffy visage, lolled back in his chair, and fairly put on spectacles to scrutinize us; while a youth, apparently about eighteen, with a neck encased in deep cravat, gave a condescending turn to his pate, and then resumed his tattoo on the cloth. In addition to these perplexing unpleasanties, there were, besides, three tall daughters, who, with a military exactness, held their cups very steadily at an equal distance from the saucers and their mouths, and daunted us with their ocular meaning. An uncouth, snivelling, old maid wriggled by their side. But surely this was not metropolitan politeness! The servant had made some blunder in our announcement; or they expected bailiffs, and mistook us for these *men-hounds*; or, lastly, they were unused to

such early visitors. Explain it as you will, we were quite levelled beneath the staring coterie, and at once gave up all hopes of domesticating with such unmannerly creatures. Poor Dapper was more overcome than myself, and kept on such good terms with the wall, that the crown of his hat, which he held behind him, was rendered almost beaverless through the friction it had endured.

"I believe—" cried Dapper; here confusion choked his trembling utterance, and a regular smile ran round the table at this commenced enunciation of the apostolic creed. His inexplicable perturbation so amused me, that had it not been for some stoic endowments I possessed, laughter must have relieved me. However, giving my lips a primordial bite, and receiving, in the hollow of my hand, a duplicate of "hems," I finished his sentence—"I believe, madam," directing my speech to a portly dame, "we had the pleasure of receiving an answer to our advertisement for"—"I beg your pardon, sir, pray *what* did you say?" Here was an accumulation of endurance! compelled to give a second edition to my speech! "I believe, madam, (coloring with a virgin-like blush) we had the pleasure of receiving an answer to our advertisement for board and lodging, from you; we have, therefore,"—"Board and lodging with us, sir!—dear me! sir, you have been mistaken; we receive no boarders or lodgers here but those of our own family. Board and lodging *here*, sir! oh dear, dear! ha! ha! ha! dear me, sir, I fear you have been mistaken." "Its damned odd," (quasi *hodd* pronounced) muttered the dandy's unloosened lips, "its damned odd, I think. We turned board-and-lodging-house keepers! why, 'pon my soul, we are rising in the world!" Then followed several humps from the old men, a freezing grin from the old maid, while the daughters were engaged in alternate giggles. My situation was far from being enviable. I made a hasty bow, not quite so graceful as Beau Nash's (one of the wise men of Bath), and screwing out a "beg pardon," walked backwards out of the room, and almost upset Dapper, who had sided off to the open door during my fluttering colloquy. This was but a bad omen of our morning adventures; but we adjusted our neckcloths, endeavoured to laugh away the feeling of *gaucherie*, and continued our travels.

The next mansion we entered was of a humbler cast than the preceding one; unsocial, and comfortless, both internally and externally: it was, in fact, nothing more or less than a regular lodging-house, and, like bits of tumbling-down nobility struggling for aristocratical show, presented, amidst its gaudy furniture, a mere apology for gentility. There was, for instance, a half-burnished lamp suspended in the passage, with cracked glasses and a rusty chain; a diamond-cut hall, with very common ragged mats, and stair carpets of a flaming hue, but disclosing the wood through their worn-out edges. The landlady was quite consistent with the house—awkwardly assuming the airs of high breeding, without the natural tact of supporting their assumption.

After a due perambulation of the parlor, where I was more busied

in marking the mistress than her apartment, we were introduced to her drawing-room. Our conductress taking the lead, and having opened the door with a speedy boldness, she looked round on us with an Amazonian glance, signifying, "if my parlor has not delighted, my superior drawing-room must!" We were not permitted to take precedence in our remarks; and the following uninterrupted flowing observations dropped "like manna" from her lips: "This is our drawing-room, gentlemen, where we assemble for dinner and other meals. It is a spacious room, very warm in winter, with a pleasant view from the window; wainscoats papered, sideboards for convenience, a handsome bookcase, and with the unusual advantage of a piano for those who are musical—some of our gentlemen play:—I am sure you would find every attention paid; we keep a good table, and are visited by Captain N., Lieutenant C., and the Reverend Mr. Thoughtful. The curtains, you perceive, are of fine morocco, a man servant cleans the shoes, the street is excellently situated, the house is always in regular discipline—I have no doubt you will find every thing satisfactory!" Well! this was a tolerable lengthy strain without receiving one reply. By this time, we entered through folding doors to examine the bed-chambers, where the chairs were the best part of the furniture! "You would find this an airy room to sleep in, the bed is made from the best feathers"—defend us! she was about to recommence, when, fortunately, I averted her purpose. "Pray, Mrs. Larkhall, have you any family?" Her countenance brightened at the question, she looked smilingly, as the bard of Avon says, and replied with a prefacing nod, "O yes, sir, I have three daughters, *all grown up* (this emphatically), besides some little ones: we all meet together." A fortuitous glance at the door, presented me with a sight of one of her sylphs, who, it appears, marched languidly and interestingly into the room, just as her mother mentioned her jewels—for, no doubt, she was another Cornelia. This same damsel was garbed very fashionably in black, of a symmetrical figure, and repeated her visits to the drawing-room once or twice. The mother, no doubt, had her aim, and Dapper and I were really cruel enough to guess it: most likely the reader will do the same, therefore, we will not relate the result of our guess.

"What may be your terms, Mrs. Larkhall?" "Why, sir, as I always make a point (we have since heard of this lady's points, some of them very far from 'good' ones) of mentioning the lowest at once—250 guineas a year for both." "Hem! hem! hem! very well, we will either call or write when we have determined. Good day, Mrs. Larkhall." Her jaw fell doubtfully, and we descended the stairs, and soon were over a bridge "and far away."

We recollected, as we were hastening to make our enquiries at an academy, that our supposed laundress' mansion was very near; so from a laudable feeling of curiosity, more than any expectation of settling, we "just popped in." Our suspicions were soon realized. Mrs. Susannah Starch (for this was the name on the door-plate)

appeared the fat and jolly wearer of fifty years. Her crimped curls were compactly arranged on her forehead, and vied, in formality, the shapely cap that surmounted them. Her enormous grossness gave all the dignity to her person that flesh can impart. Her hands were of a vulgar mould, but unspotted as her finest muslin. She was, indeed, (taking her apron into consideration) what is called, in the language of common sense, "a very respectable looking body." She was routing some breechless urchins from the passage when we entered, evidently desirous of "making an impression." As before, a parlor was our first conventicle: a dismal square kind of furnished den, with a grate without fire, fronted with curling shavings; a round table turned up in a corner, and a small recess where the "Family Bible," and the "Whole Duty of Man," were wedged immoveably neat among a few other books. I felt so chilled at all I saw since my entrance, that I wished to have made some apology, and saved the laundress her tongue, but it was too late! "We be in a bit of a muckle, sirs, to day, what don't hap very often, I assure ye. I be a widowed woman, and, since my good man's death, I've had lodgers—" here was a pause, and then "poor dear man!" Naturally imagining she alluded to her husband, I asked what occupation he followed. "Okkepation! Lord love ye! he was a gentleman, a born gentleman, but some how or other, poor thing! he came to be mainly reduced. Poor gentleman, what a fine reader! he'd come down and make'en so agreeble of a night, that he would, and read so genteely while I aimed his shirt on my lap, poor dear! he had the room above, and never left it till he died." The reader will be thinking in what way this speech concerned our lodging? Perhaps it was that crafty and circuitous method which many adopt to recommend their lodgings, who hope the praise of the past will ensure the value of the future. I shall not stop to describe the apartments destined for her lodgers; the bed-rooms were scarcely large enough for a seaman's hammock.

An academy! what odd associations arise at the sound of that word! A long, bony, ferret-eyed pedant, dressed in black, precise and petulantly inquisitive. A plain prison-looking house, with a lofty iron gate and a gravelled front yard; a captious mistress, with a pug nose and scrutinous eye; scraped, cut, and blotted desks, ashers, birches, canes, and dog-leaved books, with the dinning school bell—all these, *en masse*, danced about in my brain as we approached the academy. I was aware that I was not "going to school;" still, old thoughts and remembrances are not easily to be disregarded. Though rather a *vieux garcon*, now when in the presence of my quondam pedagogue, I am thinking of eternal "*Pater Aeneas*," "*in nova fert*," and "*omne quod exit in um*." We were followed up the school-yard by plenty of young eyes' gazes, and did not regret when we were seated in a drawing-room, somewhat fashionably furnished, by the aid of globes, books, maps, and writing wonders, embalmed in gilt frames. The master soon appeared, actually with

a cane in his hand, school for the morning just having concluded. Powdered hair, spectacles, a pen lolling on his ear, a trim white neckcloth, and a black suit, gave a neat consequence to this master of the rod. He strutted up to us, with one hand in his breeches' pocket, and with that movement of the person observed when one is travelling through the tangling stools, desks, and boxes in a school-room.

"I fear we have taken you away from your important duties, Mr. Mac Snapper." "Don't mention it, sir; I beg you won't; beg you won't mention it." "We have called in answer to your letter respecting our advertisement for 'Board and Lodging.'"—"Oh! oh!—yes, yes, yes; very good, sir; very good, sir. Why, let me—bless me, what a hubbub those boys are making below; why, let me see, the terms would not be more than 160*l.* a year for both, provided you have no objection to two beds in one room!!—Your meals would be like my own, and Mrs. Mac Snapper is a very domesticated lady; would see to all your wants. One thing I must premise—my doors are closed by ten every night, except on peculiar occasions." "What may be the number of your pupils, Mr. Mac?"—Mr. Snapper. "I beg your pardon! only sixty, sir; a very important change, but the rising generation, you know, sir,—the rising generation, sir."—"You are right, sir; we will either write or call when we determine." With this convenient and universal excuse for saying "I decline," we parted—to meet no more.

Reader, have you ever moralized? If not, this moment shelter your cranium in a hat, and take a street ramble, glancing attentively as you pass at the multitudinous phizzes you meet—every one will have its moral. For instance, if you perceive a man with canine features, and a selfish taciturnity of expression, put him down as an unworthy scoundrel, and moralize on cupidity and its miseries. If you see an eye replete with tears, hanging reluctantly on the eyelids, as snow-flakes on a drooping leaf—or a face with every feature knotting into grim grimace—or a peevish body just risen from a sprawl on the pavement, draw this moral reflection from their several visages; that sorrows are certain, though accidental, and though your blood is now warmed with joy, and your heart beats lightly as a sunbeam on the slumbering wave, you may be partly or entirely murdered before you get home—your eye be whipped out by some coachman's mastigiferous skill, or you may be deposited under a wheel, or jammed into nothingness by a tumbling mansion. Once more, if you meet a gay hoary fellow, with a worm-eaten face and languid dreaminess of aspect; or an old hack of fashion, wrinkled to her eyes, and painted like a sign-board, you cannot choose but to moralize here, and silently quote Solomon, "There is a time for all things,"—and rotting joys are more intolerable than the sternest pangs of undeserved woe. Now don't imagine this is another start from the subject: I moralized in this way, as I strutted, somewhat tired, to the next applicant to our advertisement, and the approaching issue

will prove what I have remarked above, that "sorrows are accidental."

"Shew them up, Anne!—shew them up, Anne! and see that "they wipe their shoes; d'ye hear, you stupid creature?" cried a querulous voice, as we stood waiting at the end of a dark passage. "Shew them up, Anne! wipe their shoes, &c." I muttered to myself, as I climbed the stairs, for it was impossible to walk lollingly up them; they were almost as much on the acclivity, as the sides of the Chimboracco mountain, or (I hate exaggerations) as the ladders which hang from the entrances to hay-lofts. The staircase was such as becomes old maids, long, narrow, and gloomy. There was too a freezing preciseness, with much meanness, in her little pinched drawing-room. Every object appeared glued to its place, excepting four cats, seated on the backs of chairs in different parts of the room, and exchanging amatory ogles. The fire-screens appeared like naughty children put in the corner; a work-box that was never opened, stood on the table, and china tea-cups of the ancient style were reposing on the mantle-piece. You might have imagined from the neatness of the room, that no human being, except the owner, disturbed the sanctified regularity of her chamber. The chairs were solemn as statues, and I verily believe, there was not a crumb on the carpet, or a speck on the window, to attract the attention of a fly—but flies, I am aware, were out of fashion then, so their absence alone did not bode a famine. And where is the old maid during this time?—Why! she was spooning some mixture in a golden-hued saucepan, and just finished a stir when we appeared. I know not if there be a curse connected with the skins of old maids, nor am I quite certain that they deserve one; but there is a fretfulness in the hues of their countenance, a dark distempered expression of mingled feelings about it, when they are verging to two-score and ten, that cannot be mistaken. I wish Government would lay a tax on old maids, instead of windows and hair-powder!

"My dear beauty!—pray be seated, sir. You sweet beauty!—" will you approach the fire, gentlemen?" Beauty! where was the beauty? Dapper and myself were very far from being Apollos, and there was not a glimpse of beauty in herself. What could she mean? Why, she was soothing a capricious, groaning, half tail-less poodle, that was fretting himself on the carpet before her, and indulging meagrimis o'er a saucer of milk! I took my chair, looked frowningly at "Beauty!" then at the mistress, and listened to the following overture, while the speaker presided over the dog-caudle: "I presume, you are the gentlemen whose advertisement I answered?"—Two full-neck bends from both of us satisfied her, and she continued:—"Being single, and residing in a house somewhat "too capacious for my occupation, I should have no objection to permit "two *reputable* gentlemen to domesticate in my parlor; a sofa-bed "could be managed in the sitting one, and the other would be left "to your mutual selection. Being of a quiet disposition myself, I

"should expect that the lodgers would be peaceable and order—." "As I live, here's an enormous toad!" screamed Dapper, while something rattled like an empty box against the opposite wall. The old maid turned awful;—it was the partner* of her bed, her beloved tortoise, that frightened Dapper had kicked unwittingly from his feet! The hot spoon fell from her hand; the poodle yelled; the lady, in her haste to turn round, fell over a chair; and all the cats frisked up their tails, and scamped round the room like wild horses! Such a scene admitted of no delay. I snatched my hat; hawled Dapper after me; cleared the stairs with a few muscular leaps; and speedily unburdened myself of a long-restrained laugh at the other side of the street door!

We had now given five personal answers, and were unsuccessful in either. What a bore it is to be lodging-hunting! There's the trouble of getting new ones, and quitting old ones; most of all, the trouble of packing, cleansing, and securing all one's "goods and chattels," which become, as it were, partial to their accustomed situations, and seem loath to be fixed in new ones. The reader will perceive from this, that I was annoyed with my labors, and half wished I had not disagreed with Mrs. Ramsbottom. Our last call was on a diseased bachelor. We found him pillowed in an armed chair, with flanneled legs, swelling on a stool. He was all over gout, round as a pumpkin, and evidently labored dreadfully under phlegmatic uneasiness. "Poor sufferer!" thought I, "thou hast been busy at the bottle, and many a luscious sip of wine has juiced those lips, now parched with the fever of malady!" What a contrast was this room to the one we had just left! Here were strewed all the messes which distinguish the chambers of invalids. It was a bed-room without a bed. Medicinal slops and drafts, pill-boxes and mortars, and dismissed bandages, were scattered round us. A nurse, almost as bronzed in face as the table she attempted to clear, whimpered an excuse for the "state the room was in," and then quietly arranged her body in a retired seat.

"How d'ye do, gentlemen?" was the good-tempered salutation from the bachelor. "Don't frown at me for being the victim of this cursed gout—O Lord! nurse, rub down this leg, and pour out some stuff from yonder vial—hope you never have the gout, gentlemen? 'tis a horrible victimizing complaint." "Terribly so, sir. Pray what are the rooms and conveniences we could have here as boarders and lodgers? We call in reply to your letter received yesterday." "Rooms! oh! oh! I beg pardon. Why, let me see. Nurse could make your breakfasts and tea; and as for dinner, you young sprigs, with lightsome limbs and hearts, can easily attend to this, I'll warrant me. There's an attic and a parlor; the furniture, to be sure, is not over handsome; but Molly could

* To some this may appear an improbability; but the fact has been proved by the writer, beyond the admission of a doubt!

"brighten up the chairs, and hang up a looking-glass. You young sprigs don't care about pomps and fine furniture, I'll warrant me.—" "O Lord! nurse, rub down this other leg." Now, go down, and "bring me my pocket-book, and I'll tell the gentlemen the terms." Before we had time to object, nurse was flown. I liked the bachelor, but could not reconcile myself to the lodging. A glance from Dapper translated his thoughts to me; and I rose with the excuse, that we were "fearful the accommodations were not *just the thing*." The hour was late, and during our travels we had not stopped to attend to an appetite becoming somewhat ravenous:—kittle did we think that we were doomed to *ride* home! Dapper (from some reason not since explained) bolted down stairs, without stopping to look before him. Just as I reached the second landing-place, a squall, a crash, and a clatter startled me. On arriving at the passage, the noise was explained! Dapper had tumbled blindly over the decrepid nurse, that was hobbling up with a loaded waiter for some purpose, and had been fairly overturned in the road. The pocket-book was still clenched in one sprawling hand. Dapper did not escape; his fate had pitched into a bason of broth, and every feature was partially mustardized. The sight would have been ridiculous had this been all: but he was bleeding profusely at the mouth, and the tickling pepper was in his eyes. I strained my back to lift the old nurse on her legs; helped Dapper to the door, and was seated in a hackney coach, just as the thump of the bachelor's crutch was sounding for an explanation. Thus ended our search for "board and lodging." We spoke not a word, "nor funeral note," as we were rolled homewards; and I thought Mrs. Ramsbottom's door never smiled with such welcome as when we entered it on our return. Dapper is hardly yet recovered from his fall, which occasioned a serious laceration: and we have since determined to pay Mrs. Ramsbottom, in preference to wandering once more "in search of board and lodging."

R. M.

STANZAS.

I.

O thou art now a shape of light
 Before the Eternal Throne;
 And charms and form more soft or bright,
 This world ne'er ceased to own.
 I might have deem'd a soul like thine,
 Earth could not long possess;
 But must have been like thee divine,
 Could I have mourned thee less.

2.

The sigh will breathe, the tear will fall,
 In memory of thee,
 Not e'en thy love can teach me all
 Pure as thyself to be.
 Life hath no task so dark or stern,
 That I will seek to shun;
 But, O forgive me, if I yearn
 To find its dim hours done.

3.

The storm of grief hath died away,
 But left a settled gloom;
 O'er which the smile may sadly play,
 Like sunbeams on the tomb;
 When skies above are blue and bright,
 And flowers around it blow;
 But all is darkness worse than night,
 And dreariness below.

ZARACH.

POETRY, PAINTING, AND MUSIC.

[CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.]

I have already expended so much time upon this part of our subject, that I have but brief space left to trace the effects produced by others of the arts of greater or less dignity and importance. Indeed it would be a useless task; every member of the society will very readily apply the principles laid down; and I may venture to say, that whether referred to painting, music, architecture, or the drama, these are the only principles which prove to be general or satisfactory. All other explanations and theories of what are called standards of taste, seem to me to be nothing more than idle and vexatious disputations.

It may be worth while, perhaps, to call your attention, for one moment only, to the very striking effects of association in the case of architecture. We possess but two styles or kinds of architecture, which essentially differ—the Grecian and Gothic. From either of these styles we reckon it characteristic of rashness, if not of barbarism, to depart in any degree. Their proportions are exactly copied, the minutest ornaments are studiously followed, and the introduction of any thing which cannot be justified by reference to certain acknowledged models, is deemed the result of gross ignorance or corrupt taste. How is this? Is there any inherent quality or beauty in their proportions, which would be violated and lost by any

change! Impossible. If the beauty of the objects in question depended on any established natural law of order or proportion, the same rule must hold in both Grecian and Gothic architecture. Yet mark their difference, their entire variance from each other. Let men of great taste, and small enquiry, rave about Grecian architecture, and the intrinsic beauty of its proportions; we may rest satisfied with an explanation much plainer, and more general, than any of their dark and mysterious dogmas.

We are plainly reminded by the sight of fine buildings in either of these established styles of architecture, of the utility, convenience, and fitness of such buildings, of the skill and power of our fellow men in designing and executing such works; of magnificence, splendour, and expense; above all, in the case of buildings in the Grecian model, they forcibly recal to our minds thoughts of Grecian and Roman greatness and grandeur of their temples and mythology; while those of the Gothic order are as naturally associated with those venerable sanctuaries of our holy religion, those ancient and impressive structures, with which not a few of our most sublime and agitating feelings are from our earliest youth necessarily connected.

Let the architect endeavour to unite these two styles in one building; and although he violates no natural rule of proportion or order, he appears to have created a gross incongruity, an unmeaning combination, that excites only feelings of disapprobation and disgust.

ut puer strum

Desinat in placem, mulier formosa superna.

The plain fact is, it must be one or other of those unmixed styles with which we are familiar, to create those peculiar emotions, which either by itself is from association calculated to produce,—but the effect of which, by the unhappy union of both, is neutralized and destroyed.

But I forbear any further illustration—let us pause a moment, and examine to what consequences the admission of these doctrines leads us. What, I hear one exclaim, are we to believe that all tastes are alike well founded? That every man who chooses to call any object, however mean or misshapen, beautiful, has as good grounds for his taste, as the man of cultivated refinement who pronounces the same object, ugly? Yes. For if, as we have seen, things are not endowed with any innate beauty, but only serve to suggest interesting emotions to the mind, it follows that every object which has the power to create these sensations in the mind of any man—to that man be the object what it may, that object is beautiful.

Am I then to quarrel with a Chinese who considers white the most dismal of colors, from the fact of its being used among his nation as the external symbol of mourning? Am I to treat with contempt the taste of the African who fancies that the thickest lips, the blackest color, and a profusion of odorous oil, convey the clearest notions of female loveliness and elegance? Ought any one

to deride my simplicity, because from habits of association very fortunate for myself, I implicitly believe, contrary to the general opinion, that there may by chance exist honest and uncorrupt lawyers! There can be no reason or authority for despising each other's tastes, or, in other words, different associations; the truth is, as I have already hinted, that every object may be beautiful by the effect of association:—a lock of hair may convey more delight than the finest picture Raphael ever painted—a few harsh metres more genuine feeling than the entire volumes of Byron—the meanest hut be more impressive than the Church of St. Peter's; and no one can possess the right to find fault with these tastes, so long as they are confined to the individuals—I say confined to themselves, for it is only when men burn to see others impressed in the same manner as themselves, that we can have a right to call their judgment in question.

If a man being enamoured with the beauty of a lock of hair—a few doggerel verses—a chosen residence, endeavour to convince me also of their attractions, their superiority to Raphael, Byron, or St. Peter's, and abuses my taste for not appreciating their merits in the same degree as himself; I must then consider of some appeal from his censure, and seek a reason to justify my indifference.

This is the source of all the diversified specimens of what is called a bad and corrupt taste in artists and authors. They mistake partial and casual associations which may affect their own minds, for general principles of beauty and causes of emotion; and dictating to the public, who have no such associations, succeed in nothing but to cover themselves with derision and contempt. We need be at no loss in the present day for examples of entire schools, as they are called, of poetry; who delighting themselves with narrow and accidental views of nature and life, and finding that the public feel but little sympathy for these associations, conscientiously come to the conclusion which they make known, that this indifference can possibly arise from no other cause than mean prejudice or ignorance.

Every man who comes before the public with a view of administering to, and gratifying its taste, cannot be too cautious that he do not mistake these casual and peculiar sources of personal pleasure, for natural and universal relations; a mistake which will surely prove the just and certain cause of neglect and disappointment.

But this leaves us with another question yet to answer—If it be true that all objects may be thus delightful by association, does it follow that every object is *equally* adapted to convey these impressions? Are *all* the arts *equally* suited to affect the mind, are they equal, in short, in point of *power*? are we, in truth, to consider that poetry, painting, and music, because they are all capable of conveying and associating ideas, are all *equally* capable of this, in the hands of their respective masters? I believe not, and shall furnish one or two brief reasons for thinking that there are gradations in the dignity of the arts, because of their different degrees of power—and that the distance between them is much wider than many are inclined to concede.

That poetry surpasses all the other arts in power, and consequently in dignity and importance, there are many reasons for believing; but a consideration of one or two of the most prominent seems to be all that is necessary for deciding the question.—In the first place, it excels painting beyond all comparison in the range and selection of noble and elevating subjects. There is no idea which can possibly be conveyed from one mind to the other, by the means of language, which cannot be embodied, and the natural and inherent grandeur of which may not be increased, by poetical representation and embellishment. The grandest subjects of poetry, those which excite in us the loftiest and most powerful emotions, embody ideas which no artist can ever hope to represent, even in the most crude and imperfect manner on the canvas.

Thus, entire darkness, motion of all kinds, the depth of the ocean, sweet or terrific sounds, and many of those associations which form the very finest materials for poetical description, are entirely excluded from the service of the painter;—they are conceptions which the limits of his art do not permit him to make apparent to the mind of another. Nor is this the greatest disadvantage with which the painter has to contend. The subjects which are alike best suited to poetry and painting, are those which represent an extraordinary elevation of human character, as seen in action or suffering:—or any mighty display of those common passions of our nature, that fills our minds with sympathy and astonishment at the new and intense forms in which these ordinary feelings are made to appear. But how can a painting, representing one moment of time only, delineating one action of many, hope to rival the effect of a poem, in which the peculiar emotions of the actors are distinctly traced and explained—the causes of events developed—and the mind of the reader gradually prepared for those great excitements of feeling, which the painter must produce instantaneously, must create at once, or not at all?

This is an inferiority which no conceivable skill of the artist can ever hope to atone for. In a great poem, the mind is at first interested at the commencement of a series of events in the fortunes of the actors—the natural emotions of compassion for misfortune and hatred of injustice, and the whole range of our social and most lively passions, are brought directly into exercise. Then follows an affecting succession of incidents, in which the most intense anxiety for the future is excited; and as we proceed to the main events, we are warmed into a general interest for the success of virtue, and punishment of vice, until the greatest incidents are brought before us. Similar incidents the painter may have to select, but he has to produce the effect at one blow, on a mind unprepared and uninterested.

It is impossible, under such circumstances, that we should feel, except upon very peculiar occasions, any thing like the impression produced by a great picture, as by a great poem. The most perfect efforts of painting, therefore, are on those subjects in which we are more generally interested, and on which our knowledge of the events

represented is so perfect, as to stand in no need of previous information and relation. Thus the incidents which have afforded the happiest subjects for painting, have been precisely those with which we have been most intimately acquainted. The most celebrated events from profane or classical and mythological history, and especially many of the characters and events connected with Christian history and belief, produce the greatest impression, because the mind of the spectator, from his historical knowledge, has not felt the necessity of being previously interested and excited.

In addition the poet possesses the power of producing the most powerful effects, by a *sudden contrast* of passion; he may arrange a succession of emotions, so as to produce the most striking effects and exhibition of character. All the attempts which have been made in painting to represent what may be termed a mixed passion, are so many proofs of the impotence of the art. The mind of a hero may be agitated at one time, by contending and opposite emotions, and the delineations of which, by a great poet, is *affecting* in the very highest degree. No art of the painter dare aspire to represent this sudden and changeful expression, these mixed and abrupt emotions.

For example, a painter may with great effect paint the ambitious chief Macbeth, in conversation with his lady at the time when she is breaking her purpose of the intended murder of Duncan, and which his lustful ambition leads him to approve; he might be represented at the moment of his answer to her taunts of cowardice—"I dare do all 'that may become a man:'" this is within the painter's art, his stern defiance of danger, and his steady courage; but no painter could mix with this, what he then really felt, and what is implied by his immediate question of doubt and irresolution, when he asks, "If we should 'fail?'" Yet this, and all such mixed or sudden successions of feeling, are those by which our minds are most affected in history or poetry.

The painter's art is, in truth, confined to the representation of one instant of time, one attitude, one expression. The time may be chosen with refined judgment, the attitude designed with consummate knowledge of effect, and the expression dignified and exquisitely displayed; but the effect of the whole, it seems to me, must be greatly inferior to a poetical description of the same event, in which the succession of incidents may be delineated, and our hearts and affections warmed by a previous knowledge of the persons and characters concerned in the event portrayed.

For these reasons, also, it may be further remarked, that painting is incapable of communicating, however a painter may conceive, the ideas of a new and imaginative combination of human character. The foundation of all painting, descriptive of human passion and emotion, must be history or poetry. Now, the chief beauty of an historical painting, is unquestionably its fidelity; it must be strictly in agreement with the fact as recorded, and no considerable departure can be made from historical truth, with any chance of approbation or success. It is, indeed, in the painter's power to represent these facts in the most poetical and imaginative form; he may also add such cir-

circumstances as may make the event more forcible and affecting; but any invention of character is in this case clearly unnatural and improper.

The merit of the painter of history, may be of the same kind as that of the writer of history. The fact that is to be impressed on the mind of a reader, may be so eloquently related, with such beauty of coloring, so much propriety and force, that it may receive an almost incalculable addition of attention and interest; but no historian can dare to bestow upon any one, for the sake of effect, those virtues in which it may be notorious he was deficient; he dare not give credit to Alexander for those virtues of temperance and moderation, which belong only to Scipio.

The poet, on the other hand, is not subject in any degree to restraints of this nature. He creates his hero by the powers of his imagination, bestows on him all the virtues which can awaken admiration, with such a proportion of failing and infirmity, as may serve to the general interest of the poem, and give occasion for the display of mixed and contending passions. In this consists the inferiority of painting; the painter is limited by his art, he may possess the finest and most creative imagination, but he can only adhere closely to the materials furnished by history or poetry, or he will fail to produce any effect, and, in short, to be intelligible. The highest effort of painting is to represent scenes of passion and interest, which history may describe or poetry invent. No man, whatever his powers of invention or execution might be, could ever convey by painting any one single idea or conception of, an entirely new combination of character, such as is displayed, for instance, in Byron's *Manfred*, or in any other poetical concentration of varied emotions in one human being.

There is, however, one point in which painting and sculpture possess a decided advantage over poetry. It is this,—the accurate delineation of the *attitudes* of passion and feeling. No description, however powerful, can arrive at the force and dignity of a finely conceived and delineated attitude. The gestures of intelligent beings, distinctly convey to us ideas of the emotions which are felt; and when shown with the art which a great painter knows how to employ, move us with an extraordinary degree of power and effect. Thus no description of poetry or prose could convey to us in the remotest degree those notions of conscious dignity and resistless eloquence, of which we feel the force when looking at the Paul preaching at Athens of Raphael. This exclusive power on the part of painting to represent propriety and impressiveness of gesture, will, of itself, always preserve for it a very high rank in the scale of the arts.

In drawing these distinctions between the comparative powers of poetry and painting, I am very far from wishing to excite or inflame any of that petty rivalry or jealousy which sometimes deforms their admirers. I wish constantly to bear in mind the Horatian precept—“*Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprehendes.*” On the contrary, I think that a just and accurate knowledge of their natural limits, and of their respective powers, is the most effectual method of promoting

a rational and manly esteem for each. We ought not to expect from one art, those effects which another alone is, perhaps, calculated to produce; nor does it in the least follow, because we may believe poetry to possess the most perfect means of moving our passions, that we should not entertain for the other arts respectively, a very warm, though at the same time a judicious and discriminating, admiration.

The art which must be placed next in rank to painting, undoubtedly is, *sculpture*. It is an art of much more simplicity and uniformity than painting. It cannot with propriety, or a good effect, be applied to many subjects. The objects of its pursuit may be comprised in two words, form and character; and while painting has many styles and various manners, sculpture may be said to possess but one. It must be free from all the petty arts of ornament and picturesque contrast, producing its effect solely by presenting in one form a combination of excellencies, separated in nature; but when seen combined, impress us with exalted ideas of beauty and character.

There are many interesting subjects of enquiry connected with this art, but upon the present occasion, I can hardly afford space to refer to them. If the excellence of art, be a just imitation of nature, why is it that sculpture receives no improvement from color, by which nature would certainly be more closely and effectually imitated? It is because sculpture makes it her duty to afford pleasure of a higher kind; the delight resulting from the contemplation of *perfect beauty*, or an imaginative concentration of those forms and proportions to which we attach by association, nobleness, and other exalted and agreeable qualities of mind. This is, in truth, an intellectual pleasure, while a *mere* imitation of nature being addressed only to our senses, would be an inferior art, though perhaps more captivating to ignorance and levity.

We are sure from experience, that beauty of form alone, without the assistance of any other quality, claims our esteem and admiration. As a proof of the high value we set on mere excellence of form, we may produce the greatest part of the works of Michael Angelo, both in painting and sculpture, as well as most of the antique statues, which receive the very highest esteem, chiefly for this concentration of excellencies in one ideal figure, this perfection of abstract form.

Having thus slightly touched upon this branch of our subject, I must for the present leave it; a full enquiry, however interesting in itself, would prove much too extensive for the present lecture, an omission which, wearied as I am afraid you already are, will less stand in need of apology.

There is, however, another art, which perhaps is more generally pleasing than either of those I have mentioned, and it would certainly leave those critical notices of the arts very imperfect, if I were altogether to omit any mention of it—I allude to *music*. This is the allowed and orthodox theme for glowing and flowery, as well as unmeaning, talk. What poet has failed to celebrate the charms of music; its powers of kindling the latent fires of the breast, and moving the passions, at one time inspiring nobleness of sentiment, at another

exalted courage, extending its influence even to the brute creation, refining their manners, and softening their tempers? No power, in a word, has been denied to music from the wonder-working Orpheus and Timotheus of old, the latter of whom, as Dryden tells us,

“ ————— long ago,
 “ Ere heavenly bellows learned to blow,
 “ Could swell the soul to rage, and kindle soft desire.”

But let us leave the poets, who are not supposed to deal in a strictly examined philosophy, and ask what really are the powers and operations of music on the mind? A philosophical writer (Usher) thus expresses himself on music: “It is a language of delightful sensations, that is far more eloquent than words, and it breathes to the ear the clearest intimations; we feel plainly, that music touches and gently agitates the agreeable and sublime passions; that it wraps us in melancholy, that it dissolves and inflames, that it melts us in tenderness, and rouses to rage.”

For my part, I must own, after some investigation, that I cannot entertain any such belief of its powers and influence. Being a great lover of music, and somewhat of a practical musician, I have been very slow in coming to the opinion to which I have been forced; that music has not *of itself* any thing of a mental nature, and that its pleasures are almost entirely of a sensual and mechanical character. It is, in short, very little more dignified in its nature, than the corporeal pleasures of delicious flavors or agreeable perfumes. I honestly believe that no music which was ever composed, from the simplest melody, to a symphony of Beethoven, was ever more capable of conveying distinct ideas, or impressing uniform emotions, than any other physical and corporeal gratification. Not more capable of originating ideas than the flavor of French wines, or the delightful odour of Stringer's distilled lavender water.

These are strong remarks, and I am very far from wishing to deal in paradox, or in propositions that are merely startling; particularly when I remember how much merited odium I am likely to bring on myself, if I fail in some degree to explain and justify my meaning.

Now, if music deserve to be ranked with poetry and painting, it must be because of its power in operating on our minds and passions, in conveying ennobling and gratifying impressions and ideas, which originate in the minds of the poet and artist. And this chiefly by reference to human conduct, and the actions of intelligent beings. But how is this to be performed by sound of any kind, or by any succession or combination of tones, whether proceeding from catgut, wind, or wire?

The truth is, that sounds can represent nothing but sounds, and the natural sounds which music is allowed to imitate, are but very few and unimportant. A musician can certainly, by direct imitation of natural tones, associate in our minds those notes with certain classes of objects, but no emotion and sentiment of the mind unaccompanied by peculiarity of sound, can ever be brought to recollection by any instrumental music

whatever. The musician's art extends no further than to remind us of any simple and natural sound, by similar inflections of tone. We may, for example, be reminded of the song of birds, and through them of coolness and quiet of their natural haunts in the groves; but to convey any notions of any one passion of the mind, of fear, honor, fraud, or courage, or indeed of any social feeling by musical combinations, is a thing distant, and, as I believe, impossible.

If, then, music is incapable of conveying any moral sentiment, if no precise idea that may be formed in the mind of the composer can be conveyed in a certain image to the mind of the hearer, it leaves us nothing in the delights of music, but agreeable corporeal and sensual excitations. I allude of course to merely instrumental music; its association with poetry, may render it much more exalted by so noble and dignifying an alliance.

But I think I hear some lover of music exclaim, Music convey no moral feeling! How do you explain the notorious and striking examples of association, connected with certain kinds of music, the love of home and of country, which may be excited by a musical air? How can poetry or painting do more than produce such noble and passionate emotions of the soul?

These are very just and pertinent questions, but admit, I think, of a very simple explanation. All the associations of music with any moral sentiment, are the effect of an *accidental*, not of a general, association. If the patriotism of an Englishman be greatly inflamed by one or more familiar and national airs, let it be remembered, the same air can convey no such sentiment to any man but an Englishman; to any one not of the same nation, or not possessing the same peculiarity of association, his emotions are unintelligible, and the air altogether unmeaning and uninteresting. Now, contrast this with the effects produced by poetry or sculpture. Let the poet relate an act of heroic bravery, or the sculptor create some ideal form of beautiful proportion, the interest of each being founded on the immutable nature of man, his unchanging forms and passions, these will be intelligible to *all* men of whatever nation or degree of civilization. A savage may be delighted with the Iliad as soon as he can comprehend the events, because heroism and danger naturally affect the minds of every human being, because every man from his inherent nature must sympathize with such sentiments common in a degree to all. But nothing of this general nature at all applies to musical expression. No one would be affected by a national air so locally powerful; no one, for instance, could ever be properly moved by the combined beauty and loyalty of the air of God save the King, like him who had become acquainted with its peculiar and local associations, and especially with those convivial libations, its inseparable and recommendatory accompaniments. None, in a word, so properly estimate the value of loyal music, as he who has taken for his motto, "*Sicis omnia nam dura Deus proposuit.*"

Reverse the illustration, and let a refined and perfectly civilized man hear the most simple and inartificial poetry imaginable, the

courage of rude warriors, and the dangers of savage life, will he not be affected, will not his sympathy be deeply excited? But what ideas will strange and savage music convey to him? That which moves those to whom it is familiar by its accidental associations, may leave him in doubt, whether it describe love or anger; doubtful, if it refer to the dangers of war, or the solemnities of religion.

This is the amount of the whole; poetry and painting may, and do, convey ideas, with which every sentient and reasonable being can sympathize; while no music is capable of any thing greater than an accidental association, a virtue and accomplishment which any thing inanimate, a stock or a stone, may possess. There may be, however, as I have hinted, a great variety of agreeable emotions produced from the associations of music, the tunes of former years, the peculiarity of place; but these are clearly quite accidental effects, sentiments which arise from peculiar, not from generally operating, causes.

I am, however, not altogether unwilling to admit, as the extent of the power of music, that it may quicken our sensibility, and give a direction to it, that it may both prepare the mind for being affected, and determine it to one set of affections more than another, to melancholy for instance, rather than merriment, composure than agitation, devotion than levity, and their contraries. These dispositions of the mind, once created, and no precise idea forced on the attention, every one fills up the vacuity by general and personal associations. Ideas arise more or less distinct, which harmonize with, and are in fact, the results of our own individual experience and knowledge. This is the true secret of the great popularity of instrumental music. To enjoy poetry and painting, we must sympathize with the author's or artist's meaning; we must perceive the intended effect and failing to grasp the author's peculiar train of thought, or the production ceases to please or interest. At an instrumental concert, these general affections of the mind may receive a particular direction in all, but each is left to supply the associations to his own peculiar taste, which the mind of every one individually affords from its own stock of ideas, large or small, appropriate or contradictory, as it may happen.

Thus in a slow movement of music, the general effect may certainly be of a pensive and melancholy character, but the thoughts which arise vary in all; one may recur to the measure, as descriptive of disappointed love, another of devotional piety, and a third of the approaching shades of evening, and the solemn effects of darkness and night. Pleasure, in all these cases, will be afforded, and not the less, because these quickly passing thoughts may be very slightly traced and undefined in their outline; obscurity, in more instances than this, gratifies us, by giving us greater room for the exercise of our excited imaginations.

But I cannot venture to trespass one moment more on your patience by any further illustration. I would put the intellectual nature of music on this ground. Did any composer ever intend to

express any fixed ideas in his composition? If any had that design, did they ever succeed? I believe not. We may put it to the proof, and ask of any number of lovers of instrumental music, what ideas a certain composition brought to mind; and I venture to say, no two shall ever agree in their representations. Nothing can more clearly show the equivocal nature of the mental operation of music; its effects on the mind are, in a word, characterized by nothing but wildness, uncertainty, and caprice.

But it is now time I should bring my remarks to a conclusion. In drawing the original outline for this lecture, I had intended, with the inexperience of a young traveller, to have journeyed over a much larger space. I proposed to myself to follow out the questions which may naturally arise at this stage of our enquiry. If the excellence of the fine arts depends on acquired associations, which must be subject to change, to fashion, to the mutations of national manners and habits of thought, how is it that Homer and Virgil, who were the idols of Athens and Rome centuries ago, should, amidst every kind of change, have preserved their value, and now continue the delight of Paris and London? Upon what principle have many painters wrought, who, without any extraordinary interest of subject, have rivetted the applause and emulation of succeeding generations of men? What, are these presiding principles of general and abstract nature to which I have referred in the case of sculpture, and the exact attention to which seems the only road to greatness in poets and painters, the only single and simple path to immortality?

These, and similar questions, I intended to have investigated, however humbly, in the present lecture; but I soon found the pleasing prospect, which I had surveyed at a distance, to be more intricate, the roads to be more embarrassed and extended, than I had at all contemplated; and I am obliged to content myself with having performed only half the distance I had intended to traverse. On some future occasion, however, if the society should deem the subject agreeable, I shall be happy, with all humility, to lay before it some further thoughts in continuation of the present enquiry; a subject, the interest and importance of which, I hope, will not be judged of only from the present very imperfect mode of conducting it.

In the mean while, there arise in my mind one or two obvious thoughts which may serve as an application of the whole—a kind of moral addressed particularly to the members of our association, or the members of similar societies who may happen to be present. We have seen, that it is only to a mind already stored and furnished that any thing can convey sentiments of beauty and delight; we clearly perceive that poets may imagine and painters execute, but that we must have a knowledge, an acquired knowledge I may add, which forms the materials upon which they are to operate. It seems plain, in short, that it requires a similar proportion of feeling in the mind of the connoisseur, as in that of the artist; and that to judge of, or receive pleasure from, the arts, we must be *wise* as well as sensitive men.

Now, then, are we not in promoting this and similar associations, in labouring here, not only to refine and rectify each other's ideas, but to furnish ourselves with an abundance of new ones; are we not, I say, doing that which we may reasonably expect every day of our lives to feel the profit and delight of? If I come here, and acquire a better knowledge of a character in history, am I not better qualified to receive pleasure from, and be a more distinguishing judge of, historical painting? If I receive in our metaphysical discussions more correct notions of the workings of passion, and the chequered operations of the human mind, am I not better prepared for appreciating the finest kinds of poetry, in which these are described in new and beautiful successions of images?

These pleasures are the chief aim of literature. The study of letters, no doubt, advances us in civilization; it may elevate us in society, and give us greater facilities for bestowing and receiving pleasure and instruction in conversation; it may purify and refine our morals—all valuable and important objects: but the chief end, after all, seems to me, that we personally increase our means of rational enjoyment—that by these acquisitions we infinitely multiply our agreeable emotions, and enable ourselves to extract pleasure from a greater variety of objects by innocent and delightful associations.

No knowledge can be justly considered useless; no knowledge, I may without hesitation add, but what increases our means of drawing agreeable recollections from the fine arts. There is one other remark, which I would draw from the present enquiry, while we see that all the arts afford pleasure on certain and unvarying principles, and that all their great effects are produced by a more close adherence to, and exact knowledge of, those principles; let us receive with marked suspicion and distrust all those loose representations which would cause us to believe excellence in the arts to be only attainable by what is called *innate genius*. I believe there cannot be a greater plague, a more noxious moral pestilence, befall us, than an operative belief in these untrue and unsupported notions. Like impious views of fatalism in religion, this literary fatality is a canker which corrodes and wastes every springing bud of knowledge and acquirement.

We delay to advance because we doubt our power; we desire to travel, yet rise not to encounter the fatigue. Under these impressions we languish out our days in feeble efforts, and unsuccessful, because weak and hesitating, attempts. It may be true that we are born with minds like our bodies, endowed with different degrees of strength; but that strength is our own, we have beyond all question the power to walk in any direction—our progress may be slow, but we are entirely at liberty to select our own road. We know that no royal nor exclusive path to knowledge exists, and in our advances to the republic of letters, every road is open to all. Nothing, in short, is denied to well-directed labor, and nothing obtained without it.

This much-abused term, *genius*, this idol of weakness and indolence, is supposed to be a power of producing excellencies out of the reach of the rules of art; but how entirely this idea falls to

the ground when we reflect on the variableness of the meaning of the term. Look at it in different stages of civilization and national improvement. He was thought a genius who could first describe the commonest events in any thing like metre, or could represent, however imperfect, the likeness of a man or animal by painting.

The standard of what constitutes a genius, is continually changing; what is thought a genius to-day, may lose that character to-morrow, through the general progress of society and civilization. The genius most worthy of admiration, is nothing more than a greater or less degree of advancement before *the age* in knowledge, a knowledge acquired by art and diligence, and not by inspiration.

We always incline to error in estimating great undertakings, or what are called works of genius, because we do not connect the result with the painful labor and toil which produced it. We are told that the inhabitants of those countries in which great architectural remains exist, and where the people have relapsed into barbarism, that they view these erections as the works of magicians and enchantment; they have no connecting ideas of the *means* by which they were produced, with the objects themselves. When we read a great poem, or oration, or view a fine picture, we too little accustom ourselves to connect the labor, the corrections, the toil, of the poet and orator, and the sketches, the trials, and disappointments of the artist, with the finished productions. We untruly regard them as the effects of a kind of unsought inspiration, and of an unattainable excellence, and not as the result of care and toil, the productions of perseverance and repeated experiment.

I wish we could all bear this more entirely in mind, and encourage ourselves to walk resolutely forward to that territory of knowledge we may select, and not wait until we are assured that we have chosen the road best adapted to our natural powers. There are none so weak in body, but may improve their strength by suitable diet and exercise; and none, however great his powers, but may increase his mental vigor by art and practice, until that which was before a labor, shall become but a gentle and agreeable exercise.

I have not introduced these remarks as at all recommended by novelty, or as thoughts which have not already often occupied your attention. I consider them as naturally arising from the whole subject of investigation; and like some great truths in ethics and religion, are those fixed points to which we must often turn to guide us in our course. We cannot in literature and science, as well as morals, too often reflect on Lord Bacon's just observation, "A man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds, therefore let him seasonably water the one, and destroy the other."

Contributions by distinguished Contemporaries.

No. I.

W — W —, Esq.

THE BRIDGE.

I met a youngster ten years old
 Upon a streamlet's side,
 And that the lad was smart and bold,
 It cannot be denied.

I said this youngster was but ten,
 And this I can aver,
 For I have read with curious pen
 The Popish register.

This little fellow of ten years
 Did long to pass the ridge,
 And, lo ! a fallen tree uprears
 A dangerous kind of bridge.

The streamlet at the time was deep,
 Swell'd with autumnal rain;
 And, like a living thing, did sweep
 Along with might and main !

Said I, My little man, attend
 To what I have to say;
 It is the counsel of a friend,
 Whose once white locks are grey.

At this, as if a magic spell
 Controlled his glittering eye,
 A look of bland expression fell
 From that admiring boy !

“ ‘ Most haste, less speed ;’ then take the way
 “ Through Farmer Hobnail's ground ;
 “ And tho' 'tis hard to brook delay,
 “ 'Twere far worse to be drown'd !”

And now the grateful child exclaim'd,
 Doffing his bonnet black,
 “ I'll go the road your honor nam'd,
 “ And by that road come back !”

Now what surprised a thinking mind,
 Was, that a *lad of ten*
 Had patient spirit, sense refin'd,
 Not often found in men !!

THE LITERARY GAZETTE AND THE CURRENCY.

O cives, cives, quærenda PECUNIA primum est. *Hor.*

Have you ever been at sea, reader? Have you ever been at sea in a storm? If you have, you may possibly form some adequate conception of a scene like the following. Here is a ship with a rich freight, numerous passengers, and a gallant crew of officers and men; old hands, most of them; fellows who have hardly left ship-board for a month in their natural lives. They encourage the passengers by assuring them, that in their experience of all the voyages they ever made, of all the winds that ever blew, the present is, beyond all cavilling, the finest. Suddenly, without an omen, without so much as the flight of a sea gull, a tremendous gale springs up, catches them from a quarter where they least looked for it, and where they never expected anything but zephyrs to be generated. The officers bawl, the seamen hesitate, the passengers already in imagination are struggling in their last agonies with the waves. At length the sails are got in, and reefed, and the gale continuing, the ship is driving before the wind. The officers are heard consulting with the most experienced hands about trying a storm sail, and are seen anxiously peering with half closed eyelids to the wind's quarter.

At this juncture, a scrambling clatter arises, and a little, hungry, sea-sick-looking man, who had never before been heard of, or seen, during the voyage, is observed hastening up, with an air of ominous import, and elbowing aside the seamen, who, somewhat struck by the novelty of the scene, instinctively make a *lane*. A little out of wind by his efforts, he begins by intimating, that although no seaman, he has a secret which will not only prove the present salvation of the ship, and all souls on board, but will, beyond all question, render the voyage infinitely more prosperous than before. No reply is heard, and the grave blockhead is left to proceed. He then tells them, that for his part, he knows nothing of the matter, but a friend of his in the cockpit, who is afraid to venture on deck, on whose judgment in such matters he has implicit faith, has permitted him to declare his plan for managing the vessel. "No scheme," says he, "could show worse seamanship than taking in sail; it is true the vessel was nearly sunk by it: but up with the sails, fear nothing, rig out fresh yards, crowd them with canvas, and all will be well; you will soon out-run the gale, and shorten the voyage." Imagine the tars—see them turn their quids with an oath—the hottest of them laying hold of a rope's end as the best comment on the advice, while the more humane recommend him to go below, and ask the surgeon's mate for some cooling physic.

This is but a very faint type of the Literary Gazette and the Currency Question. It is true, the time has lately been passed when a general licence seemed to be obtained for proposing expedients.

Like an unhappy patient, in a raging fit of the tooth-ache, the country has had to endure the recitation of ten thousand specifics from as many dull and well-meaning friends. Numerous and contradictory as many of these recommendations evidently have been, each of which, if we believe our friends, is sure in its operations, we have not had any thing to surpass the style and manner in which the subject of a cure for our national disorders has been handled in the *Literary Gazette*.

We are very far from supposing that a weekly periodical, devoted to the lighter and amusing kinds of literature, is the place of all others where we are to look for sound notions of political economy and finance. If this scheme, now about to be considered, had been brought forward in the ordinary manner, proposed one week, to be forgotten the next, there would have been but little occasion to have again adverted to an idle proposition, dead, buried, and forgotten a fortnight ago. But the style of the developement of the plot, the bustling pomposity of manner, may make it worth while to expose the extreme weakness and folly of the matter it was designed to introduce.

The whole scene, if it were not for the natural gravity of the subject, has, indeed, been one of a ludicrous character. It has really been a droll exhibition of that sort of swelling importance, which a very weak man, when he is resolutely bent on being great and impressive, usually assumes. Altogether, as we will very briefly point out to our readers, it has been one of the most singular expositions of weak reasoning, and want of judgment, which has been for a long time before the public.

The chief folly of the thing, as we have hinted, is not so much in writing nonsense upon a subject, on which a man may write nonsense, and yet be found in very good company; but in the remarkable puff and vapouring which was made to precede it. We candidly put it to our readers, was it acting judiciously, to say the least of it, to sound the following note of preparation? Ought not a notice, like the following, to have led to something which could have stood the test of investigation, and not have been the precursor of *old* and exploded opinions, the only changes being fresh accessions of weakness, impossibility, and extravagance? We defy all the great masters of the art of puffing, professors or amateurs, to surpass the following: "Sometime since, it may be remembered by our readers, we alluded, "in very marked terms, to a plan for establishing a new system of "currency, &c. emanating from an individual of *great ability* and "experience, and which, as far as *our* judgment went, was, we said, "perfectly calculated, not only to *remove* the distresses of these "times, but prevent the *recurrence* of similar evils, and, in short, "place Great Britain upon a broader, *surer*, and more prosperous "basis than ever she or any other nation enjoyed!" This notice further says, with what earnest entreaty the editor has wrestled with the "individual of great ability and experience," to make known his recipe for the good of the nation; and that after this sore conflict

of editorial persuasion with the author's modesty, the editor was beyond measure happy to announce, the public might expect the plan to be developed, in several succeeding numbers of the Literary Gazette.

Those who take any interest in the great question referred to, and had heard of this announcement, felt no little anxiety for the great epoch which was to be the birth-day of this admirable scheme of national policy, this plan, which was to place England "on a more prosperous basis than ever she or any other nation enjoyed." The important day, Saturday, October 7, 1826, at length arrived, and the following was the plan for "a new system of currency, which, as far as the editor's judgment went, was perfectly calculated not only to remove the distresses of these times, but prevent the recurrence of similar evils."

First, That Government shall make all the notes which are to form the new currency. Second, They shall be issued by one bank. Third, *Every body* may obtain an *unlimited* amount of these notes, by depositing *security* in money in the funds, or freehold property, receiving only half the value of the deposit in notes. Fourth, A register of the amount of the notes to be kept for public inspection.

It is quite foreign to our intention to enter into what are called the details of this notable scheme; we mean only to say enough to caution our readers against wasting any of their precious time on this very weak writer or his plans. But here is the essence of the scheme; *an unlimited issue of notes for which a security may be given*; and we venture to assert, that a proposition displaying more unmixed ignorance of the real circumstances of the country, the causes of late events, or the real nature and operation of a currency, has never before, even in this day of expedients, been brought into notice.

To understand the pernicious consequences which might be expected to follow from the adoption of such a proposition, or any part of it, it is, fortunately for us and our readers, unnecessary to enter into any thing like a general history of our national currency. One or two points only need be brought to the recollections of our readers: no one need be told, that the essential qualities of money which forms a national currency, are being the representative of value, "the instrument which men have agreed upon to facilitate the exchange of one commodity for another." This instrument, as we all know, has been in various ages, and in different countries, cattle, gold, salt, or beads, or any other transferable property, which has been found to be adapted to the circumstances and convenience of the people among whom it has been introduced. But there is one vital point to be borne in mind, that the *value* of all these, or any other imaginable kind of currency, must be exactly in proportion of the abundance or quantity of that currency to the *real* property it may represent.

For example, suppose a community with 100,000 ounces of gold as a circulating currency, and the proportion was settled of an ounce of gold for a quarter of wheat, and a sudden increase of gold, from

any cause, were to take place, so as to double the amount of that currency, a relative change in the value of each would ensue, and a quarter of wheat would then be of the value of two ounces of gold. If in Abyssinia, where salt has supplied the place of any other currency, an increase of that article had taken place, a proportion would have been maintained between salt and the property it was offered to purchase, and a rise in the markets would have taken place, corresponding to the increase of such a currency, whether gradually or more suddenly brought about.

We all know, that in our own country, and in Europe at large, such a rise has followed the great increase of the precious metals by the mines of Spanish America and the trade with Africa. Who does not remember, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, wheat was about five shillings a quarter, and 13*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* a year was called a "competent exhibition and support," for a student of law? but then no student can forget, that the best Malmsey was five-pence a quart, and the finest red wine, in any quantity, at three-pence! Well may we sing, "Oh the *golden days*!"

Now, how has it come to pass that we have seen wheat at a hundred shillings the quarter, and that wine, which fires the blood only with rage and nausea, brings the manufacturer (wine merchant) six or seven shillings the quart, and you cannot mend your market? No other reason for these changes can be given but the great alteration which has taken place in the amount of European currency: the gold and silver have increased; their relative value to commodities has of necessity diminished. And why have we seen wheat in this country at a hundred shillings the quarter for years together, and those, too, years of abundance, while it was at forty on the continent? Because our paper currency having increased to an amount much greater than before, its relative value to a quarter of wheat was less; and while in this or any other country a gold currency of twenty millions may be supposed to bring the wheat to forty shillings, a paper currency of forty millions would elevate it to eighty.

We do not touch upon these principles as any novel way of considering the subject, nor as our own peculiar view of it; all our readers, at least all who were baptized and breeched, any time before the last coronation, know them as well as we; we refer to them to point out that the very vain and pretending writer in the Literary Gazette is wholly ignorant or forgetful even of these simple and initiatory principles.

It may be worth while to remark, that the scheme of this writer, bad and shallow as it evidently is, is not by any means a *new* one. The plan of causing bankers, who are issuers of notes, to give an adequate security in real property, has been talked of a thousand times, in and out of Parliament, any time these thirty years last past. It is, moreover, the point, that the great politico-economical missionary from the better side of the Tweed, Mr. M'Culloch, has so stoutly maintained, and lectured upon in taverns, and Literary Societies, and London Institutions, without end; and finally embodied

and imprinted for the use of the public, in the Edinburgh Review for last June, No. 87, article "Commercial Revulsions!" This part of the plan in the Gazette, that of giving security for all the notes issued, is the only thing of sufficient dignity to entitle it to be called a plan, and that, we see, is the mere repetition of stale and exploded notions.

But however, new or old, one simpleton's plan or the other, let us view, in the first place, the *immediate* consequences which would, in all probability, follow the adoption of such a scheme. There cannot be any doubt entertained that it would prove *some* security, that the paper we held in our hands was worth *something*; it would be some satisfaction to know, that we were the ten-thousandth part owners of a farm, and that, upon a demand of payment, we should be referred to a piece of land, meadow or arable, two yards by three and a half. But nothing can display a narrower or meaner view of the subject, than to suppose that the *greater* part of the evils which has been lately attendant on our unsettled currency, has been the result of incompetence to pay the notes when demanded.

This has been no doubt a dreadful effect; dreadful is it to remember the innocent holders of the notes driven to poverty and despair, while they learn that the issuers never were worth a crown piece, or a change of linen, in the whole course of their lives! This has been bad enough, but, viewed as a national evil, it has not produced one tythe of the misery or embarrassment which has been caused by the *sudden changes* which have characterized the system. Merchants, dealers, fair and honorable traders, with warehouses filled with goods for which perhaps they were under engagements to pay, saw themselves robbed of nearly the whole, by the decrease in value, brought about by these sudden changes over which they had not, nor could have, any earthly control. For these evils, great and acknowledged as they are, the boasted security does not pretend to provide, nor find any remedy; while we will briefly point out, the destructive manner in which they would, in all probability, be aggravated and multiplied by an adoption, even a very partial one, of such a measure.

The plan in the Literary Gazette proposes an *unlimited* issue, subject to the deposit of sufficient security, and to the payment of a smaller interest than is at present charged, which interest is to be applied to the abatement of the national burthens. In the absence of all particulars, we can only suppose that the lowness of this rate of interest would make it sufficiently worth while for the borrowers to avail themselves of the plan. Admitting this, what would be the first results? A most enormous issue of these notes: where is the man, in short, possessed of any property, who would not borrow and issue upon such terms?

Here is the landlord of an estate worth 10,000*l.* may buy another estate of 5,000*l.* value, by pledging the former, receiving the rent for both, and pocketing the difference between the Government interest and the rent of his new estate. Here, also, is the three-per-cent.

lord, with 50,000*l.* in the funds, he may buy an estate, value 25,000*l.*, and pay for it in the new notes, receiving the interest for his stock and the rent of the estate at the same time! It is proceeding on the supposition, that the terms would be highly favorable to the borrower, or the plan *could* not amount to any thing. The same thing is done now, as this weak writer proposes to effect by his cumbrous and ill-assorted machinery. If a full amount of interest and security be to be given, we may borrow all the gold and silver of Europe on the same terms.

But the truth is, he means to cause a very large issue of paper, and sees such a very little way into the question as to suppose, that an increase of currency is necessarily an increase of wealth; that is, if a man gives a bill, to *pay* which he must sell his estate, he is worth two estates, one in reality, the other in paper. But what would be the *certain* effects of such an issue of paper as is proposed? An enormous *nominal* rise in the price of every article of intrinsic value. Here would, indeed, be competition in trade, the joint stock schemes, and all the effects, ten times more aggravated, of Lord Liverpool's "wildness of speculation."

In the first year, after such a pushing out of paper, glorious would be the times for the holders of any real property; all agricultural distress would vanish like a misty exhalation. Oh, the happiness of wheat at 20*l.* the quarter, lean ewes at 15*l.*, and cabbages at 3*s.* 9*d.*! The weekly bills, if she trusts so long, of the landlady of this simple, though we dare say hungry, writer in the Gazette, would show the unequivocal prosperity of the times; and would be curious as historical contrasts to the expenses of living in former times. He would nominally spend as much in one week, as would have dined the corporation of London, positively, aldermen and common council, and beadles to boot, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. To a quartern loaf, 10*s.* 6*d.*; to a pound of single Gloucester cheese, 12*s.* 8*d.*; to a lamb's fry, for your literary dinner party, 17*s.* 6*d.*! It is very true that his income would bear some, though not a just, proportion to this change. Affairs would gradually adjust themselves. We should soon have the editor apologizing, that in consequence of the wholly unexpected rise in the value of every thing, he must beg his readers' indulgence when he announces the price of the Gazette, although somewhat reduced in size and quantity of matter, could not in future be less than 4*s.* 6*d.*!

But, perhaps, it may be hastily enquired by some one, where would the harm of this be, acknowledging, as you do, that a corresponding change would take place in every thing, labour, as well as the expenses of living? If it brought about such high prices, surely some benefit must result, as our best times in England were the high price times. This has some truth in it, though it also contains a gross delusion. Supposing the amount of the currency could be fixed, or subject only to *slow and gradual* changes, there would be no harm in such a state of affairs. It would not matter if bread nominally fetched a guinea a pound, in consequence of an abundant

circulation, or standard of reference; or if a good capon fetched, as it used, only a penny, in consequence of a more limited currency.

The great, the pressing, the most overwhelming evil is, the *variation of amount* to which a paper currency exposes us. Contrive any scheme to prevent this, and a paper currency is possibly the best. But who has ever done this? And, least of all, has the Literary Gazette schemer done it. The unavoidable result of this want of steadiness, is an entire unsettling of the transactions of men, of the value of property of any kind, interrupting, in consequence, every rule and practice of trade; and, above all, rendering it an impossible thing to make any *prospective* bargain or agreement whatever.

A very great part of the most important transactions in our affairs are of a prospective nature. Leases, annuities, mortgages, borrowing monies at interest; in a word, almost every fixed engagement may be considered, more or less directly, as influenced by such changes as we are now referring to. We earnestly beg of our readers to let this important, this most vital, consideration guide them in weighing whatever plan or proposition for meddling with, and exchanging, the currency, may be brought under their notice, let it spring from whatever quarter it may.

Let us just glance at its operation in such cases. Supposing the plan of the writer in the Literary Gazette to be carried into effect; he would allow but half the amount of deposit to be issued in notes. This would permit half the entire amount of our national debt, and half the entire value of our land and buildings, to be represented in a circulating currency! We may reckon that in the first year, for example, a hundred millions of paper would be issued. We have already conjectured the effects on the prices of provisions, and on all kinds of intrinsically valuable commodities; but the results in this case, though decidedly prejudicial to the lower classes, (for the price of labor has at no time increased in a corresponding ratio,) would be trifling, compared with its influence on all fixed bargains.

We will, as we wish to close this article, refer to but one case, that of the *public* creditor. He has agreed to receive 5*l.* for a year's interest on 100*l.* lent to the Government. That 5*l.* was of value just in proportion to the amount of the currency, at the time he made the bargain. Suppose he could have bought two quarters of wheat with his year's interest. Is it that proper maintainance of faith with the public creditor, which we hear talked of so much, to *reduce the value of the currency*, as that he who still nominally receives the same interest can only purchase *one* quarter of wheat with it? It is also very clear, as we have already hinted, that in proportion as an excessive issue of paper would defraud the public, as well as private, creditor, so there is no doubt, it would as unjustly release the debtor. A man who had before, in order to pay his contribution to the public burthens, sold a certain proportion of the produce of his labor or capital, would now be able to discharge his share by the sale of half the former quantity. In this manner would the meaning and intention

of every fixed engagement be violated; every lease, every annuity, would be rendered the instrument of ruin and injustice to one or other of the parties.

It is upon the certain and experimental knowledge of these principles, that we venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that if any part of the system proposed were adopted, no pecuniary prospective engagement could be made without certain ruin to one party. Who would venture to grant, or take a lease, when the rent contracted for was as uncertain in its value, as though it were to be decided by the throw of a die? When the rent contracted for might be paid one day in a currency of a fixed value, in reference to real property, and the same currency might be of half that value in a week's time? These evils, wasting and destructive as they would immediately prove, would as certainly increase in the proportion that the proposed plan was successful. Let any amount of paper be pushed out this year, what is to prevent that amount being doubled in the next? and so on, in a progression, which could only issue in the production of confusion and embarrassment, of which, from want of experience, we cannot possibly form an adequate conception.

It may, perhaps, be inquired, how has it been, that the same temptations to an over issue by the bankers, have already existed, and we have not seen such a state of things brought about? For what reason has it been, since bankers could obtain an interest for their notes, even when secured on real property, without decreasing the profits of that property, whether in land or in the funds, how has it been that the country has not been deluged with paper, in the manner anticipated from the new plan? For the most obvious of all reasons, the prospect of the day of payment. All our readers know, that by the Bank Restriction Acts, the circulation of notes as a legal tender, was to cease with the war. The issuers of notes were made liable to pay promptly in gold, the total amount of their issues. This of course operated on the Bank of England, and especially on the Country Banks, in causing them to exercise some degree of discretion in limiting the amount of their outstanding paper, for which so pressing and embarrassing a call might shortly be made.

We will not exhaust our reader's patience upon the present occasion, by entering into a review of those proofs of the truth of our view of the proposed scheme, which may be drawn from the past history of our currency—The Bank Restriction Act—Mr. Peel's bill of 1819—the subsequent repeal of the most prominent part of the act, by *permitting* the issue of small notes. And again, the acts of the ministers in the session of 1825-6, who began by a vigorous crusade against paper in general, and finished by extinguishing it in one part of the kingdom, and fostering it in another part. These form the very essence of the question, whence have arisen our late and present commercial embarrassments? As we may possibly have another opportunity to recur to those subjects, we suggest them at present, only for the consideration of our readers, that by connecting them with the

proposed scheme, it may be distinctly seen in what an unusually superficial manner, the framer of that scheme must have viewed the question, in relation to our commercial history and practice.

Every part of the plan, it must be acknowledged, is strictly in harmony; the same weakness which did not permit the writer to see the first consequences, completely blinds him as to the ultimate results. No intelligible plan whatever is proposed by which this new currency is ever to be *paid*, if payment be demanded. Our author, indeed, supposes, that founded as the notes would be upon real property, no one, or rather no considerable number of the holders, would ever dream about payment. Of all follies, we doubt if this be not the greatest. Does he ask where would be the *cause* for such a monstrous demand as that of payment? What intelligible cause has ever been assigned, for what is facetiously called, the *late* panic? What cause occasioned men and maids, old and young, in town and country, to trample one another, to get something tangible, something of intrinsic value for their notes; even in cases where the final payment of them never was doubted by any? And with regard to the proposed security, what is more likely, in the case of a bare rumour of foreign war, or indeed any domestic cause sufficiently exciting, than that the holders of the notes should be influenced to demand payment, to require something to be in their possession more solid than paper! What is to prevent such a panic (phew, the staleness of the word!) as will lead holders to *fore-close*? The bare imagination of the consequences of such a state of public feeling, with an *unlimited* amount of paper afloat, is sufficient to scare any reflecting man, absolutely to terrify any one, but this very rash and short-sighted writer of the Literary Gazette.

Fortunately for us, most fortunately for all, we need entertain no fear that ministers will fall into any plan of the sort. *They* know as certainly as any past event can be known, that the effects we have witnessed on our affairs, may be distinctly traced to the shiftings in the value of our currency. It is certain, these events have taken place under acts of their administration, and awfully absurd have some of these been; but our great anchor of hope is, their distinct acknowledgment that they feel a weight of responsibility for the past, which will add caution for the future. Any apprehension on our parts must be groundless, that they will be induced by any outcry, to sanction an abundant, much less an unlimited, issue of such a delusive and ever varying currency. The profit and experience from the lessons of the past, are not likely to be obliterated by any such weak and inconsistent scheme as we have had under review.

Some of the details, as they are amusingly called, of the plan, degenerate into absolute fatuity and childishness. It is gravely proposed, for instance, that the crime of forgery, to which the adoption of this plan would open a most profitable field, shall be entirely annihilated by the counter-signature of individuals *well known* in the districts in which the notes are to circulate. As though any forger, who could ever describe pot-hooks and hangers, could not deceive those persons most familiar with the hand-writing of any

individual, not to say that the great mass of individuals who are to be benefited by the signature, may be entirely unacquainted with the hand-writing of the signer, or too ignorant to discriminate these autographical niceties.

But we take leave of our writer and his vaunted scheme; we feel assured that if the main principles of the plan are so ill-founded as we believe them; and as we have endeavoured to shew them to be, very few of our readers will be tempted to waste their time in examining the details by which such a monstrous expedient may best be carried into effect.

EXETER BY MOONLIGHT.

FROM THE NORTHERN-HAYS.

The sun's departed, and the blue serene
Is color'd by the moon-beam's purest light,
Above the wanderer who, night after night,
An ocean of dark clouds alone hath seen,
With dense and murky billows intervene.—
But now all's loveliness around him—bright
The city lies beneath the bowery height,
A mass of roofs and towers with smoke between,
All soften'd into beauty by the ray;
While thro' the vale beyond the glist'ning stream
Of Exe, thro' fields and forests winds his way,—
O'er all the proud Cathedral's turrets seem,
Like spirits of the past—ag'd, worn, and grey,
But still in melancholy grace supreme.

ZARACH.

WEST INDIA CONTUMACY, AND COMPULSORY MANUMISSION.

The grounds upon which ministers resisted Mr. Brougham's motion*, of the 19th of May, 1826, were principally the hopes which they professed to entertain that "in the course of six or eight months, which might intervene between the (then) present and ensuing session, the West Indian legislators might adopt measures "in the spirit of the recommendations sent out to them." A large majority of the House of Commons acquiesced in the wisdom of delay, and their decision was so congenial to the feelings of the country at large, that the Abolitionists have this year been compelled to abstain from those inflammatory measures which they adopted with too much success in 1823 and 1825. However frequent may have been the meetings of their secret conclaves, for the purpose of concerting the means for renewing the attack, and however assiduous the labors of their auxiliaries in endeavouring, through the press, to keep alive sentiments of public hostility against the West India name and interest, the disinterested voice of East India Cropper has not lately been heard from the hustings upon the enormity of consuming West India sugar; nor have the ladies of Norfolk had another opportunity of admiring the grace and delicacy of Lord Suffield in retailing garbled stories of colonial atrocity. Dr. Lushington has been compelled to solace his disappointment at present in silence, by indulging in visionary ideas of future debate in the society of his two imprisoned negroes†; and "young Macauley" has sighed in vain at the remembrance of that glorious day, when his eloquence so dazzled the senses of an admiring Saint, that he was hailed, in the face of applauding multitudes, as a special delegate from heaven to aid the Abolitionists in their "holy task."

There is no gratitude due to the Abolitionists for this abstinence, occasioned solely by the fear of again meriting the rebukes of Mr. Canning, for embarrassing instead of assisting the operations of government; and for rendering more difficult the execution of the duty which the nation has confided to other hands than theirs. Conscious that the chief secret of their success on former occasions was the idea which they so carefully promulgated, that the Government would feel obliged to them for their support, they possess infinitely too much tact to exasperate Ministers into another denial of their assertions, by openly disturbing the armistice which was determined upon until the result of the deliberations of the Colonial

* "For taking into consideration, early in the next Session of Parliament, such measures as may appear to be necessary for giving effect to the resolution of the House of Commons, of the 25th of May, 1823, touching the condition of slaves," &c.

† It is currently reported, that this gentleman is keeping two negroes in a sort of luxurious confinement, until they shall have furnished him with the materials of weaving some dark woof of accusation against the West Indians.

"I know not how the fact may be,

"I tell the tale as told to me."

Assemblies should be known. Whatever that result may be, it cannot be doubted but that the moment it is communicated in England, the measures, which are now being prepared in anticipation of it, will be *immediately* carried into effect, and another grand effort made to goad Government, by popular tumult, into the violation of the chartered independence of the Colonies. On the passions of the people they will rely for assistance, as they have always done; and it may not, therefore, be uninteresting to those who wish their *judgments* to influence their conduct, to give, as a preparatory to the conflict, a short sketch of the present situation of the West India Question, as regards the Government, the Abolitionists, and the West Indians.

The Government is at present in the situation of a neutral party; but it appears, to a certain degree, pledged to give its support to the Abolitionists, in the event of a contumacious resistance, on the part of the Colonial Legislators, to the recommendations sent out to them. From the increasing temperance displayed in their recent proceedings, and the frequent expressions of the determination of the principal West India Proprietors to do all that can be safely done, an unreasonable resistance cannot be anticipated. The opposition that will be met with, we are persuaded, will be grounded upon the plea, that compliance would be destructive of the welfare both of master and slave; and, even so grounded, that opposition will be decorous and respectful to the Ministers of the Crown. There is every reason to believe that the Assembly of Jamaica, in particular, will consent to every measure proposed to them for the improvement of the condition of the negroes, except those which they consider to be as ruinous as an earthquake that should swallow up their island. It is more than probable that Government would remain satisfied with these partial concessions, and would willingly trust to time, to conciliation, and to the modifications that might be suggested to them of the most obnoxious regulations, as the surest means of obtaining an ultimate compliance with its measures. Ministers know that it would be no very light thing to embroil the country with her Colonies in a contest which must terminate in the destruction of one, and the most serious injury to the other; nor is it the clamours of either saints or oppositionists that would precipitate them into such an act of madness. Unless the voice of the people call upon them to go forward, although we do not hope, nor scarcely wish, that they will *retrace* their steps, prudence would teach them to pause where they are, if they receive but a modified degree of concession from the West Indians.

If the Government, on the one hand, are disposed to forbearance, the Abolitionists, on the other, are determined upon aggravation. Not even actual *contumacy* would, we think, induce the former to adopt coercion—the most unlimited compliance would not make the latter desist from urging it. Their hostility and violence are not to be mollified or weakened by submission. *They would find hypocrisy in the wish to comply, and assert that laws in favor of the negro*

were passed merely to secure the means of evading them*. Were the next packet to bear the intelligence of the Island Legislators having, to the full, embraced all the regulations of the Trinidad Order in Council, the pamphlets of the Abolitionists would be circulated with the same assiduity, their meetings would be as frequent, their denunciations of West Indian Society as fierce and unrelenting as ever. Macaulay would declaim, and Stephen would write without the slightest diminution of rancour and invective. We judge of the future by the past; and we appeal to the equitable sense of Englishmen, whether the citation of the following instance (only one amongst a thousand) is not sufficient to bear us out in our uncompromising assertion. Amid many expressions of dissatisfaction with the Colonists abroad, Ministers never hesitated, for a moment, to allow them their full and due mead of praise for the ardent enthusiasm with which they received the measures proposed for the further diffusion of religious instruction among the slaves. The testimony on which that praise was founded, was firm and unequivocal; yet never, in one single instance, not in the most minute paragraph of their voluminous writings, not in one solitary sentence of any one of their speeches, whether in or out of Parliament, did the Abolitionists notice this unquestionable proof of anxiety on the part of the Abolitionists towards their slaves, with even the most niggardly approbation. Wherever they could, they avoided all allusion to the subject; and when it was forced upon their attention, they denied the merit of the deed, and they reviled the respectable Prelates upon whose exertions the success of the mission was to depend. Religion was always considered as the only safe foundation of emancipation. Long and loudly had the West Indians been reproached for their neglect of it; yet the very moment when they joined hand and heart, in the measures suggested for diffusing it, the Abolitionists discovered that it was of no importance; Brougham asserted, and the elder Macaulay insinuated, what, we hope, if forgiven, will never be forgotten, "*that the Established Church of England was not calculated for the task.*" Opposition so ungenerous and uncandid there is no hope of appeasing; and whatever be the conduct of the West Indians, in this important junction of their fate, contumacy in it the Abolitionists will make, if they cannot find.

The Abolitionists are, however, entirely dependant for the small authority which they may possess, upon the degree to which they can influence the people. That they will attack the West Indians, is certain, and as certain it is, that they will choose that part of the conduct of their adversaries which will afford them the most plausible pretext for enlisting the multitude in their favor. The interference of Government on their behalf, is dependant upon the compliance or non-compliance of the Colonists with the Order in Council for Trinidad, and they will stimulate the people to goad the Government

* See in support of this assertion the recent numbers of the Monthly Anti-Slavery Reporter, a work full of the grossest misrepresentation.

to redeem its pledge, if the West Indians should reject even one of the regulations contained in that much-talked-of emanation from the wisdom of the Colonial Secretary. No allowance will be made for the adoption of other measures of equal importance, and less dubious character, if only one of the specific plans shall be rejected, on whatever plea of difficulty or danger. They know well, that the famous "Compulsory Manumission clause," as it is commonly, if not very accurately, called, will not be adopted; and this circumstance alone, they will make the foundation of their attack in the next Session of Parliament upon their West Indian fellow subjects.

The Planters in this country have, therefore, at present to defend their cause with reference only to this single point; and they may now call upon the nation in general, and the Parliament in particular, to consider the West India Question as confined to this one topic. Can the rejection of the "Compulsory Manumission clause" be considered a sufficient reason for charging the West Indians with contumacy, and as thereby requiring the interposition of the paramount authority of the mother country to enforce its adoption?"

Whether the behaviour of the Colonies can be termed "*contumacious*" or not, depends so much upon the merits of the measure upon which gives rise to it, that it will be necessary to say but very few words upon this isolated view of this part of the subject. If it should be found to exist, it exists only at present, and can exist as far as regards the Executive Government alone. There is no vote of either House of Parliament, ordering the Trinidad Order in Council to be received by the Colonists as *law*. These regulations are, at present, the unauthorized, unsanctioned decrees of the Colonial office. Before the Parliament will convict the Colonists of contumacy in rejecting them, they will first consider, whether there was not impolicy in introducing them, and whether if the Colonists were refractory, Lord Bathurst was not *precipitate*. But there is no occasion to look upon the subject in this point of view, as the first ebullition of West Indian anger has died away, and their resistance is occasioned now solely by the measures themselves, and not by the manner in which they were attempted to be thrust upon them. The representatives of the British nation can fairly look upon themselves as entitled to interfere between the Executive Government and the Colonies only, after they shall have enacted as laws, the schemes proposed by the former and forwarded to the latter. This they have not done, and before they do so, they should consider well, whether their schemes are in themselves wise or expedient, and adapted to the end which they have in view.

We are sincerely desirous, that the "Compulsory Manumission Clause" should be tried by no other test, than, whether it is, or is not, consistent with the resolutions of the House of Commons in 1823? The Parliament have pledged themselves to a *principle* by those resolutions, but they have not pledged themselves to the *measures* by which that principle is to be developed. They have spoken the sentiments of the nation in declaring their determination to forward

the emancipation of the negroes, by such means as shall be consistent with their welfare, and not destructive of the interests of their masters. In the principle we agree. We have the same object in our view as the Government. Our intention is to advocate such *plans* as shall most safely lead to negro emancipation. Apologists for slavery, we are not, nor will ever be. We propose, for our writings, the same end as the Abolitionists; but we differ widely as to the means. They demand emancipation at all hazards, and act as if they thought that freedom would of itself lead the negroes to social happiness, to civilized enjoyments, and religious feelings. They would reverse the order of nature, while we contend that emancipation may be procured without injury to any one, and contend that it can only safely be founded on moral and religious instruction. We make no hypocritical professions of admiration of the candour of Brougham, the purity of Macaulay, the talents of Buxton, or the sanity of Stephen, we avow we like neither the characters nor the principles of these Abolitionists; but in calling on the public to decide between their views and ours, we scorn to reason from our prejudice alone. It is their schemes which we oppose, because we are convinced of their futility and danger: the same test we apply to the measures of the Government, for the characters of whose members, both for honesty and wisdom, we have a very different opinion. And before entering into any discussion of the "Compulsory Manumission Clause," to which alone we object, it is necessary to observe this, that we are not prepared to say, that under certain provisions for adequate compensation to the master, under certain modifications to promote the good conduct of the slave, a law to grant this compulsory manumission, would not be wise. The idea in the abstract appears unobjectionable, but we are opposed to the *means* of reducing it to practice developed in the Trinidad Order in Council. Ministers have declared, that from this they will not recede. They have made such declarations too recently, and abstained from carrying them into effect, for us to care much about such unwise and uncalled for pledges; but upon the principles which they themselves have proposed to found it on,—for the purpose of securing the welfare of the slave, and preventing loss of property to the master, we conceive the measure to be mischievous and impracticable; and are certain it must undergo considerable revision, and be preceded by many preliminary measures, before a just Parliament will invade the right of the Colonists, in order to carry it into effect.

The principal objections to this measure were briefly, but forcibly, stated in the House of Commons by Mr. Ellis, (now Lord Seaford,) and his language and authority will at once explain and legitimize our own conclusions.

"The slave who might be desirous of purchasing his freedom, so long as he looked up to his master as possessing the power to grant or to withhold his manumission, would feel it his interest to conciliate the good will of his master by his own good conduct. But from the moment when he is invested with the power of compelling his master to manumit him, that motive is removed; and as the period may approach when he will be enabled to exercise that privilege, his regard for the good will of his master, or even

"for his authority, will, to say the least, be very much and very inconveniently impaired. He cannot fail to be aware also, that his price will be estimated in proportion to his value to his master; that in proportion as he is industrious and well-behaved, the sum which he will have to pay for his freedom will be enhanced. In a word, he will feel that it is his interest to render himself as worthless to his master as he can contrive to be, with impunity.

"On the other hand, if the master should apprehend any inconvenience from the loss of his slave, or for any motive be reluctant to manumit him, (and otherwise the regulation giving the compulsory power is superfluous) he will feel it to be his interest always to prevent his slave from acquiring the means of purchasing his freedom -- to keep him always poor; and he will be tempted to deprive him of many of those indulgencies which the slaves now enjoy, and which the law cannot compel the master to grant. In a word, it would be difficult to devise a regulation more calculated to aggravate instead of mitigating the evils inherent in the relationship of master and slave; as to implant, in the breast of each, motives more at variance with that reciprocal good will which is essential to the improvement in the condition of the slaves which it is the object of the House to promote.

"For these reasons, for the sake of the slaves themselves, he (Mr. Ellis) lamented the determination of the Government to enforce this regulation."

It might be naturally supposed, that the Minister of the Crown, in declaring in the face of these objections, so forcibly and distinctly stated, his resolution to adhere to his measure, would at least have endeavoured to answer the arguments by which his resolution was endeavoured to be averted. The following quotation we submit from Mr. Canning's reply, and we leave our readers to decide upon the justice of the case, as between him and his friend.

"My Honorable Friend has particularly adverted to the clause for compulsory manumission of slaves. It is undoubtedly the main clause of the whole. It is the only one that is directly operative. All the rest go to mitigate, to improve, to regulate the system of slavery; to render it more valuable in its existence, and to prepare its gradual decay. This clause is the way out of that system,--the opening by which slavery itself may escape, gradually, and, as it were, imperceptibly, without the shock of a convulsion."

The Right Honorable Secretary replied, as he is frequently in the habit of doing, to an argument by a rhetorical figure. He wants a door for slavery to escape at, and we will follow up his metaphor, by saying, that the door of Compulsory Manumission would lead the slave only into that anarchy and desolation which he wishes to avoid.

Cursory as have been our remarks, we think they are sufficient to enable an unprejudiced enquirer to take an accurate view of the actual positions of the contending parties in this momentous crisis. Around this point will the fiercest of the impending battle be fought. It is the Hougoumont of the conflict. The West Indians are already prepared for a vigorous defence, as may be seen by the resolutions of the Planters of Demerara*. This being one of the Colonies not pos-

* "Yesterday a private Meeting of the Proprietors of estates in the Island of Demerara, and of Merchants trading with that portion of the British West India Colonies, was held at the City of London Tavern, for the purpose of adopting such measures as might be thought necessary, in order to protect their property from the effects of the Manumission Clause in the Slave Laws. The meeting was attended by about twenty-five gentlemen of great respectability, and a series of resolutions were proposed and adopted, recommending that a Petition should be presented to His Majesty in Council, stating the great injury that would be done to their property, were the Manumission Clause put into full effect.---It appears that the Authorities at Demerara have, after considerable discussion, come to the Resolution, not to act in accordance with the wishes of His Majesty's Government, as far as regards the manumission of Slaves; and the Meeting of the

passing an independent local legislature, the Order in Council for Trinidad has been attempted to be enforced in it by the proclamations of the Governor; but the local Authorities having adopted the others with some not very important modifications, have made a determined stand against this measure. They intend to use all the constitutional means afforded by the British laws, to procure remission of the fatal decree, and have summoned the other West Indians to join them in their remonstrances. Their call will not be made in vain, and we trust the voice of justice may yet prevail in their favor, if their opposition be, as we believe it to be, founded on reason, and policy, and humanity.

Before we quit the subject, which we do only for the present, we cannot avoid noticing that the evils so directly foretold by Lord Seaford, have already begun to operate. It is a striking fact, not sufficiently put forward by the Planters, or else ingeniously always left unnoticed by their enemies, that voluntary manumission was proceeding so rapidly as to afford a real, a wide, and a safe "opening" to the extinction of slavery. Since the era of Mr. Buxton's motion in 1823, *the number of voluntary manumissions has diminished* in the Island of Jamaica, as will be seen by the following statement, obtained by a careful research into the records of the Island.

"The number of manumissions effected by deed, in five years, from the 1st of January, 1821, to the 31st of December, 1825, is 2285, or 457 *per annum*. Of this number, 1290, or 258 *per annum*, have been granted without any valuable consideration, or for the nominal one of five, ten, or twenty shillings.—Supposing, therefore, every slave manumitted to be worth 100*l.* sterling, as they are principally people in the prime of life, liberated for good behaviour, it appears that the benevolent Owners of Slaves in this island have voluntarily made a gift of 129,000*l.* sterling in five years, in enfranchising 1290 Slaves. Of those liberated by purchase, very few pay their full amount of their value for their manumissions, and it is fair to presume they have not paid more, on an average, than 70*l.* each; and thus have their Owners contributed the further sum of 29,850*l.* towards the emancipation of 995 Slaves. In most cases, indeed, where the Owner receives a valuable consideration, that consideration is paid by some white person anxious to procure the freedom of the Slave, at least one half of such manumissions are so obtained; thus a further sum of 34,825*l.* is contributed towards the emancipation of 995 Slaves. From this it appears, of the sum of 228,500*l.* the value of 2285 Slaves manumitted in five years, the inhabitants of Jamaica have bestowed 193,675*l.* or 38,758*l.* annually.—The following table will shew the number manumitted each year:

" 1821..501, of which 303 without consideration
" 1822..502, of ditto 292 ditto ditto
" 1823..448, of ditto 263 ditto ditto
" 1824..454, of ditto 252 ditto ditto
" 1825..380, of ditto 180 ditto ditto

2285

1290

"From the 1st of January to the 30th of June, in the present year, the manu-

Planters resident in London was called by circular, for the purpose of backing the Authorities at Demerara in their determination. We understand that a Petition is in preparation, and will be submitted for the signature of all those who are interested in this important question. The general body of Planters, not only of Demerara, but also of the other West India Islands, are, it is said, strongly opposed to any coercive measures, and the Proprietors of estates in Demerara having as large, if not larger, stakes than others at issue, think it prudent to forward a petition to His Majesty's Government, laying before Ministers their particular case.—*Daily Newspapers of 14th November.*

"missions of 206 individuals have been recorded, 115 of them voluntary, and without consideration.

"The above returns do not include manumissions by will, which may fairly be considered as adding one-third to the number; but it is very difficult to discover the number really manumitted by will, as, in some cases, conditions are annexed which are never fulfilled; sums are left for the purpose, which cannot afterwards be realized; and the judgment debts against estates too frequently more than cover the whole; in addition to this, many will manumissions are afterwards confirmed by deeds, which are included in the foregoing statements."

This statement proves that there existed no *necessity* for the enactment of any measure of the kind, and is strikingly illustrative of the ill effects to be apprehended from that which is now in question. A jealousy has already begun to exist between the Masters and the Slaves, which has operated in inducing the former to be less ready than heretofore in the granting of *voluntary* manumission. The Slaves must feel this; and hence begins the discord, which, if suffered to extend, must involve the Colonies in ruin and desolation.

ANACREONTIC EPIGRAMS.

If to-morrow I shall live,
Little know I, less I think;
But to-morrow, if I live,
This I do know, I shall drink.

All the world in this combine,
Water's weaker far than wine;
If then water often o'erpowers
Mighty woods and lofty towers,
Can you wonder I supine,
Lie o'erthrown by mighty wine.

APHORISMS.

Whenever I read an Auctioneer's Catalogue, I am always reminded of the speech which Socrates once made on going through a market, "How much there is here, which a reasonable man can do without."

The most important part of man's existence is that which is influenced by Love. True love is the parent of true virtue; nothing evil can exist with it. It is a child of heaven, and leads to heaven. While all the conquests of the understanding can only give a joyless consciousness of the infinity yet understood, love produces a fullness of enjoyment which is analogous to eternity, and a proof of it. Even in an unhappy attachment, there is a feeling of ennobling delight which makes its sorrows dear.

In our days, the Temple of Hymen borders too closely on the burying-place of Love.

Remembrances of childhood are like the tones of an *Æolian* harp, which do not possess the power and the perfect accords of harmony, but rather entices us to imagine them.

ZOE.

I cannot bear thy distant mien;
 I cannot bear that look:
 That thou should'st meanly think of me,
 My heart will never brook.

They tell me, fickle thou hast proved,
 I know that cannot be;
 I see contempt in every look
 Thou deign'st to throw on me.

Are these the marks of fickleness,
 Thy pallid cheek, thy brow,
 That once revealed each changing thought,
 So tame, so listless now?

Oh, no! I see thou think'st me false,
 By malice thou'rt deceived;
 'Twas thus they dared to slander thee,
 But they were not believed.

'Tis true, I'm banished from thy heart,
 As one not worth thy care;
 But still no other fills my place,
 A dreary void is there.

I dread to think how treacherous,
 How base, that heart must be,
 That could be false to love like thine,
 And false thou canst think me.

Then indignation fills my breast,
 And burns upon my cheek;
 Tho' one word might regain thy love,
 That word I scorn to speak.

While by thy side I nerve my brow,
 Lest that my love should tell;
 When thou art gone, I sometimes wish
 I could not feign so well.

ZOE.

DAIRY OF AN M. P.

November 10.—Stevens's. Arrived yesterday morning: travelled all night; average nine miles and a half an hour, including stops; fair going, slept little. Great bore to break off in the midst of the best hunting season, within my groom's recollection, to vote for a damned indemnity bill, whatever that means; but this is the devil of being dubbed M. P. *Mem.* To meet Mr. Canning at dinner to-morrow.

11.—Most mortifying to be refused the moving of the address after committing Dr. B——'s speech to memory, and after all my aunt said to Mr. Peel at his father's. Shall become a violent Oppositionist, that I am resolved upon. Would go to Mr. — to dinner. Met Liddell in Piccadilly. He's in great spirits: his wife and all the Ravensworth family come up to hear him spout his maiden speech. Bet 7 to 4 he breaks down the first heat; that will be some consolation to me. He was always a form below me at Harrow. Dropped a card at Sir R——'s: met Euston at Lady D——'s; the same bodiless coat and legless top-boots; he's the very image of my cousin Harry's groom: think of him talking to that blue stocking Lady D—— of Ariosto and the currency question. *Mem.* To write home to-morrow for the two petitions of "my constituents" about the corn laws, and my speeches that I forgot in my hurry to dine at —.

13.—Fatigued and sickish after yesterday; visiting and *Can-*
tabing it. Bad champagne at the University Club, and worse Bishop's. *Mem.* To accompany Ashton at four o'clock to his tailor: had a devilish well-built coat on him. Had a pain in my head from Althorpe's prosing about Political Economy and Purity of Election. Think of Stuart Wortley's glove being fourteen smaller than mine. Dropped into Brooke's on my way down to the House: nobody there: all talking about a Mr. Fysh Pallmer's election; don't care about it: wouldn't subscribe. Great bore this swearing: it should be done by deputy. The oaths are very long and stupid; worse than the A. M. oath: who cares about the Pope or James III.? I saw the Pope at Rome; he seemed to be a very elegant gentleman. I don't know yet how I am to vote about the Papists: they and the corn laws are the great bores; damn them both, pray I. I wish these oaths were abolished, or, as my friend Peel says of the larceny acts, consolidated. Ordered two coats; Ashton's build. Bet 20 to 10 with Euston to drive my cab from Steeven's to the House in seven minutes. Didn't like the speeches to-day. Sturgess Bourne, of Tremaine notoriety, mumbled his speech most damnably; mouthed it, as Hamlet says: heard he was a sensible man; can't believe it. I liked my friend Portman's speech much better. I said a very good thing about the Speaker, forgot the words, but the thought was, that in re-electing him we secured the constant presence of good *manners*

in our proceedings. Euston and Liddell laughed very much; must ask them to dine with me, they are very good fellows.

16.—Must be sworn again to-day, great bore. Promised to trot my black mare against Captain Fitzgerald's bay horse. Met my old fellow sportsman and neighbour, Joliffe: always the cut of a game-keeper; keeps a good stud, and rides well. Popped in on Liddell, and found him and Winn wrangling about the proprietorship of an argument of Burke: a good scene; two thieves fighting about stolen goods. *Mem.* Asked to meet Sir W. Scott and Mr. Canning at Croker's, on Friday: expect something good and piquant.

17.—Lost my bet with Euston by a quarter of a minute. John tells me Merlin would do it with ease: will double bets with Euston, same time and distance. Lame from tight boots; press upon my corns. This ought to furnish matter for a pun upon the *corn* laws: will utter it to-morrow the first good opportunity; a capital thought. *Mem.* Must read the last Quarterly and Blackwood to furnish clever extempore chat at dinner.

18.—Disappointed in Croker's feed: it was dull and stiff; the heavy weight seemed shy of engaging. Wellington paid great court to Scott, who, by the way, is a right stupid fellow. He never laughed at my jokes, though Canning did. Uttered my excellent pun about the corn laws, a few smiles: Croker said it was the best thing Lord Lauderdale ever said. This was very invidious, and, in his own house, very impolite; but he is an author, I'll cut him. However, they all laughed at two very good things I said: one was, Wynn and another were disputing whether a fowl, that was near them, were a duck or a drake; I maintained the former, quoting *dux fœmina facti* as a proof: I forget the other good one.

20.—Read an article in the last Edinburgh Review on Phrenology. They disbelieve it, from want of the organs of causation and upper individuality; I believe it—the organs of wit, ideality, and firmness, are generally developed in me, much more than Canning's, or ever Hume's, whose ideality and wit are remarkably prominent; hence his power of provoking laughter. An ugly business that of the Greek scrip; he ought to refund drawn bets; not surprised at Bowring; patriotism, or liberality, from a cockney-merchant—devilish suspicious to say the least: "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes." Saluted Mr. Huskisson to day in the lobby—scarcely returned it—a Jacobin bear. Wonder what organs he has got; certainly wants what Lady P— says, "I have in great perfection" the organ of "bonton-iveness," situated between cunning, superciliousness (Gall's physical height) and hypocrisy. Was told a good anecdote of this free-trade minister, by his friend, A. Baring. It seems Coventry Ellice, one of the Greek pirates, one of the Epictides, applied to him for a "repeal of some silk laws;"—was refused—then asked for a committee on those laws.—"I'm damned if I do," says Huskisson: very unparliamentary language—damned unparliamentary. *Mem.* Must send and quote Huskisson's pamphlets. Cam Hobhouse says, the only way to win his approbation.

21.—Met a lady to-day, the image of my Theodosia. What strange sensations these resemblances occasion. Mrs. Macbeth would not kill the king, because he looked like her father in his night-cap, as Shakspeare tells us,—shews him to have some observation. The resemblance haunted me till I dressed for dinner. It is, as I heard Sir James Mackintosh say of the Highlander's love of oatmeal porridge, an interesting phenomenon in the history of the human intellect. *Mem.* To find out in *amphibious* conversation from Mrs. H., when Theodosia will be in town.

22.—Was any thing ever so vexatious? I spoke, and very well too, last night for ten minutes, and not a word of it in the papers to day, only in the Chronicle:—"An hon. member, whose name we " could not learn, and who, from his having risen with Alderman " Wood, and the latter having given way, we conclude is a new " member, supported the address." Brougham's speech was rather spirited, though weak. The play upon fiat and fertile, was good. Canning's reply was excellent; well reported in New Times. What a number of the Irish Johnny, or rather Paddy, Raws, " flashed " their maiden swords." Think of young Grattan's *presuming*, on his first night, to speak at the table, and to move an amendment,—in fact, to take Tierney's stations in the House!! This beats Alderman Heygate's moving an adjournment, that he might open the debate himself next night! But this is the age of Bronze, as my cousin Byron said, "of all bores, spare me from the bores of presumption." Sir T. Lethbridge fired the first agricultural shot; he is, I believe, a well-meaning selfish booby. Portman told me a good story of him. He turned Radical during the agricultural distress, wore a white hat, went down to vote with Grey's son-in-law Lambton, was frightened and convinced of his folly by Canning's admirable speech, and voted *against* Reform. On the night of the Catholic Question, of which Lethbridge is a staunch opponent, he rushed out of the House when Canning rose. Portman met him in the lobby. "Where are you running to?" "I am going beyond the reach of " Canning's syren voice. He is speaking for emancipation; I don't " understand it, and am against it; I therefore fear he will *convince* " me to vote for it if I listen to him. I will be back in time for the " division." Althorpe's second edition of Lord J. Russell's resolutions about bribery and co[r]ruption, has been *dished*, very properly too; would be a great bore, and no good. We take care enough of the people, and damn them, what more do they want? Said so to Ashton and Lord Lowther; they agreed with me—both clever men. Althorpe, in great chagrin, scarcely spoke a word in Brooke's. He is jealous of Milton's and Lord J. Russell's popularity. His father is a good fellow, an old crony of my uncle's; he is rather pedantic. Great plotting among the Saints—at fault for game. St. Buxton looked particularly sanctified; hope Surrey Palmer will expose their humbugging. Great bore that negro slavery—damn them, what a taste they have for black men and women. The *niger est* is their motto. There is another bore—cruelty to animals Martin, a fellow that would shoot a man for coughing too loud.

24.—Mr. Leycester said a very good thing in his speech on Wednesday; that the clamour about the corn laws was excited by master manufacturers, whose aim was to become noblemen and gentlemen, by turning us, the real nobility and gentry, into paupers. I cried, hear! hear! very loudly, as did Lord Lowther and Lethbridge. Good news!—heard the ——— would be in town immediately after Christmas. I long to see Theodosia. Received a copy of Stanhope's letter on the corn laws from the author. *Mem.* Must get John to read it.

Poetic Gems.

No. III.

— ἄνθρωπος ἄνθρωπος
 Κλυταίς ἰστέον γυναικὶς ἐξίπνηται ζυγίῳ. PINDAR.

The poetic gems which enrich this number of the Inspector are selected from Southey. As I have been very liberal in my selections, I have left myself no room for a few observations, which I had some inclination to indulge in, on the nature and tendency of that great poet's productions. It will not require any critical sagacity, or a very fine perception of poetic beauty, to discover from the following extracts, that he excels in splendid and accurate descriptions of external nature, in touching delineation of domestic happiness, and in the freedom and harmony of his versification.

A FINE DAY IN AUTUMN.

" There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
 " The azure heaven; the blessed sun, alone,
 " In unapproachable divinity,
 " Careered, rejoicing in his fields of light.
 " How beautiful beneath the bright blue sky
 " The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
 " Save where along the bending line of shore
 " Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
 " Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
 " Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
 " Of ocean are abroad: like floating foam,
 " The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
 " With long protruded necks the cormorants
 " Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
 " The plovers wheel, and give their notes of joy.
 " It was a day that sent into the heart
 " A summer feeling: even the insect swarms
 " From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
 " To sport through one day of existence more.
 " The solitary primrose on the bank
 " Seemed now as though it had no cause to mourn

" Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks and shores,
 " The forest and the everlasting hills,
 " Smiled in that joyful sunshine, . . . they partook
 " The universal blessing."

DESCRIPTION OF A CATHEDRAL.

" The place
 " Was holy;---the dead air, which underneath
 " Those arches never felt the healthy sun,
 " Nor the free motion of the elements,
 " Chilly and damp, infused associate awe:
 " The sacred odours of the incense still
 " Floated; the daylight and the taper flames
 " Commingled, dimming each, and each bedimmed;
 " And as the slow procession paced along,
 " Still to their hymn, as if in symphony,
 " The regular footfall sounded, swelling now:
 " Their voices in one chorus, loud and deep,
 " Rung o'er the echoing aisle; and when it ceased,
 " The silence of that huge and sacred pile
 " Came on the heart."

THE EMBARKATION OF THE EMIGRANTS.

" Now forth they go,
 " And at the portal of the church unfurl
 " Prince Madoc's banner; at that sight a shout
 " Burst from his followers, and the hills and rocks
 " Thrice echoed their acclaim.
 " There lie the ships,
 " Their sails all loose, their streamers rolling out
 " With ruinous flow and swell, like water-snakes,
 " Curling aloft; the waves are gay with boats,
 " Pinnace, and barge, and coracle, . . . the sea
 " Swarms like the shore with life. Oh what a sight
 " Of beauty for the spirit unconcerned,
 " If heart there be which unconcerned could view
 " A sight like this! . . . how yet more beautiful
 " For him whose soul can feel and understand
 " The solemn import! Yonder they embark;
 " Youth, beauty, valour, virtue, reverend age;
 " Some led by love of noble enterprise,
 " Others, who, desperate of their country's weal,
 " Fly from the impending yoke; all warm alike
 " With confidence and high heroic hope,
 " And all in one fraternal bond conjoined
 " By reverence to their Chief!"

A VIVID PICTURE.

" Who hath watched
 " The midnight lightnings of the summer storm,
 " That, with their awful blaze irradiate heaven,
 " Then leave a blacker night? so quick, so fierce,
 " Flashed Madoc's sword, which, like the serpent's tongue,
 " Seemed double, in its rapid whirl of light!"

THE SAVAGE WARRIOR'S DESCRIPTION OF HIS COUNTRY'S ARMIES.

" Can ye count the stars of heaven?
 " The waves which ruffle o'er the lake? the leaves

" Swept from the autumnal forest ? Can ye look
 " Upon the eternal snows of yonder height,
 " And number each particular flake that formed
 " The mountain mass ? . . . So numberless they come,
 " Whoe'er can wield the sword or hurl the lance,
 " Or aim the arrow ; from the growing boy,
 " Ambitious of the battle, to the old man,
 " Who to revenge his country, and his gods,
 " Hastens, and then to die."

A VESSEL IN FULL SAIL.

" She comes majestic with her swelling sails,
 " The gallant bark ! along her watery way
 " Homeward she drives before the favouring gales ;
 " How flirting at their length the streamers play,
 " And now they ripple with the ruffling breeze !"

Minor Poems.

THE POET'S RETURN HOME.

" Aloft on yonder bench, with arms outspread,
 " My boy stood shouting there his father's name,
 " Waving his hat around his happy head ;
 " And there, a younger group, his sisters came :
 " Smiling they stood with looks of sweet surprise,
 " While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.
 " Soon each and all came crowding round to share
 " The cordial greeting, the beloved right ;
 " What welcomings of hand and lips were there !
 " And when those overflowings of delight
 " Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
 " Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.
 " The young companion of our weary way
 " Found here, the end desired of all her ills,
 " She who in sickness pining many a day,
 " Hungred and thirsted for her native hills,
 " Forgetful now of sufferings past and pain,
 " Rejoiced to see her own dear home again !
 " Recovered now the home-sick mountaineer
 " Sate by the playmate of her infancy,
 " Her twin-like comrade, . . . rendered doubly dear
 " From that long absence : full of life was she,
 " With voluble discourse and eager mien,
 " Telling of all the wonders she had seen.
 " Here silently between her parents stood
 " My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove ;
 " And gently oft from time to time she wooed
 " Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
 " With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
 " Soliciting again the wished caress.
 " The younger twain in wonder lost were they,
 " My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel :
 " Long of our promised coming, day by day
 " It had been their delight to hear and tell ;
 " And now when that long-promised hour was come,
 " Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.
 " Soon they grew blithe as they were wont to be ;
 " Their old endearments each began to seek ;
 " And Isabel drew near to climb my knee,
 " And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek ;

" With voice, and touch, and look reviving thus
 " The feelings which had slept in long disease.

" But there stood one whose heart could entertain
 " And comprehend the fullness of the joy ;
 " The father, teacher, playmate, was again
 " Come to his only, and his studious boy :
 " And he beheld again that mother's eye,
 " Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy . .

" Bring forth the treasures now, . . . a proud display, . . .
 " For rich as eastern merchants we return !
 " Behold the black Beguine, the Sister grey,
 " And Friars whose heads with sober motion turn,
 " The Ark well filled with all its numerous hives,
 " Noah, and Shem, and Ham, and Japhet, and their wives

" It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
 " Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill ;
 " The keen impatience of the younger brood,
 " Their eager eyes, and fingers never still ;
 " The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
 " Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy !

" The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
 " Who in their pleasure finds her own delight ;
 " The mother's heart-felt happiness the while ;
 " The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight ;
 " And he who in his gaiety of heart,
 " With glib and noisy tongue performed the showman's part.

Poem to the Poet's Pilgrimage to Waterloo.

LOVE.

" They sin who tell us love can die.
 " With life all other passions fly,
 " All others are but vanity.
 " In Heaven ambition cannot dwell,
 " Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;
 " Earthly these passions of the earth,
 " They perish where they have their birth ;
 " But love is indestructible.
 " Its holy flame for ever burneth,
 " From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;
 " Is oft on earth a troubled guest,
 " At times deceived, at times oppressed,
 " It here is tried and purified,
 " Then hath in heaven its perfect rest :
 " It soweth here with toil and care,
 " But the harvest time of love is there.
 " Oh ! when a mother meets on high
 " The babe she lost in infancy,
 " Hath she not then for pains and fears,
 " The day of woe, the watchful night,
 " For all her sorrows, all her fears,
 " An over-payment of delight !"

The Curse of Kehama.

In the next number of the *Inspector* I shall cull a few flowers from the pages of Bowles, a poet whose beautiful compositions, in some degree, kindled the early inspiration of Coleridge, and gained from him, in after years, in the maturity of his genius, a warm and honorable acknowledgement.

D. L. R.

THE PORTFOLIO.—No. IV.

THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.]

Through the forest roars the blast,
 And the heavy clouds roll fast;
 Gazing on the flood below,
 Sits a maiden bent with woe;
 And sad is the voice of the waves in their might,
 And sadly she moans to the cold ear of night,
 And weeps as she thinks on the past.

"All within my heart is dead!—
 "All the world's delights are fled,
 "And its empty space can give
 "Nought to wake a wish to live.
 "O Ruler of heav'n! thy spirit recal,
 "For of earthly bliss I have tasted all,—
 "Atlas! I have liv'd and lov'd."

From her eyelids fall like rain
 Tears of passion,—but, in vain,—
 All the drops by sorrow shed,
 Will not wake the silent dead.
 But, O what can sooth like tears the heart,
 That has seen the raptures of love depart,—
 O who would forbid to weep?—

Let those silent tears be shed
 Tho' they will not wake the dead,—
 Tho' unbroken be their sleep
 To the voice of those who weep,—
 For all that can sooth the lonely heart,
 When the pleasures of love for ever depart,
 Are of love the despairing tears.

LETTER FROM SISYPHUS TO MACADAM.

Thou wisest and best of men, compounder of pebbles, and fracturer of stones, thou who turnest the rock into powder for the benefit of the king's highway, and the powder into gold for the benefit of thy own pockets, listen awhile to the complaint of the unhappy Sisyphus, who, unlike thee, is poor and pennyless! for, according to the old proverb, which I suppose was suggested by my hapless fate, "a rolling stone gathers no moss." It is now above three thousand years since that misbegotten knave, Theseus, put an end to my career in Ætolia, where I made money, as thou dost, *on the road*; but instead of employing a House of Commons to find my way into the pockets of my patients, I used the more summary process of a good stout bludgeon.

Being the son of *Æolus*, I thought I only exercised my legitimate privilege in raising the wind in any way that I thought proper. Theseus, however, the Joseph Hume of those days, thought otherwise, and testified his objections to my estimates, not by moving in the committee, but by moving his arm, in which was a stronger bludgeon than my own, and sending me in less than two minutes to the shades below. My descent to these regions was pretty rapid, and I was environed as I went down by legions of my former victims, men whose heads I had only Macadamised. Have a care, my friend, how you come into these parts, for as sure as fate you will no sooner make your appearance, than you will be saluted with the ghost of a shower of stones about your ears; of stones whose metal bodies you crushed and pulverized, for the profane purpose of enabling carriages to go softly down Whitehall or Regent Street. You know the pitiless destiny which awaited me here; at this very moment my hand is employed in rolling up a hill the fatal stone, which, as it has incessantly done for so many centuries, immediately rolls back upon my head; while my lips are dictating to a tender-hearted devil, who strongly sympathises with me, this epistle for your especial perusal. My immediate purpose in writing to you, is to beg the favor of your kind offices in endeavouring to persuade Pluto to introduce your system of road-making into his dominions. If you would induce him so to do, I have no doubt that the stone which I am condemned to roll, would be immediately seized upon, and by the assistance of a few able-bodied Cyclops, reduced to the finest powder in less than a minute. Then how would Sisyphus rejoice, and how much gratitude, my dear Mr. Macadam, would he feel for you. I would write and print your puffs, and stick them up myself on every wall in Brandipolis. I would contrive to get into the Acheronian Parliament, for the express purpose of moving an annual grant to you. Really, I think, if you were to stir in this business, you would infallibly succeed. You might tell Pluto, that it was much better adapted to the infernal than the terrestrial regions, for that, what with smothering pedestrians with dust in summer, and plastering them with mud in winter, you had positively created a hell upon earth. I cannot help thinking, too, that Pluto has a predilection for your system, for we are told in the Bible, that Satan (which is Pluto's christian name) desired to have Simon Peter (otherwise called Cephēs, or a stone) that he might sift him like wheat, an operation which could only have been performed by the process of Macadamization. There are many of my fellow sufferers who hope to be relieved from these torments, in consequence of the progress of the arts and sciences upon the earth. Ixion would be much obliged to any of the steam companies, who would send down proposals, treating for the purchase of his wheel, which can be warranted to wear well, and has already lasted much longer than any thing which Messrs. Bolton and Watt can pretend to manufacture. Prometheus thinks that Mr. Richard Martin ought to take up his case in the House of Commons, if it is only on the ground of cruelty to animals—for the poor vulture is as much tortured as he is. He asserts that the story of his stealing fire from heaven, is a mere pretence; and that the only foundation for such calumny, is the fact of his having bribed Vulcan to let him have two or three whiffs at his cigar—a luxury so great, that the gods wished to monopolize it to themselves, and therefore condemned him to this cruel punishment. This ne-plus-ultra of enjoyment was thus lost to you mortals, until Sir Walter Raleigh discovered a new world, and thence imported tobacco into Europe—a piece of daring which was as fatal to him as to Prometheus! for King James, who wrote the "Counterblast against Tobacco," was so incensed against him on that account, that he had him decapitated. There is a song, too, written (as I shrewdly suspect, by the editor of this New Series of Letters from the Dead to the Living), in which poor Ixion is traced to his fondness for tobacco.—There is a stanza in which it runs thus;—

"It (i. e. tobacco) has foes, I well know, but the reasons I'll shew,
How ancient and female they are.
The cloud at which Ixion grasped by mistake
Was the smoke of his own cigar.
Juno, vexed his entrances to lose, fixed in hell
A tread-wheel his pleasures to mar,
And the ladies have ever since hated the smell,
And the smoke of a lighted cigar."

The ladies in this country have no such prejudices; Proserpine smokes like a fury, and (from the expression which I have just used) you will guess that Alecto, Megera,

and Tisiphone do the same. Phlegethon, of course, smokes: how could a river of fire do otherwise? Some of the gods above appear to imitate us in this particular; for it is well known that Pan (among others) is exceedingly fond of a pipe. My eternal occupation, of course, deprives me of the opportunity of requiring, and consequently of communicating to you, much intelligence as to what is going on in this place. I am indebted for most of my information to Orpheus, the manager of our Opera House, who now and then gives me a call, and to whom I am indebted for the short but only respite to my torments which I ever enjoyed. One of your own poets tells you, that at the time of his far-famed descent into these regions, for the purpose of recovering his wife, among the other effects of his music,

"The stone of Sisyphus stood still,
"Ixion rested on his wheel."

He tells me that Pluto has lately turned Roman Catholic; and that, anxious for the spread of that religion, he has sent several of his discreetest ministers into the world, in the disguise of Jesuits, who are now (naturally enough) playing the devil in France. They have also carried with them several very facetious relics, which were manufactured in this country—for Pluto is a wag in his way and loves a joke amazingly. A branch of the tree on which Judas hanged himself, has been sent over as a piece of the true cross—Cerberus has been obliged to submit to be cupped, and the produce of that operation will be exhibited next year at Naples, as the veritable blood of St. Januarias; and a copy of the oath of allegiance to Pluto, printed in Acheronian characters, will shortly be sold at Antwerp, as the horn book out of which St. Anne taught the Virgin Mary her letters. The corps de ballet at our opera is very strong, "St. Vitus' Dance," and "the Devil's Tattoo," are at present the favorite performances. The tight rope is also a very popular exhibition here, as it gives us an opportunity of seeing many eminent artists late at the Old Bailey. Literature and the drama flourish wonderfully at Acheron, for the more books that are sent to the d---l, and the greater number of plays that are damned in your world, the larger must be our supply of such commodities. We have epic poems, which, as Porson said, will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, and not till then: tragedies so pathetic, that they excite roars of laughter; and comedies so facetious that all the world goes to sleep. We have lyrics that have been read with good applause by the author to himself: and operas that have been productive of unfeigned delight to the composer. The Royal Library of Acheron is a splendid building, erected on the banks of the river Lethe, and Somnus is the librarian. There are deposited the numerous works of all those worthies---

"Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep,"

Who indignantly appeal from the bad taste of an ignorant and malicious world to the impartial judgment of posterity. I need not enumerate them, as they are by this time entirely forgotten on the earth. I may however mention several works which we are in daily expectation of receiving, such as Southey's Epic; Bragge Bathurst's Speeches, in 500 volumes, bound in calf; Reynolds's Jokes; the Critiques of the Newspapers; and the greater part of the Literary Periodicals. All this time this never-enough-to-be-anathematised stone is in motion. Pray, Mr. Macadam, take my case into your serious consideration, for your own sake, if not for my own; for if it should turn out that you are *stony-hearted*, you will stand a chance of being submitted to the discipline of your invention.

HUMANUM EST ERRARE.

"Facit indignatio versum."

When hapless mortals run aside
 From Virtue's path, not over wide,
 In many a sad vagary,---
 'Tis most undoubtedly because,
 According to Dame Nature's laws,
 "Humanum est errare."

All hail, convenient axiom, hail!
 How thou recomfortest the frail
 In Conscience's quandary:
 We sin,---but who will lift the scourge
 When to his sympathy we urge
 "Humanum est errare?"

The first whose blunders pardon claim,
 Is he whose love of laughter came
 From Cork or Tipperary;
 He,---when a law or sense he breaks,
 Apologizes for *mistakes*,
 "Humanum est errare."

The Sultan's mandates to obey,
 With expedition trots away
 The silent emissary;
 Through haste, an error strange he makes,
 The fool the wrong man's head off takes,---
 "Humanum est errare."

The minister whose blundering head
 A nation has to ruin led,
 Who thought him wise and wary,
 Shrugs up his shoulders at the cries
 Of starving myriads, and replies,
 "Humanum est errare."

There comes a shriek from plunder'd lands,
 Of Indians famish'd on the sands
 Of Ganges or Cauvery;
 This ill got wealth the robbers keep,
 And chaunt, till conscience falls asleep,
 "Humanum est errare."

The reptile, who from home and fame
 Reduced to poverty and shame
 The broken-hearted Mary,
 When taunted with the atrocious deed,
 Will to the rous'd avenger plead
 "Humanum est errare."

If Joe, too, thro' the love of scrip,
 Gives the poor Grecian cause the slip,
 As soon as prices vary,
 O let the unsainted sinner go,
 Remember doubly for poor Joe,
 "Hum-anum est errare."

On, plundering M. P.'s on, ye bilks!
 On on !
 And let not Weithman scare ye;
 Ye will escape, for each shall lay
 His hand upon his heart, and say,
 "Humanum est errare."

SONNET,

WRITTEN AT NETLEY ABBEY,

BY D. L. RICHARDSON.

(*From Friendship's Offering*, 1827.)

Thou glorious Ruin! who could gaze on thee
 Untouched by tender thoughts, and glimmering dreams,
 Of long departed years? Lo! nature seems
 Accordant with thy silent majesty!
 The far blue hills---the bright reposing sea---
 The lonely forest, and the murmuring streams,
 The gorgeous summer Sun, whose farewell beams
 Illume thine ivied halls, and tinge each tree
 Whose green arms round thee cling---the balmy air---
 The stainless vault above, that cloud or storm
 'Tis hard to deem will ever more deform---
 The season's countless graces---all appear
 To thy calm beauty ministrant, and form
 A scene to peace and meditation dear!

Review.

Tales of the O'Hara Family. Second Series. Comprising the Nowlans, and Peter of the Castle. London: Henry Colburn, 8vo. 3 vols., 1826.

But a short period has elapsed since the first series of "Tales, by the O'Hara Family," made its appearance, and created an anxiety among its readers for the second series, now before us. The forcible and lively descriptions, not more remarkable for the delightful touches of nature, than shrewdness of observation, give a zest to the perusal of these tales that is seldom enjoyed. They have a higher claim than merely interesting the fancy and playing upon the heart; they are admirable illustrations of the characters and manners of the farmers and peasantry in Ireland, which, notwithstanding the proximity of its situation and intimate connection with our island, are but little understood here. We were always partial to the Irish characters; not because our grandfather's great grandfather drew his first breath in "Erin's Isle," but from various associations of a mental nature, and warm sympathies arising from its contemplation. The Irish may be hot-brained, blundering, and superstitious; but in all ranks there generally abound a liberal elevation of sentiment and sincere devotion to the qualities of patriotism. Even the lowest classes are blessed with an unaffected liberality that apologizes for their wild uncouthness and semi-barbarism, arising from the sway of an intolerant and bigotted priesthood. Among nations, there are few so hospitable as the Irish. The English pride themselves on their superior refinements, but, in the *qualities of the heart*, they are, in many respects, as a nation, less animated than the sons of this unhappy country. These concluding observations were occasioned by the charming display of rustic hospitality in the tale of the "Nowlans."

"The Nowlans" occupy the first two vols. As stated in a former number, our plan is, when we have an excellent work, to content *ourselves* with a concise delineation of its literary merits, and the *reader* with entertaining extracts exhibitiv of the author's style and merits of the volume. We are assured that this plan will not displease; as critical diffuseness is too easy and common a way of filling the sheet to gratify those who prefer an introduction to the author than a tedious acquaintance with the reviewer. The following extract commences with a description of John Nowlan, the principle character, when under the protection of his uncle.

"John Nowlan never after attended to his religious duties, during his residence under his uncle's roof. This was the time that he became more than ever engaged in riding about to the tenant, in endeavouring to pacify creditors, and in stratagems for his uncle's existence and personal safety. And such a course of life tended, in a way

"different from his feelings for Maggy, to sully his boyish purity of character, and give that mixed one, which leaves its possessor open to great danger for the remainder of his existence. Wrangling with the mean tenants, made him, in some degree, mean also,—at least he felt it did; putting off the creditors, taught him to speak things that were not true; the necessity of countenancing the sheriff's sons, and even the lower law officers, further involved the necessity of drinking more, and oftener, than he had ever done before; and still, though he studied to avoid his unfortunate cousin, he allowed his passion for her to boil in his heart, and her burning kisses to taint his lips; and, altogether he knew himself to be in such a state as made him dread and loathe a visit to the knee of his austere reverend friend.

"But certain circumstances, if they did not cure his passion for the girl, placed him beyond the danger of injuring her and himself in consequence of it.

"Some weeks after the affair of the prayer-book, Mrs. Carey one day entered his room, sat down very leisurely, and after a few preliminary words, said—"You have 'a likin for poor Maggy, I hear, Masther John'."

"John started, blushed, stared, and mumbled.

"'An' if so, maybe ye couldn't do better together,' continued Mrs. Carey—"I know Aby Nowlan intends to give her a purty penny, and you the same, John; an' 'ye have my blessin', between ye."

"John, shocked and disgusted, expressed himself very strongly against the conclusion that he was in love with his cousin; or, even if he were, against the enormity of thinking of her! Mrs. Carey mentioned how all that could be got over by a trip to England, or somewhere; he grew indignant, and added his objections to degrade himself by marrying such a girl, even if she were not his cousin: and Mrs. Carey bounced out of the room, scolding and threatening as loud as she could.

"For a long time after, John and Maggy did not, of course, speak to each other; and all the better for John, as, his eyes now opened, he had time to think of the dangerous folly and the dangerous people he had so long allowed to lure him towards destruction. But, upon a night, after all the family had retired to bed, when there was an alarm of bailiffs or robbers breaking into the house, a loud knocking sounded at his door, and Mrs. Carey's voice, begging for his protection, was heard in the lobby. Hastily dressing himself, he opened the door, and the mother and daughter, hand in hand, entered the room.

"'Let us stay with you, Masther John, let us stay with you,' said Mrs. Carey,—"we have no where else to stay."

"By the light of the moon, he procured them seats. After some pause, Mrs. Carey, hoping it was a false alarm, said she would go out to ask 'poor Aby Nowlan' about it; and John and Maggy were left alone.

"In the imperfect light the moon afforded, she appeared but half attired; her feet thrust into slippers, and some large piece of drapery bundled round her. After her mother retired, she glanced round the room, and 'Oh, dear John Nowlan,' she whispered, 'I'm frightened to death---just feel how my heart bates---did you ever see 'the like?' He perceived, indeed, that she trembled from head to foot; whether from fear exclusively, or with another feeling as strong, though different, he did not think of determining.

"'Och! what's the matter at all---an' what's come over my mother to lave us 'here by ourselves, an' you as much frightened as I am, for you're all in a thremble 'too, John---whisht! an' look! who's at the door?---oh John! John! won't you put 'your two hands round me?'"

"He did so, assuring her there was nothing to fear. She pressed, as if in alarm, close to him. Upon this night John had retired to his room heated, though not to excess, with whisky-punch. He was off his guard. He caressed Maggy long after the necessity for quieting her fears had passed away. She did not repulse him: she did more: she encouraged him. Her advances exceeded his; he saw they did, and was first disgusted, then startled, then master of himself. He flung from her arms; muttered words, which, along with his repulse, the wretched girl, and her more wretched mother, never forgot nor forgave; led her to her chamber door; hurried back to his own; and again went to bed, assuring himself, and perhaps not uncharitably, that he had escaped a plan laid for his downfall.

"About six months after this, Aby Nowlan was a pauper in his brother Daniel's house, and John Nowlan a pauper with him. Maggy and her mother lived near at

"hand in the miserable cabin of a miserable old woman, who got the scanty meal of potatoes on which she barely existed, by wandering through the country with a bag on her back to beg them, while her two or three pounds of yearly rent were paid by the yearly sale of 'a slip of a pig.' How Mrs. Carey and her daughter settled for their board and lodging with this respectable person, remained no mystery. John often met Maggy in his solitary and discontented rambles about the fields, but they never spoke: the poor cast away, flaunting in a wretched display of finery and dirt, always passed him with a brow of settled anger, and, as she tried to evince it, disdain. Strange, to say, he now felt more than ever an unholy passion for his cousin; the sluggish idleness in which, for the first time, he lived, promoting no doubt the tendency to every thing wrong and bad in its nature. Often did he lurk about her path, determined to address her, and, with an impulse to sin, endeavour to make up their late difference. But two or three events checked, once again, his career to ruin.

"Upon a moonlight night, when, hiding in the shadow of a thick hedge, he had been watching her, she passed him, accompanied by a young man of about his own age, but whose dress and air seemed far above John Nowlan's situation in life. The stranger's arm was round Maggy's waist; and his face so turned to her that John could not see a feature of it. The girl sobbed and wept, and addressed her companion in a tone, half of entreaty, half of reproach; and ere they had passed out of hearing, John had no doubt of the cause of her tears and remonstrance. In a few weeks, it was well known that Maggy was about to become an unwedded mother, and that all efforts of her friends to ascertain the name of her seducer proved vain: she would never answer a question on the subject. This, joined to his chance observation of the young man he had seen in her company, appeared very strange to John. While his breast boiled with rage and jealousy, he took every measure, consistent with the secrecy and caution due to his own situation, to discover his successful rival. He resumed, day and night, his stealthful watches of Maggy; but she did not appear again, even alone, in her usual haunts. He thought over the names of all the young men in the neighbourhood, and ventured all the enquiries he durst; still without becoming satisfied.

"To a young mind, the first contemplation of mortality, particularly if it be sudden, or unusually circumstanced, is appalling. John Nowlan felt shocked and troubled, at the bottom of his soul, upon the death of his uncle. The convulsed face, the staring, glassy eyes, the distorted limb, haunted his thoughts, day and night, for months. He slept little; and nothing else found place in his reflections. Maggy was forgotten. No fiery passions could riot in the awed stupor of soul he now experienced. Time rolled on; and his mere physical sensations changed into a new horror, at a review of the unprepared state in which the poor sinner had been called to his last account. From this review of another, his eye turned upon himself, and he started, shuddered, and groaned. Religion still had full influence over him; but it was rather the influence of terror than of persuasion; he heard its awakened voice in the thunders of reproof, not in the whispers of peace; and therefore he groaned and trembled. All that he had fallen from; the depth he still feared---almost wished to fall; the erring past; the obstinate and tempting present; aspirations of one kind; throbbings and wishes of another kind: every thing made him most miserable.

"He shunned the faces of his father, mother, and brother, and used to spend whole days, on pretence of being engaged in study, out in the most lonesome places. He would stretch himself on the grass, and now shed tears of penitence, now tears of passion; now pray to God, now turn to the Tempter, in his solitude. Features and forms of ecstatic influence subdued, at one moment, his whole heart and soul; at another, the mental horizon was blank and dismal, or else alive with very different objects. At last, a time of real trial came: a time, first full of confusion, but next of calm and sweetest repose.

"One morning that "a station" of confession was appointed to be held in his father's house, he sought, in avoidance of it, at an earlier hour than usual, one of his lonely haunts. He could not stand before the brow of his old guide, who was to preside on the occasion. In the country parts of Ireland, where chapels are far asunder, and the peasantry negligent of religious duties, it is the custom for the priest to name certain houses in his parish, to which he alternately repairs to hear the confessions of those in the immediate neighbourhood, thus making up for the want of more chapels, and, at the same time, leaving no excuse to the slumbering zeal of his sometimes refractory flock; and the meetings growing out of such arrangements are called "stations."

"As John sat in his solitary hiding-place, he heard the people troop by him from different paths, to comply with the summons of their pastor to meet him in Daniel Nowlan's house. Young and old of each sex, passed him unseen; men so aged as to be scarce able to creep along; children, who, as they spoke of the duty they were about to discharge, lisped their comments to each other.

"Had he been a murderer skulking from justice, and these the officers of justice looking for him, and speaking of him as they went by, he could not feel more disturbed; his self-respect could not be more shaken; his spirit more crouching. At last, all had repaired to the house, and a dead silence surrounded him. Little relieved he sat motionless; yet, in the pause, his soul filled with riotous thoughts. A light step approached him. He raised his head, and saw Maggy Nowlan.

She came up without any appearance of her former anger, and her beautiful large eyes rested on his. He knew that she had for some time been recovered from the sufferings of a mother; and now, in renovated health, more rounded proportions, and with a bright blush mantling her cheek, John thought she had never looked so handsome. He started up; she extended her hand; he took it eagerly.

"Let us forget an' forgive, John," she said; "we war both to blame; and I have the heaviest sorrowin'.—You know all that has happened, but you don't know what I'm goin' to tell you. I am in want, John; my babby an' me, an' my poor mother, too: she wept real tears;—you loved me once; if you love me still, give us a little help, John;" her eye, voice and manner, told the rest.

"Touched, fired, surprised, and maddened in a breath, he clasped her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers. Then, catching her round the waist, they were walking away, when—"Stop, Sir!" cried a loud, stern voice: Maggy looked in the direction whence it came, and fled precipitately. John muttered a savage curse, that died upon his tongue as his eye settled on the upright, though aged figure of the old priest, his relative and former guide and pastor.

"After a glance, his first impulse was to avoid an interview; but a dogged resentment urged him to confront the person who had given the interruption.

"Stop, Sir, and hear a word from me!" continued the clergyman, coming close.

"I stop for you, Sir, to hear whatever you have to say—and to ask you, in turn, why I am thus intruded upon."—He advanced.

"Do you dare me, wretched boy! detected as you are in the very commission of sin?"

"I am not detected in the commission of any sin—and I do dare you—you or any man who will thus insult me." Again he advanced, clenching his fingers so desperately that the nails pierced the palms of his hands.

"The priest fixed upon him a glance, such as the maniac is tamed by, and after a pause, thundered out—"Come into the house, Sir!"

"No," answered John, still sullenly, yet conscience-struck and confused by the command—"I do not intend to stir from where I am:—why should I go into the house?"

"Will you pretend to say you did not know of my business within the house this morning? Answer me, Sir!—are you prepared to attend to your duty?"

"John dropt his head, and was silent, but not softened.

"You shall come in, John Nowlan!" resumed the priest, seising his hand—"I command you to attend me; refuse—struggle with me."—John did struggle—fling me down, if you like,—I will quit you but with a struggle. Who was the creature that left us? your poor partner in crime?"

"I tell you, Sir!—shaking off the priest's grasp—"you wrong and slander me—you accuse me of sin I have not committed:—if I have erred —"

"Was it, then, but the sin of the mind, John?"—interrupted the clergyman—"can you make me sure of that?"—his voice grew kinder. "Oh, Sir!—something wrought upon—"I was guilty in thought—very guilty—but no more."

"Thank God, a-vich, thank God! my heart gladdens at the word;—thank God, my poor, erring child; you are left pure for your great work yet. Give me your hands in mine, John; you were always my son; I always loved you; I will love you as dearly as ever; for you will again be the John Nowlan I was fond of: this moment you will turn again into your good courses: under your father's roof, and in the presence of your family and the poor people to whom you are one day to be a guide,

" you will kneel at your priest's knee, and make your peace with Heaven, and give a good example; you will come into the house, John; you will my child, you will!"

" The old man held both his hands; his voice quivered; tears ran down his cheeks; tears of zeal, duty, and affection. John Nowlan grasped convulsively the hands that grasped his; answering tears rushed from his eyes; he wept and sobbed like an infant. And in a few minutes he followed the old clergyman like a lamb; redeeming the promise made for him, entered humbly into his father's house: knelt down among the simple crowd there collected; and gave indeed the example that was expected from him.

" Two days after, he was living in the house of his reverend friend, his literary studies renewed, with the sincerest view towards that course of life to which he had been once destined: his sins repented of, and his heart purer and lighter than, since childhood, he had felt it."

The other tale, " Peter of the Castle," is not quite so interesting, but shows equal talent, and the same graces of style and descriptive beauties.

Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse; with forty original designs by Thomas Hood, one of the Authors of Odes and Addresses to Great People, and Designer of the Progress of Cant. London: Lupton Relfe, 13, Cornhill. 1826. pp. 146.

This is a very amusing, and very original, volume. For that species of wit which promotes downright laughter, it is not surpassed by any book within our memory. It consists of a series of humorous writings, interspersed with original etchings, of which it is high praise to say, that many of them are equal in broad fun to the writing. Both the one and the other might perhaps not be considered as coming within the strict rules of art, but we are of that class of critics, who, if we are pleased, do not examine very scrupulously why we are so. The artist might see nothing to admire in the plates, and the abhorrer of puns would infallibly be "disgusted" with the matter, but we have laughed at both, and recommend the book most heartily to our readers, who may wish to unwrinkle their faces with a smile, and are not afraid of being guilty of still more visible, and audible, breach of Lord Chesterfield's regulations for politeness.

We have one objection to make to the author, for attempting to derive humor from subjects, which no wit can possibly make laughable. There is one grievous offence of this kind, in both the tale and the plate of "The Spoiled Child." "The Last Man" is one of the same class which we dislike, although not so sickening as that just mentioned. Sally Brown and Ben the Carpenter, Walton Redivivus, Moral Reflections on the Cross of St. Pauls, Faithless Nelly Gray, appear to us the best, but as these had already either previously appeared, or have been very lately extracted, we shall present our reader with "The Mermaid of Margate."

" On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,

" And the sentimental reads;

" Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—

" Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

- " Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
 " And the Cit to spy at the ships;—
 " Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells;—
 " And the Chandler for watery dips!—
- " There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
 " As lovely and fair as Sin!
 " But woe, deep water, and woe to him,
 " That she snareth like Peter Fin!
- " Her head is crown'd with pretty sea wares,
 " And her locks are golden and loose:
 " And seek to her feet, like other folks' hairs,
 " To stand, of course, in her shoes!
- " And, all day long, she combeth them well;
 " With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;—
 " And her mouth is just like a rose-lipp'd shell,
 " The fairest that man e'er saw!
- " And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
 " Hath planted his seat by her side;—
 " ' Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
 " To make thee so watch the tide?'
- " She turn'd about with her pearly brows,
 " And clasp'd him by the hand:—
 " ' Come love, with me: I've a bonny house
 " On the golden Goodwin Sand.'
- " And then she gave him a siren kiss,---
 " No honeycomb e'er was sweeter:
 " Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
 " That Peter should be salt-Peter!
- " And away with her prise to the wave she leapt,
 " Not walking, as damsels do,---
 " With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept--
 " But she hopt like a Kangaroo!
- " One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
 " Whilst they gallop'd across the tide;
 " At last, on the bank, he waked in his mind,
 " And the Beauty was by his side.
- " One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
 " But his hair all began to stiffen;—
 " For when he look'd where her feet should be,
 " She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!
- " But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
 " In the dabbling brine did soak:
 " At last, she open'd her pearly mouth,
 " Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:
- " ' You crimpt my father, who was a skate;
 " ' And my sister, you sold---a maid;—
 " ' So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
 " ' For lost you are, and betray'd!'

- " And away she went, with a seagull's scream,
 " And a splash of her saucy tail :
 " In a moment, he lost the silvery gleam
 " That shone on her splendid mail !
 " The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
 " And the sky grew cloudy and black,
 " And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
 " Each over the other's back !
 " Ah, me ! it had been a beautiful scene,
 " With the safe terra-firma round ;
 " But the green water hillocks all seem'd to him,
 " Like those in a church-yard ground ;
 " And Christians love in the turf to lie,
 " Not in watery graves to be ;—
 " Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
 " On the land than in the sea—
 " And whilst he stood, the watery strife
 " Encroach'd on every hand,
 " And the ground decreas'd,—his moments of life
 " Seem'd measur'd, like Time's, by sand :
 " And still the waters foam'd in, like ale,
 " In front, and on either flank,---
 " He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
 " There was such a run on the bank.
 " A little more, and a little more,
 " The surges came tumbling in ;—
 " He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
 " And thought of every sin !
 " Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
 " As cold as his marble slab ;
 " And he thought he felt in every part,
 " The pinchers of scalded crab ;
 " The squealing lobsters that he had boil'd,
 " And the little potted shrimps,
 " All the horny prawns he had ever spoil'd,
 " Gnawed into his soul, like imps !
 " And the billows were wandering to and fro,
 " And the glorious sun was sunk,
 " And Day, getting black in the face, as tho'
 " Of the night-shade she had drunk !
 " Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
 " One tub, or keg, to be seen,
 " It might have given his spirits a lift,
 " Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean !
 " But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
 " To raft him from that sad place ;
 " Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
 " Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

- " At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
 " He saw a sail and a mast,
 " And called 'Ahoy!'—but it was not a hoy,
 " And so the vessel went past.

 " And with saucy wing that flapp'd in his face,
 " The wild bird about him flew,
 " With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
 " Why, thou art a sea-gull too !

 " And lo ! the tide was over his feet ;
 " Oh ! his heart began to freeze,
 " And slowly to pulse :—in another beat
 " The wave was up to his knees !

 " He was deafen'd amidst the mountain-tops,
 " And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
 " And wash'd away the other salt-drops
 " That grief had caused to arise :

 " But just as his body was all afloat,
 " And the surges above him broke,
 " He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat
 " Of Deal—(but builded of oak.)

 " The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
 " And chafed his shivering skin ;
 " And the Angel return'd, that was flying away
 " With the spirit of Peter Fin !"

CRITICAL GLANCES.

An Address to the Members of the New Parliament, on the Proceedings of the Colonial Department. London: Longman. 8vo. pp. 36. 1826.

A second edition of this pamphlet, which we alluded to in our last number, has already been published, a circumstance which augurs well for a more rational examination of the West India Question, than it has yet met with. We have entered into the subject at such length in another part of *this* number, that we shall content ourselves with making only one extract, and earnestly recommending the pamphlet to the patient consideration of every one who wishes to form a fair judgment on the question, and particularly to the Members of the Legislature to whom it is specially addressed. The author thus points out the course which he conceives would be best calculated to heal the wounds inflicted upon Colonial prosperity by the precipitation of Lord Bathurst, and the violence of the Abolitionists: a course so just and reasonable, that we cannot contemplate any opposition to it from any but those who will not listen to reason, and are determined upon effecting negro emancipation by the slaughter and ruin of the whites.

"The course which I humbly suggest is, a parliamentary declaration to the effect that there is no intention to deny the rights and privileges of the colonists—that before the adoption of any measures affecting their interests, the fullest and most impartial investigation will be allowed; that parliament is sensible that the condition of the slaves has been ameliorated of late years; that there is, therefore, a well-grounded expectation that the planters will introduce the ameliorations recommended by his Majesty's government, with as little delay as is consistent with a due regard to the safety of the colonies. That in regard to the question of permitting the slaves to purchase their freedom, without the consent of their owners, nothing should be pressed on the colonists until the important subject has undergone the fullest investigation in the way best calculated to do justice to all parties. Such a declaration would conciliate the colonists, and incline them to do every thing in their power to consult the wishes of government. Indeed, I might venture to predict, that in less than three years it would be found that the substance of every important measure in the Trinidad order in council would be found in the codes of the other colonies, save and except the provisions of the forty-second clause, which are more adverse to the spirit of the present day than any of the laws denounced by Mr. Wilberforce, as expressed in characters of blood; and except, also, the clause sanctioning manumission against the consent of the owner. Should my prediction be verified, of which I have not the shadow of a doubt, the question for your consideration would be narrowed to that of 'compulsory manumission;' and that question is of such vital interest, that time ought to be allowed for the fullest consideration, and the most extended enquiry."

The Tor Hill, by the Author of Brambletye House, &c. &c. London: Henry Colburn. 3 vols. post 8vo. pp. 986. 1826.

The chief merit of Mr. Smith, as a novelist, consists in his outlines of character: his heroes and heroines are very monotonous beings, and inconsistencies are by no means uncommon in these personages. Mr. Smith is an antiquarian, it seems; a little less of the dust of antiquity might well be spared, however, in many portions of the *Tor Hill*. The work commences with a picture of Calais, during the period of its possession by the English.

"'Alas the while! sir,' said Dudley, as he walked by his side, 'it was an evil hour and an unlucky deed, when you first altered the old gear of your armour. It ever mistrusted me, that a shrewd blow of a mace or battle-axe would make the beaver start from the sockets of the plackard, and doleful is it that you should pay so dear for being wrong in your principle.'

"'God's precious, sirrah!' cried the knight, starting up in his cart, 'what mean you by wrong in my principle? I tell thee, thou doddie-pate, it is the rarest improvement in head-pieces since the alteration of the bassnet-piece and the barbet; and this would have been as staunch a morion as ever stood the brunt of two-handed sword, had not the cozening armourer (for which may the hangman have the twisting of his neck!) tackled it with treacherous solder. Wrong in my principle, forsooth! When our brave king would assay a new harness of his own, at tilt with the Duke of Suffolk, and his visor, sticking in the joint, left his face clean naked, and the duke struck him on the coif-skull with such force that his lance was splintered by the counterbuff, to the great peril of his highness' life, I showed him that, had he worn one of my improved helmets, he could never have been placed in such jeopardy, and his grace's armourer forthwith borrowed this very head-piece for a pattern.'

"'Would he had kept it,' said Dudley, 'and hammered it into a cook's porringer, so you might have worn one of the old fashion, and have 'scaped this ugly wound.'

"'Tut! boy, 'tis but as a spur to the old war-horse. I have had an arrow in my flesh before to-day. 'Twill be the better for bleeding thus freely: but, sooth to say, it makes me an unseemly figure; and as my beard is sodden, I would fain let it trickle over the cart-side.'

"Any one who had noticed the grisly countenance of Sir Giles, with an iron arrow-head sticking in his cheek, and the gore streaming down his beard into the road, as he propped himself upon the edge of the vehicle, would have deemed that he was travelling his last journey, and that his thoughts would be of the priest and the next world; and yet to listen to him, it might seem that he was whole of body, and hearty of cheer, and bound to some gallant tournament; for his talk was of nothing but feats of arms in battle or at barrier, and of every species of warriors' accoutrement; still, however, bringing round his discourse to his own incomparable improvements of all sorts, but particularly in the mode of uniting the vizer, the beavers, and the plackards."

Again—"Before Heaven!" cried Dudley, 'I wish you had worn to-day an old St. Crispin's helm, that had seen service at the battle of Agincourt, rather than this new head-piece with all its improvements; for methinks your wound runs fresher than before, and you are likely to leave your best blood upon the road, ere we can cross the drawbridge of Montreuil. 'Prithee, my good fellow,' he continued, addressing the driver in French, 'put your beasts to better speed, and it shall be some silver livres in your pocket; your prisoner is a gentleman and a knight, and has quick need of the duke's surgeon.'

"Tush, boy!" exclaimed the knight, somewhat testily; 'a little blood will soon turn a man's beard into a red flag, and I tell thee once more, my wound is nothing, though 'tis pity I drew not out the head, and that the arrow splintered in my hand; whence I conclude it was not of yew, or ash, or hornbeam, but rather of saw or fir, as is the wont with these bungling French, who can neither make fletcher's gear properly, nor use it when they have it.'"

Humbug!!! a Poem, by William Elliot, 12mo. pp. 100. London, 1826: Rowe and Waller.

Mr. Elliot's "Nun" was a very mawkish poem, and "Humbug" is apparently scribbled with excessive speed and carelessness. There is scarcely a line of genuine poetical spirit in it; in fact, to speak with the greatest indulgence, it contains nothing to make us dislike Humbug, except the poem *itself*, which is altogether an Aonian Humbug.

Ahab: in Four Cantos. By S. R. Jackson, Author of the Lament of Napoleon, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 160. London, 1826: Sherwood and Co.

"Reader, hast thou not seen a solitary buoy floating on the vast ocean? the waves dash against it, and the broad keel of the vessel sweeps over and presses it down, yet it rises again to the surface, prepared for every assault---I am like that buoy. Thrice have I appeared before you, thrice have the waves of neglect passed over me, and once more I rise, a candidate for your good opinion. My wish is not merely to succeed, but to merit success. *Palman qui meruit ferat*, was the motto of one who will never be forgotten, and I hope to quote it without seeming to be presumptuous."

"Macte virtute," gallant Mr. Jackson. Should the "waves of neglect wash away" Ahab, we recommend you to turn sub-editor to a paper, (like the author of Ethelwolfe,) and vent everlasting spleen against all sprouting bards: this revenge will perhaps repay you for your unjust treatment; palman qui meruit ferat!!

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES.

THE DRAMA.

MISS MITFORD'S FOSCARI. — We have from our earliest days felt a deep interest in the affairs of the Drama; and would willingly join in some holy alliance to restore and maintain its legitimacy. In common too with our more judicious critics, we have often lamented the prevailing degeneracy of the public taste, as declared in the dethronement of Shakspeare, of nature and her followers, and in the usurpation of inflated *melo-drame* and holiday *spectacles*. We therefore take a lively interest in the success of a revived *old comedy*, (there are no modern ones deserving the name), or of the "last new tragedy;" notwithstanding the fact, that, with but one exception (Maturin's *Bertram*), every tragedy brought out within the last twenty years, has been a *dramatic failure*. We say *dramatic*, for the majority of those productions (the *Mirandolas*, the *Consciences*, the *Vespers of Palermo*, &c. &c.) abound in exquisite passages of descriptive, but not dramatic, poetry. The temporary success of a few of these pieces, does not invalidate our general proposition of failure, as that temporary success was wholly owing to a mono-dramatic adaptation of particular parts to the *mannerism* of popular actors: in other words, that success was spurious and transient. How comes it then that our modern tragedies are either short-lived, or totally abortive? Briefly, because they are neither conceived nor produced in harmony with the movements of nature—because passionate vigour and expression are neglected for ranting declamation—because the measured and elaborate harangues of the Epic muse, are preferred to the simple but forcible language of excited feeling—and above all, because *description* is entirely substituted for the great essential of the Drama—*action*. To develop these views in detail, and illustrate them by examples, would lead us too far from our present office of recording the theatrical transactions of the last month, for us now to enter upon them, and necessary, as experience and reflection will convince that they are indisputable. We merely state them now to assist us in accounting for the failure of Miss Mitford's tragedy, which our gallantry and our duty would otherwise have had a struggle in pronouncing an opinion upon; for we are not of those who would totally confine the sex of the fair authoress to the propagating and suckling of young Mr. Shakspeare, and Mr. Fletcher, and Mr. Massinger, upon the principle that the Tragic muse will not be wooed (we don't say won) in a petticoat. We know the folly of such an attempt, and must therefore soften our opinion of Foscari's failure, by ascribing it to the same cause that produced the failure of its male predecessors. Our readers are aware that the name and dramatic personæ of Miss Mitford's play are identical with those of the worst of Byron's bad tragedies. Fearful that this coincidence might lead to unworthy suspicions of plagiarism, our authoress, with modest confidence, assures us, that her piece was accepted for representation at Covent Garden, long before the publication of the noble poet's drama; and that

"Ere his bold tragedy burst into day,

"Her trembling hand had closed the woman's lay."

(Prologue, by the authoress.)

This cerulean modesty is more becoming than necessary, as every one that sees or reads her performance, will readily acquit her of any very palpable *Byronism* of thought and expression. As well might one of our fair water-colour artists be said to be a copyist of Rubens or Michael Angelo. The plot or ground-work of their respective dramas is quite different; that of the poet begins where our authoress ends. In this particular, indeed, Miss Mitford is more happy than the lamented bard. Her plot is essentially good; and some of her scenes are conceived in a truly dramatic spirit. Would their filling up were equal to their conception! we must, however, hope for better things in her next. The plot of Foscari is simply this—(the scene and dramatis personæ Venetian): Count *Eriazo*, the villain of the piece (well conceived and portrayed by Mr. Warde), being ambitious of the honors of the state, entertains a malignant jealousy of the Foscari family, the possessors of those honours. To gratify both these passions, he induces senator *Donato*, an influential man in the state, and the old friend of the Foscari family,

to quarrel with the Doge Foscari, and to refuse his son *Francesco*, (a kind of Hotspur Romeo, ranted throughout by Mr. C. Kemble, in his usual gymnastic style), the hand of his daughter *Camilla*, (a beautifully drawn character), to whom *Francesco Foscari* had been for some time betrothed. The lovers, however, are constant, and are as legitimately stupid as any we have lately witnessed. *Francesco* visits, at the request of his friend *Cosmo Donato*, (a chaste performance of Mr. Serle) the brother of *Camilla*, his betrothed at the *Donato* palace. *Erisso* over hears the assignation, and employs an assassinating friend of his to murder *Foscari*. Through some means, not very clearly known, *Donato* falls instead of *Foscari*; and from the circumstance of the clandestine visit of *Foscari* to the *Donato* palace at the time of the murder, he is plausibly charged by *Erisso* as the assassin. He is tried before the senate, the Doge, his father, sitting as judge, and found guilty; but in consideration of the rank and services of his father, his sentence is mitigated into perpetual banishment to the Isle of *Candia*, whither *Camilla*, who knew of his innocence, resolved to accompany him. On his way to embark, he is provoked by the insulting language of *Cosmo*, who believes him guilty, and who is naturally indignant at the thought of his sister accompanying the supposed murderer of her father, to single combat, in which he is vanquished. He dies after hearing his innocence acknowledged, and the guilt of *Erisso* proved, and the curtain drops. The trial scene in this play ought to have been most affecting, for its conception is truly dramatic. It went off most unsatisfactorily; nature was neglected in the expected effects of startling incident. We see no reason for *Camilla*'s not declaring her positive knowledge of *Foscari*'s innocence, no matter how unsuccessfully, unless indeed she sympathized with the feelings of the audience, and was glad to get rid of the boaster on any terms. The character of *Camilla* is the best,—that is, the most natural in the piece; and it met with a very interesting representative in *Mrs. Sloman*. By far the best scene in the play is that between her and *Cosmo*, who, by the way, seems to be a great favorite with *Miss Mitford*. We are informed that he is a scholar; perhaps that will explain the eloquence of his speech.

Camilla asks him why he is flushed? He answers,

“ Sister mine,
 “ ’Tis thou art clothed in blushes, why the dawn
 “ Opening her ardent eyes, and shaking wide
 “ Her golden locks on the Adriatic wave,
 “ The bright Aurora, she is sad and pale,
 “ And spiritless, compared to thee. Hast thou
 “ Been *Psyche*'s errand? Or hath some fair vision
 “ Left thee in loneliness?”

After assuring him that she neither received or made these visits, she asks him,

“ Brother, are there no news
 “ Of *Foscari*?”

He replies,

“ None certain: yet is there
 “ A balminess of hope; and stirring rumours
 “ Come pattering round us, with a pleasant sound,
 “ Like the large drops before a summer shower:
 “ They talk of *Foscari* and victory.”

And at this lofty pace he continues throughout, with the exception of the fine scene alluded to between him and *Camilla*, which it would not be easy to match in modern tragedy.

Cosmo asks,
CAMILLA.

“ What of *Foscari*?”
 “ He goes to night,
 “ And I——, nay, start not.”

Cosmo.
CAMILLA.

“ What of thee?”
 “ And I——
 “ We were betroth'd; he goes a sentenc'd wret---
 “ But innocent, most innocent! He goes
 “ To scorn, to exile, and to misery,
 “ And I——, I come to say farewell to thee
 “ My brother——I go with him.”

- COSMO. "Ha!"
- ERIZZO. "She raves.
"Look how she trembles; she is overwatch'd;
"This is a frenzy."
- CAMILLA. "Sir, I am not mad;
"I'm a Donato born, and drank in courage
"Even with my mother's milk. What if I shake!
"Within this trembling frame there is a heart
"As firm as thine. Speak to me ere we part,
"My brother! Speak to me, whatever words,
"However bitter! Any thing but silence,
"Cold withering silence!"
- COSMO. "Sister!"
- CAMILLA. "Bless thee, bless thee,
"For that kind word."
- COSMO. "My sister, sit thee down,
"Misery hath brought her to this pass,—Camilla,
"We had a father once :—he's slain. Would'st thou
"Join this white hand, which he so lov'd to mould
"Within his own; the soft and dimpled hand,
"With one——."
- CAMILLA. "Oh, pure as thine! Believe it, Cosmo, Cosmo,
"Pure as thine own!"
- COSMO. "We have no father now,
"And we should love each other. Stay with me.
"I am no tyrant brother: I'll not force
"Thy blooming beauty to some old man's bed
"For high alliance; I'll not plunge thy youth
"Into that living tomb where the cold nun
"Chants daily requiems, that thy dower may swell
"My coffers; I but ask of thee to stay
"With me in thy dear Venice, thy dear home,
"Thy mistress, mine. I'll be to thee, Camilla,
"A father, brother, lover. Stay with me.
"I will be very kind to thee."
- CAMILLA. "Oh, cruel!
"This kindness is the rack."
- COSMO. "I would but save thee
"From exile, penury, shame."
- CAMILLA. "He said so."
- COSMO. "He!"
- CAMILLA. "Aye, he urg'd all that thou can'st say against
"Himself and me—in vain. My heart is firm,
"I go. But love me still, oh, love me still,
"My brother!"
- COSMO. "Listen."
- CAMILLA. "He said all."
- COSMO. "Camilla,
"I'd save from a crime, a damning crime---
"Did he say that? From such a parricide,
"Such unimagin'd sin. I tell thee, girl,
"The Roman harlot---she the infamous
"That crush'd her father with her chariot wheel,
"She'll be forgotten in thy monstrous guilt,
"Whitened by thy black shame."
- CAMILLA. "Oh, father, father,
"I call upon thee! Look on me from heav'n,
"Search my whole soul---'tis white, oh, when some tale
"Of woman's truth brought tears into mine eyes,
"How often hath he said---Be thou too faithful
"In wed or woe?---And now, farewell! farewell!

"Cosmo, my heart is breaking. Say farewell !

"Only farewell !"

COSMO.

"Stay with me."

CAMILLA.

"No."

COSMO.

"Then go,

"Outcast of earth and heaven, of God and man ;

"Abandon'd, spurn'd, abhor'd, accurs'd ! Go forth

"A murderer's bride---worse ! worse ! What impious priest

"Will dare profane thy holy words that join

"The pure of heart and hand for ye, for ye

"The parricides. — Oh ! that she had but died

"Innocent in her childhood."

CAMILLA.

"One day brother, brother,

"Thou'll grieve for this---now bless thee. — (Exit.)

We cannot finish our remarks without noticing Mr. Young's chaste representation of the old Doge ; it was a beautiful performance, marked by the usual sagacity and classical judgment of that accomplished actor.

A new opera has been brought out at Drury-Lane, entitled, the "Two Houses of Grenada." The music, song, and dialogue, by Mr. Wade. We will dismiss it to its oblivion briefly. The music, imitative of that of the Irish melodies, is occasionally exquisite ; the songs are all stupid, and the dialogue is intolerable. Amphitryon has been revived at this theatre for the purpose of introducing M. LA PORTE in an English character to an English audience, in the part of Sosia. He is an old favorite of ours ; but the part of Sosia was not well adapted for shewing off his admirable talents as a comedian. There are few actors on the stage possess so much of the true vis comica ; we therefore have to lament, that he did not fix upon Figaro for his debut. We expect to see him in this part, and will then enter into a detail of his merits.

At Covent Garden they have revived an historical drama, called Deaf and Dumb, founded on an incident in the life of the celebrated "Abbe de L'Epée." We doubt the wisdom of this revival ; for the piece itself contains none of the essentials of permanent popularity, and can only be tolerated from its being the vehicle through which an authentic fact---the restoration of an injured deaf and dumb orphan, by the zeal and genius of his instructor (Mr. L'Epée), to his usurped rank and possessions, is communicated. It, however, was well received by a numerous audience, and announced for repetition amid considerable applause. In the part of the Orphan, Mrs. C. Kemble was distinguished on its first original representation, as many of our readers may remember.

There are great doings behind the scenes at Old Drury ; so that we hope shortly to introduce something good as well as new to the attention of our readers.

NEW PARLIAMENT.

We live in strange times : and heaven knows, what prodigies we are yet to witness !---Vice and impudence advance with equal paces, while money levels all difficulties, and secures for scoundrels the meed of honesty and virtue. We detest prophetic croakers and the hammering monotonies of crazy surmisers ; but we would ask any man, who is patriot enough to feel for his country's honor, of England's glories, if her constitution, and her importance among rival states, are not miserably disgraced by admitting such upstarts for her Legislators, as those who have lately crawled into the House of Commons?---Vauxhall proprietors, flinging attorneys, jobbers and drapers, are all very respectable men, in their sphere ; but when they have the arrogance to thrust themselves into St. Stephen's halls, and snoot, snort replies, and abortive speeches, where Burke has spoken, and Canning lives to speak, they are the most contemptible specimens of folly and conceit. What does Mr. *** know of legislation ? he may be a good wine taster, but a speaker in the House of Commons is somewhat a different character : then as for his *fidus achates*, **** whose phiz will now be removed from plastered walls, what does he know about legislation ? We have not time to mention all the names of our new mongrel orators, and can only add, that the present Parliament, as now constituted, is a blot on England's honor, that will never be wiped out : we shall not be surprised, since we rival Rome in all those national pollutions that preceded her decline, if the empire should be put up to sale, in imitation of similar Roman enormities ! A friend has handed us the following parody, not inaply applied.

HUMBUG

(ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.)

" And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 " Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 " Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 " I wantoned with thy breakers---they to me
 " Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
 " Made them a terror---'twas a pleasing fear,
 " For I was as it were a child of thee,
 " And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 " And laid my hand upon thy mane---as I do here."

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto 4.

BRITANNIA LIQUITUR.

And I have loved thee, Humbug ! and my joy
 Of sporting madness is to gape, and be
 Borne on thy bubbles forward,—as a boy,
 To wanton with thy follies—they to me
 Are a delight ; and if the phrenzied glee
 Makes them a terror—'tis a pleasing chill ;
For I am as it were a child of thee,
 And chase thy shadows *whereso'er they will,*
 And dream of their support---*as I do still.*

Once when he had returned home from the council-house, and his wife was busily engaged in trying to bathe a screaming baby, he laid aside his official dress with the purse on a table in the room, and being summoned hastily away, he left it there. The mother, having made many fruitless attempts to silence her infant, looked about for some shining object to give to it as a plaything, and nothing being immediately at hand, she took up her husband's purse, and gave the child the town-seal, whose glittering appearance soon distracted his attention from the unpleasantness of the water in which he was plunged.

In a short time the ordinary restlessness of infancy began to work, and the infant, tired with his plaything, let it drop into the bath, without being remarked by the mother; the consequence of which was, that the town-seal was flung out into the street, together with the water.

A citizen, who soon after passed by, could scarcely trust his eyes, when he beheld this important state-instrument lying on the ground before him, and, amazed at the apparent negligence of the Burgomaster, he carried it immediately to the President of the Council, and related to him where he found it.

The President related the adventure to the council, and on the next day, when the Burgomaster appeared among them, he was asked to produce the town-seal. Astonished, but not alarmed, the unfortunate man immediately sought in his purse, but could not account to the others, nor to himself, why it was not there. He requested permission to return home, and fetch it thence, where he thought it must certainly be.

The permission was granted, but the President of the Council, and the Town-executor, were ordered to accompany him, and the latter had instructions, that if he should set his foot beyond his door without the seals, to behead him on the spot. This was done, and the corse of the guiltless counsellor was buried in St. Martin's Church.

Such were the rude notions of those remote ages with regard to the performance of official duties.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT FOR CALAIS.

Upon the winds---upon the waves---
 There comes a voice of fear;
 The tenants of a thousand graves
 Are screaming in my ear;
 They come from ocean and from plain,
 Beneath the walls they won in vain
 With me to wail and weep:
 From rampart and from citadel
 The Frenchmen's shouts of triumph swell,
 And will not let them sleep.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENT FOR CALAIS.

Pale mourner of her child's disgrace,
 I see my father's ghost
 Leading the kings of Edward's race
 To join the shadowy host :
 Well, royal spectre, may'st thou frown---
 Gone is the gem, which England's crown,
 By England's valour won,
 Yet am I worthy that and thee,
 My doom is seal'd---I cannot be
 Despis'd---and yet live on.

There came a fiend---with with'ring breath
 He told a tale of shame ;
 Of blights on England's rosy wreath,
 Of scorn on Mary's name.
 The word of Calais on my heart
 He trac'd as with a fiery dart ;
 And as the letters grew,
 More slowly roll'd the sanguine tide,
 The springs of life within me died,
 My destiny I knew.

O that I could have shed the blood
 So creeping in my veins,
 By drops, or in one gushing flood,
 To wash away the stains
 From me and England---to have gone
 To death in glory from the throne,
 Amid a nation's woe,
 That little deems how much I lov'd
 Their welfare, when I most reprov'd,
 And now can never know.

But they had turned to fancies wild,
 False notions had crept in,
 And as the mother chides her child,
 I smote, but wept, their sin ;
 When I had purified the land,
 How gladly had I sheath'd the brand,
 And sooth'd the desolate ;
 But now my unblest diadem
 Seems dropt with blood for pearls to them,
 A thing to curse and hate.

Gone are my hopes of glory---fled
 My dreams of shout and song---
 Still must I hide my unwreath'd head
 Amid the courtier throng :
 Joy lights for me no sparkling eyes,
 For me no unbought cheers arise,
 And mine may never be :
 Ye Saints of Heav'n, for whom I've borne
 To be abhorr'd---this curse of scorn
 Ye might have spar'd to me.

There is no time to call my brave,
 To win my glory back ;---
 There is no time---the grave, the grave,
 Lies close before my track.
 Still, be it welcome---I've not been
 So happy---daughter, wife, or queen,
 To mourn with life to part.
 Perhaps, too, there may yet be one
 Who'll say for me, when I am gone,
 " She had an English heart."

ZARACH.

PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.—No. II.

MR. SECRETARY CANNING.

“ Mr. Canning is a genius, almost an universal one,—an Orator, a Wit, a Poet, and a Statesman.”---BYRON.

Mr. Canning is one of the few men whose success in life has been more than a realization of the sanguine hopes and predictions of youthful friends and contemporaries---one of the few whose literary reputation has preceded him in Parliament without ultimately injuring him, and who is likely to bear undimmed to the grave the splendour of his school-boy glory. He is one of the still fewer whose rise to power and distinction has been chiefly owing to the fame of that school-boy glory, and to those endowments by which (with crowds of young men, in the sequel less known,) he was distinguished during his career at the university. These youthful indications of talent were the elements of his fortune---the materials of that fabric of power and fame, of which circumstance* may have been the architect, but of which he was himself the sole builder. On this point he may with truth say---*hec sub numine nos nobis fecimus, sapientia duce, fortuna permitente*. No doubt his education, in early as well as more advanced youth, was most favorable to the development of his peculiar faculties. From his parents he inherited a taste for literature. His father was a distinguished pamphleteer, and the author of several verses then much admired; and his mother† is still attractive for her various and elegant accomplishments. At Eton, where he was “ Captain,” a strong rivalry existed against the Harrow boys---a rivalry that induced young Canning, then in his 16th year, (in 1786,) and other clever Etonians, to set up a periodical, as well to assert a literary pre-eminence, as to give vent to their antagonist feelings. To this, called the “ Microcosm,”

* The most influential of these circumstances were his friendship with the then Hon. Mr. Jenkinson, (the present Earl of Liverpool) commenced at Oxford; his connection with Mr. Sheridan; and subsequently his marriage. To the first he was indebted for an early and flattering introduction to Mr. Pitt, who soon brought him into Parliament; to Sheridan he was indebted for the good opinions of the wits and men of letters of the day; and by his union with Miss Scott, he became intimately connected with the Duke of Portland. Lord Liverpool has been his steadfast friend through all times and changes; and Sheridan paid him the highest compliment ever perhaps paid to a Member of Parliament---that of congratulating the House on his accession nearly a year before he opened his lips. The occasion is told in Moore’s life.

† Mr. Canning’s attention to his mother speaks volumes for the excellence of his heart. He visits her (at Bath, where she resides) as often as the public business permits him; and never fails to write to her every Sunday of his life. Mrs. Hunn, (her present name) is well known to an admiring circle for her national predilections. Mr. Canning was censured more than once in the House for his Anti-gallican antipathies. The readers of the Anti-jacobin know his feelings regarding France and French morality: they are not extinct.

he was the principal and most spirited contributor; some of his pieces, though written in the wantonness and rawness of youth, are still worthy of perusal for their vivacity and pointed humour. The following extracts, from one of the earliest of them, will shew the successful ease of his first attempts at versification, and how early the cause of Greece--the cause of liberty, civilization, gratitude, and humanity, (and the cause whose satisfactory conclusion the classic world expects from the hands of Mr. Canning,) engaged his thoughts. The poem is entitled "The Slavery of Greece."

"Unrival'd Greece! thou ever honor'd name,
 "Thou nurse of heroes dear to deathless fame!
 "Though now to worth, to honor, all unknown;
 "Thy lustre faded, and thy glories flown;
 "Yet still shall memory, with reverted eye,
 "Trace thy past worth, and view thee with a sigh," &c.

"This was thy state! but, oh! how chang'd thy fame—
 "And all thy glories fading into shame.
 "What? that thy bold, thy freedom breathing land,
 "Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command—
 "That servitude should bind in galling chain,
 "Whom Asia's millions once oppos'd in vain,
 "Who could have thought? Who sees without a groan
 "Thy cities mould'ring and thy walls o'erthrown?
 "That where once tower'd the stately solemn fane,
 "Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravag'd plain,
 "And unobserved, but by the traveller's eye,
 "Proud vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie,
 "And thy fall'n column, on the dusty ground,
 "Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around." &c.

"Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,—
 "Still recollections prompt the mournful sigh,
 "When to thy mind recurs thy former fame,
 "And all the horrors of thy present shame.
 "So some tall rock, whose bare broad bosom high,
 "Tow'rs from th' earth, and braves the inclement sky;
 "On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,
 "At whose wide base the thund'ring ocean roars;
 "In conscious pride its huge gigantic form,
 "Surveys imperious, and defies the storm;
 "Till worn by age, and mould'ring to decay,
 "Th' insidious waters wash its base away;
 "It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground,
 "And spreads a tempest of destruction round."

(The school-boy detail and elaborateness of this metaphor is observable in his speeches at the present hour.)

By his mother he was related to the gifted family of the Sheridans; in consequence of which, it was his good fortune to spend all his vacations with the author of the best comedy, the best opera, the best farce, and the best speech in the language, and we may add, with the most brilliant wit of modern times. Sheridan was at this time (from 1780 to 1790,) in the full blaze of public admiration and of his meteoric prosperity, and was the means of introducing young Canning to the notice of several of his most distinguished contemporaries; among

others, to Edmund Burke, whose prophetic acumen did not fail him in his auguries of Canning's success as a parliamentary orator, and of his failure if he made the bar* his sole means of attaining wealth and distinction, as he had originally intended. Mr. Canning's admiration and respect for that extraordinary man still partake of the freshness of youthful enthusiasm. Burke's principles are, in a great measure, the rule of his conduct, the guide of his political determinations, and his works are still his daily study; ranking in his estimation higher—as models of perfect eloquence—than those of the Roman orator, and in relation to the English constitution, as safer than those of Demosthenes. He omits no opportunity of testifying his predilection. No later than last session he declared, that every new step ministers are now taking in the career of national improvement emanated from that mighty genius, and would serve to confirm the sagacity of his judgment, revive the sense of his merits, and add new lustre to his reputation. In one of his largest pieces in the "Antijacobin," "New Morality," which is moreover but a paraphrase of Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution,' he apostrophises Burke at great length;—the first lines must suffice as a specimen :

"O thou!—lamented sage!—whose prescient scan
 "Pierc'd through foul Anarchy's gigantic plan,
 "Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose
 "The guilt of France and Europe; world of woes!
 "Thou, on whose name each distant age shall gaze,
 "The mighty sea-mark of those troubled days!
 "O, large of soul, of genius unconfin'd,
 "Born to delight, instruct, and mend mankind!
 "Burke, in whose breast a Roman ardour glow'd
 "Whose copious tone with Grecian richness flow'd,
 "Well hast thou found (if such thy country's doom,)
 "A timely refuge in the shelt'ring tomb."

Mr. Burke sat in Parliament but for two years after Mr. Canning in 1793 entered it. This was in the end a most fortunate circumstance for Mr. Canning, whose admiration of the philosophic orator was so great, as not only to lead, as we have said, to an identity of political views and opinions, but also to an assimilation of style and manner. The comparative failure of his first efforts in Parliament, may therefore be justly attributed to a too close imitation of the character of Burke's eloquence—the most dangerous that a man of Mr. Canning's fancy, playful wit, and Tully-an taste, could well hit upon, It was Apollo learning graceful motion from Hercules. Burke addressed himself too much to the intellect of philosophers, and con-

* Mr. Canning was not entered of Gray's Inn, as has been frequently asserted, but of Lincoln's Inn. While a law-student, he was a frequent speaker at a debating society that held its meetings in Old Bond Street. Sheridan occasionally attended to witness the display of his young friend; and thus confirmed his high opinion of his abilities. It is a remarkable fact—indeed a living commentary on the usefulness of these institutions—that almost all the Parliamentary orators first sledged their wings at debating societies. Oratory at these institutions would thus appear to be a kind of apprenticeship to greater efforts. Whether, and how far, this is a coincidence or a consequence, would be a bad "subject of discussion" to the parties most interested.

sequently valued too little the *immediate* effect of his exertions, to be an effective *debater*. There was no fusing earnestness in his manner—no locality of feeling—no appearance of personal interest—therefore his auditors were cold and unmoved. He spoke too like a man, who, “proudly eminent above the rest, in the shape and gesture” of his intellect, felt, that all mixture of fleshly feeling was a questioning of his dignity, and that the ordinary local interests and emotions of humanity, were derogatory from the character of one who legislated for all times, and all places, and many people. This was evident in the ex-cathedra aristocratic tone of his voice, and in the fixed, seeing-nothing-present stare of his eyes. Like Bossuet, “Il semble que du sommet d’un lieu élevé, il decouvre des grands événemens qui se passent sous ses yeux, et qu’il les raconte à des hommes qui sont en bas.” (Thomas. Eloge.) His standard of perfection was therefore too indefinite and abstract; and the rewards of his ambition placed too much in the applause and admiration of posterity, for him to be very anxious or successful in his efforts to conciliate his opponents, and win the suffrage of his contemporaries. Like Bacon, he knew he would be oftener misunderstood than mistaken; and that as it would take ages to ripen his fame, so it would take centuries to sound its depth, and was therefore indifferent about his temporary reputation. Besides, he confined himself too exclusively to *convince*, by instructing, and thus *demand* support, to be a safe model of imitation in a popular assembly. Consequently, though no orator before or after him, or even in his own time, fruitful as it was in orators, at all approached him in the correctness and consistency of his application of sound general principles to questions of particular growth and interest; in the sustained tone of his philosophy, the practicability of his theories, and in the availableness of his various and profound knowledge, he was, *consideratis considerandis*, one of the most inefficient speakers in either House of Parliament. In addition, no man was less regardful of the amour propre of others, though from the natural vehemence of his temper, no man was more impatient of cavilling opposition. He was altogether a dangerous model to Mr. Canning; the more so, as he had neither Burke’s dictatorial arrogance of tone and manner, nor the domineering influence of his genius; nor his knowledge, at once serious and profound, of the human heart, and of the productions of the human intellect, so essential to bear him out against the offended self love, the prejudices and the interests of his adversaries. Mr. Canning had too much good sense, and regard for his own fame, not to soon abandon a course that probably would have ended only in the shipwreck of his reputation: he was the more enabled to do this by the speedy termination of Mr. Burke’s parliamentary and earthly labors, which we have alluded to. Unbacked by family influence, as he was in early life, the task of *convincing*, by mere fact and argumentative sarcasm, his opponents of their errors, was perilous in the extreme; while that of *insinuating* himself into their confidence, by gracefully *persuading* them of the soundness of his own doctrines, and of obtaining their support, by exhibiting

the defects of their opinions in the light of a playful, but at the same time unmalevolent wit, was that most likely to lead to power and distinction. The wisdom of his choice has been verified by experience. He is now the leading Minister of Great Britain, while Mr. Burke, with superior endowments, and at least equal acquaintance with the machinery of Government, never rose in office above his early post of private secretary to a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

We have said, that Mr. Canning early adopted almost all Burke's views and opinions of great public questions. With him, he has been from his first entrance into public life the invariable opponent of Parliamentary Reform, the strenuous supporter of a gradual and safe abolition of Negro Slavery, and the uncompromising advocate of Catholic Emancipation. For the first, he risked his hopes of extensive popularity; for his temperate discretion with regard to the second, he has been honored with the odium of a fanatic party; and for the third, he has sacrificed the perhaps highest object of his early and mature ambition, that of being the Representative of the University of Oxford (his alma-mater) in Parliament. The grounds of his opinions on these questions are few and definite. That of his opposition to Reform, is founded on the knowledge which history furnishes us of the evils of a pure democracy—of the consequent benefits of a representative form of Government—of the comparative inutility of this form of Government, unless the authority of the people is entirely vested in the hands of their representatives, whose existence depends upon them, and whose interests should be identical with their own; and upon its incompatibility with the genius, the monarchy, and the hereditary council of the British Constitution. With him, Reform; when not a synonym of dangerous innovation, is but a plausible closet theory of some Utopian commonwealth, and the voice of the people, when not the railings of licentious demagogues, but the clamour of excited ignorance and prejudice. He thinks, with Mr. Burke, that the people should rather receive the "tone" from their Representative, than the Parliament from the people; and that in the weather-glass of the State, the House of Commons should be the thermometer, while the moral and physical weight of the people should be indicated by the state of the barometer. The question of Parliamentary Reform thus becomes a choice between a Republic and a Monarchy; it is introduceable into Great Britain, therefore, only by force—the force of the people. They have a physical force to abolish the laws, and trample on the institutions of their forefathers, which we are morally and religiously bound (as well as by our laws) to transmit to our posterity—these institutions being the inheritance of the unborn, and incapable of being destroyed either by the people or their representatives. By the former, for the moment they did so, they would cease to be a nation: by the latter, inasmuch as the people would not suffer any other power to do that in their name, which they could not, and should not, do for themselves. On these grounds he strenuously and successively opposes all plans of Reform; considering the present scheme of the Constitution, with all its

defects, the best that human ingenuity has devised ; and that all proposals of extending the powers of the people, but, in the forcible language of Sir P. Francis, so many vain attempts to build Greek temples with brick-bats and rubbish.

With regard to his advocacy of Slavery Abolition, the fact that slavery per se is a great evil, that it is repugnant to the best feelings of the heart, and to the purity of the British Constitution, is sufficient ground. The only question is, considering that the negro is at best but a full grown child—that the usage of centuries has sanctioned his vassalage to the white—that the property of individuals has been embarked on the faith of legislative enactments, and that the condition of the negro slave would be worse in his native home.* Whether sound policy, humanity, and justice, do not force upon us the conviction of the expediency of effecting that abolition cautiously and gradually? Not to invest the negro with power which he can only use to his destruction—not to rob the planter of his property on account of sectarian whims, or commercial jealousies—and not to deprive the mother country of the aid and services of a valuable colony. This is the view of the question that Mr. Canning has long advocated, and we trust will long continue to advocate—all others are unjust and impolitic.

The condition of the Roman Catholics is equally an evil in itself, and hostile to the free spirit of the Constitution, while their amelioration could not possibly be attended with any but beneficial consequences. To exclude the Catholics from the pale of the Constitution on account of their religion, is to act in the teeth of the principles of Protestantism and of the revolution of 1688—to exclude them on account of the crimes of their forefathers, is too unjust to be more than noticed—and to exclude them now, that the special political occasions for the same laws against them no longer exist, is unjust and impolitic. These considerations acquire tenfold force when applied to the condition of Ireland. We shall enter into the history of the question, when Mr. Peel's particular opinions will be under discussion. At present we shall merely observe, that Mr. Canning's advocacy and bona fide toleration, is by no means confined to its political expediency ; with Locke and Paley, he views the question in its moral influence upon all classes of society. The gist of his arguments is contained in the following passage of Paley :—" The justice and expediency of toleration, we found primarily in its conduciveness to truth, and in the superior value of truth to that of any other quality which a religion can possess ; this is the principal argument ; but there are some auxiliary considerations too important to be omitted. The confining of the subject to the religion of the State, is a *needless* violation of natural liberty, and is an instance in which restraint is always grievous. Persecution produces no sincere conviction, nor any real change of opinion ; on the con-

* This view of the subject has not been sufficiently attended to. Much important light has been and will be thrown upon it by the perilous travels of our enterprising countrymen in the interior of Africa.

"trary, it vitiates the public morals, by driving men to prevarication, under the name of revealed religion, systems of doctrines which men cannot believe, and dare not examine; finally, it disgraces the character, and wounds the reputation of Christianity itself, by making it the author of oppression, cruelty, and bloodshed."

It would be foreign from our design and limits to enter into a minute history of Mr. Canning's career from his entry into public life, in 1792, to the present hour. It is contained in the public annals and Parliamentary Records* of the time, which it will be the duty of his biographer to examine and refer to. His noble conduct on the Queen's trial; and his, if possible, nobler conduct since the death of Lord Londonderry left him unshackled in office, are familiar to our readers. His liberal policy in relation to South America, and more recently with regard to Portugal (and we sanguinely hope soon to add with regard to Greece), has embalmed his name, and that of the country, for the admiration of posterity, who will not fail to view him as the Chatham and the Burke of the nineteenth century. As an orator, Mr. Canning ranks longe intervallo the first in either House of Parliament. No man living has the same power to

" — Make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels," —

for no man living has the same classical beauty of head and countenance—the same insinuating earnestness of voice—the same carelessly diffused grace of manner—the same simple dignity of style and happiness of expression—the same musical collocation—the same flowing eloquence, and, when necessary, the same overwhelming vehemence of delivery. With these advantages, therefore, it is but little praise to say, that to hear him deliver an animated speech, his recent reply on the invasion of Portugal, for example, is, take it all in all, the most intellectual treat of modern times. He was on that occasion completely "thrown upon his mettle;" every word he uttered was pregnant with the most awful consequences. His countenance expressed the deepest sense of his important situation; the eyes of millions were fixed upon him with the solemn silence that precedes an earthquake; war and peace, the "war of conflicting opinions and conflicting interests," hung upon his breath—he warmed; the opposition animated him—his countenance brightened—his eyes glistened—the pride of glory sat upon his lip—his chest heaved and dilated—the Elysian spring of youth diffused itself over his frame—his stature rose above its ordinary height—his attitude became majestic—and he delivered himself with a firm and vehement earnestness of tone and manner, that to be at all appre-

* We have forbore to quote from Mr. Canning's speeches for two reasons.—Our friend, the Editor, announced to us his benevolent intention of treating, gratis, the readers of the "Inspector" to an accurate report of the late important debate on the King's message, including, of course, some of Mr. Canning's happiest efforts; and we wait the publication (in the press,) of all Mr. Canning's speeches on great occasions, corrected by himself, for an opportunity of presenting our readers with a nosegay of his eloquence.

ciated, must have been heard; once heard, never can be forgotten. All this time, the awful responsibility of his situation invested his brow with the most unalterable serenity, and crowned the whole man with a sublime elevation of respect, that pointed to the fame of acts shedding glory on himself, honor and reputation on his country.

The characteristics of his style, are its rapid harmony, its lucid arrangement, and its freedom from affected phraseology. It is pure, classical, transparent, and musical, almost to faultiness. There are no foreign idioms to be met with in it—or any meretricious ornaments; all is chaste and English:—*Genus eloquendi secutus est "elegans et temperatum, vitatis sententiarum ineptiis, atque inconcin-nitato et neconditorum verborum, ut ipse dicit toribus. Præci-puam que curam ducis sensum animi quam apertissime exprimere."* His language is unrivalled for its happy adaptation to the occasion; and is, when necessary, figurative, pointed, and expressive to perfection. Having a fine ear for the collocation of words, and a most felicitous taste in their selection, his sentences are framed in accordance with the highest rules of art, and yet so plain and evident, that even Sir Thomas Lethbridge can comprehend them. The great beauty is, that all this harmonious flowing of his periods is unostentatious, and apparently without design or effort; so that he captivates no less by his unpedantic simplicity and artless earnestness of manner;—the "*modicum vehemens in flectendo in quo una vis omnis oratoris est;*"—than by his modest insinuating confidence, by the turn of his sentences and the happiness of his language. His hearers are by this means unawares persuaded, because they are agreeably amused and agitated, and convinced, because they are thus persuaded; so that their assent is with difficulty withheld, and is often granted they scarcely perhaps know why—or even to what purpose. There is a charm or peculiarity of captivation, not very capable of being described, in Mr. Canning's eloquence, that we have not observed in any other orator. His audience is held in a kind of enchanted suspense between evanescent pleasure and thrilling expectation; so that while the memory is fondly dwelling on the charm that is fled, the fancy and the ear are fascinated with the expectation of what is to follow. The effect of this is similar in kind to that of witnessing the wreathings and convolutions of a column of smoke;—or the momentary beauties and splendours of fireworks, amid the darkness of night;—or rather to the enchanting power of graceful motion in the human figure—heightened as it is by the living expression which it exhibits—*an expression ever renewed and ever varied,—of taste and mental elegance.* In argument, Mr. Canning in general lightens rather than reasons on his subject; "*as if he feared*" (as was said of another great genius,) "*that the slow method of induction and argument would interrupt him*" in his progress, and throw obstacles in the way of his career." This greatly depends upon the nature of the subject: if it demand it, he is remarkable for the logical arrangement of his facts and arguments; if it be one that affords occasion for the display of his wit, brilliant, burning flashes illuminate it, no less by their irresistible splendour

than their happiness and their adaptation. These flashes electrify where they do not convince---batter, where they do not effect a breach; and by always leaving a sense of admiration, acuteness, and splendour, render his vehement reasonings irresistible. No man unites more happily, or with less appearance of art, the solemnity of the appeal with the vividness of the flash---rapid harmony, exactly addressed to the sense---and freedom of remark with the unity of a continued strain of argument, and the bold playfulness of familiar discourse, with the Chatham majesty of sound---the "monarch voice" of a great statesman.

His style, as was said of another great orator, is so perfectly musical, and moves to such a sprightly, animated, and interesting measure, that, as has been observed of Greek, there would be delight in hearing it read, even to one who did not understand it. Like the stone of Sisyphus, his sentences roll down of themselves, rebound and mount again on the other side :---

Αὐτῆς ἰσχυρὰ πιδουδι κυλιδετο γῶας ἀναιδῆς.

We will conclude our account of this great orator and statesman by observing, that as he is now but in his 56th or 57th year,---in the autumn fulness of his powers, much more is to be confidently expected from him.

BALLAD.

The warrior rode on with the speed of the blast,
O'er hills, vallies, mountains, like lightning he passed,
Till he reached the red lake where all terribly gleam,
The turrets of steel o'er the flame rolling stream.

He sounded his horn, on the battlement's height
Appeared false Demara accoutred for fight :
"Give my wife and my child back," Sir Reginald cried,
"First cross yon red torrent," Demara replied.

"I am proof to thy magic, thou false hearted lord !
"On the walls of Jerusalem flash'd this good sword."
He plunged in the lake, the flames innocent roll'd,
Thus again spoke Demara, still vauntingly bold ;

"Thou hast crossed my red torrent, now enter my halls,"
And demons, and giants, appear'd on the walls,
And darkness hung round him, while arrowy show'rs
Fell on Reginald's mail from the magical tow'rs.

"Foul fiend thou hast failed—O virgin, to thee
"A crusader appeals," and he sunk on his knee—
The darkness disperses—the demons are gone—
On the turret of steel stood Demara alone.

"Thou hast vanquished my demons, now try if thy sword
"Can as easily vanquish Demara their lord ;
"Unfold my steel turrets!" the turrets obeyed,
And a hall and a furnace of flame they displayed.

Sir Reginald enters—Demara descends,
"In *this* hall not even thy virgin defends,
"For know, this the fates to Demara revealed,
"Thy life nor to man, nor to woman, shall yield."

"Then a child thus destroys thee!" and swift to his heart
Sir Reginald's son wings the death-bearing dart.
Loud shriek'd he in death, and mid laughter and scorn,
By fiends to the furnace Demara is borne.

Swift flashed the red lightning, the thunder roar'd loud,
The steel castle sunk in a sulphurous cloud ;
And when all was silent, Sir Reginald press'd
His wife and his gallant son safe to his breast.

M. G. L. Jun.

ODDS AND ENDS.

There are several supposed quotations current in society, which are not to be found in the works from which they are supposed to be taken. Every one has heard, seen, and perhaps quoted the famous lines—

“ He that fights and runs away,
May live to fight another day;
But he that fights until he's slain,
Will never live to fight again.”

These were long attributed to Butler, and were said to be in Butler's *Hudibras*; but this, after a rigid examination, has been found not to be the case; the only lines which have any resemblance to them, being—

“ But he that runs may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.”

Not less celebrated is the following apostrophe, or rather exclamation, on England:—

“ O barbare Angleterre, où le fatal couteau,
Tranche la tête aux vois, et la queue aux chevaux !”

These have been erroneously stated to be in Voltaire's *Henriade*. The real author of them was a French poet, called Descazeaux, on the following occasion. Several individuals at a large party were complaining, that Crebillon did not finish his long-promised tragedy of *Cromwell*. Armand, a facetious gentleman of that species of jesters called hoaxers, turned to Descazeaux, and said, “ Ah! if you had but the inclination, that subject would be finely treated in your hands.” “ And why not?” said Descazeaux, swelling with gratified vanity; “ I can, at least, manage it more quickly.”

Some days afterwards, Descazeaux drew his pretended admirer aside: “ Here,” said he, “ is my first act already finished; you may judge of the high style I have aimed at, and expect to sustain, by this monologue alone, which serves, in some manner, as a prologue to my play.”

What were the astonishment and delight of the malicious Armand, on reading the following verses:—

“ Barbare Nation, don les sanglans couteaux,
Coupent la tête aun Rois, et la queue aux chevaux !”

The verses flew round Paris like wildfire, and have ever since been repeatedly quoted as a jest by Voltaire; whereas they were, as above stated, the serious results of a *genius* more qualified to admire than to write poetry.

MOLIERE AND RACINE.

When Molière's "*Misanthrope*" was first produced, Molière and Racine were at variance with each other. A flatterer in the hopes of pleasing Racine, told him after the representation, that the play had been condemned. "I was there," he added, "and can assure you nothing could be more dull." Racine answered, "You were there, and I was not there, yet I do not believe you. It is not possible for Molière to write ill. See it again, and judge better."

A TYRANT'S JOKE.

Pope Innocent the VIth sent to Bernardo Visconti, two Abbots as messengers, bearing with them letters of excommunication. They met him surrounded by his followers, on the bridge of Lambri. Bernardo was highly incensed in perusing the letters, but concealing his anger under a polite demeanour, he asked the messengers whether they were hungry or thirsty? The messengers, however, casting a glance at the river rolling deep below, suspected the manner in which the tyrant meditated assuaging their thirst, and declared they were hungry. "Good," answered the duke, "then eat the letters of your employer;" and the poor abbots were immediately compelled to swallow the tough and nauseous parchment with the seals, to the very great amusement of the surrounding courtiers and followers of Visconti.

THE DUEL.

A GERMAN STORY.

I was quartered with Prince Eric's regiment of Hussars in garrison. The town was pleasant, had an agreeable situation, picturesque environs, gay and hospitable inhabitants; but what was of most importance to a young officer, and made it like a very paradise, was the number of pretty girls which it contained. Chief among them for beauty shone the beautiful widow of General von Unstrutt, who lived in great privacy with two daughters; the eldest of whom had lately been married to the captain of my squadron. Since that time, the lovely family mixed very seldom in general society; we, young Lieutenants and Hussars, sought the charming Matilda in every ball which was given, but in vain. Nothing remained to us but daily to parade before the windows of her dwelling on horseback, and to receive a modest courtesy, or a friendly smile, which were eagerly seized by each as a proof of favor; a thing easily imagined by young, impetuous, good-looking, handsomely-accounted Hussars in their first campaign. Each flattered himself with making an impression upon

the maiden's heart, and each had about an equal right to do so; for the dear girl was very good-natured to all, that is, *polite*---nothing more, only the politeness of a charming young woman is a thousand times more graceful and touching than that of any other person. My good Bayard must have been highly astonished when, on approaching the widow's house, he felt my legs press his sides, and was reined up so tightly that the fire started from the pavement beneath his feet; however, he soon became accustomed to his master's humour, and, on reaching a certain part of the street, learned to set off of himself into a graceful and curvetting gallop.

As I said, most of us young soldiers were, more or less, not exactly irreparably wounded, but severely grazed by the darts of love; but the powerlessness of our personal merits to produce a favorable impression on the fair one, soon made us look to other sources of hope. We all saw captaincies and colonelcies in the perspective, and ardently wished for war, or a plague, to give us promotion, that aided by high rank we might stand a better chance of success.

About this time, our regiment was joined by a young Pole, as Lieutenant, whose beauty attracted all eyes. Jealousy and self-love were silenced at once, and we were compelled to acknowledge the young Rosowsky as the handsomest officer among us. Health and benevolence shone in his untamed glances, dark-brown locks curled over his lofty and majestic forehead, and under the short mustachio his smile displayed two rows of teeth which rivalled ivory in whiteness; his face was one of those which it is impossible not to love, whether we wish it or not.

Rosowsky was not less admirably formed; his uniform sat upon him with the most enchanting exactitude; and, in riding, he seemed to make but one figure with his horse. He himself alone seemed unconscious of the advantages with which nature had gifted him; he carried himself modestly and respectfully towards his superiors, amicably towards his equals, was exact in his duty even to the minutest punctilios. At first, he joined in all the pleasure-parties of the officers; but gradually retired into a privacy of living, which was the more extraordinary from the eagerness with which his society was sought.

No one could naturally account for it, that any one could be so young, so handsome, and a Lieutenant of Hussars withal, without participating, to the utmost, of all those pleasures of life which smiled upon him so flatteringly, and abandoning himself to their endearments with all the thoughtlessness of youth. He, on the contrary, passed evening after evening in the company of an attendant of dry and caustic humor and but small conversation, or else with a retired veteran who had been long stationed in the place, and who till then had led a life of almost complete solitude.

It was at length accounted for among us, by referring it to an unhappy attachment, and it was whispered about, that the discovery of an amour with a princess of his father-land, had compelled him to

seek safety in flight, and to enter our service. The romantic weave their stories from the smallest shadow of a thread ; and the Rosowsky was nolens volens guilty of having shot a rival in a duel. The young princess was disposed of in a cloister, and he, as every one saw, shunned like a hermit the joys of life, to indulge in the painful remembrance of his accumulated sufferings. They overlooked what ought not to have been overlooked, that so blooming and healthy an appearance as that of Rosowsky, accorded very ill with the lamentable history which had been invented for him. I, at least, could not reconcile his alleged fate with his real beauty ; and I was tormented with anxiety between doubt as to the truth of this story, and the wish to become better acquainted with my young comrade, whose whole demeanour seemed to betoken that he was formed for love and friendship.

An unexpected accident brought us together : and we formed with all the ardour of youthful blood a friendship, which still renders it a matter of deep regret, that our duties should have so entirely separated us. I soon fell into the habit of spending most of my evenings, instead of in the coffee-houses, in the company of my friend ; who introduced me to the old Captain, an experienced and well informed warrior, who had raised himself from the ranks to his present dignity, and adorned with honorable wounds, was compelled to seek retirement. He had known Rosowsky's father in earlier years, and this had produced the attachment of my friend, which was as warmly returned as if a second father had been restored to him.

There was of course not a word of truth in the story told of his unhappy attachment ; on the contrary, Rosowsky assured me he knew love only by the name ; and altogether shunned all adventures of the kind, which he observed always came to a disgraceful termination. He considered it as but discreditable gallantry, to entice the affections of a credulous woman merely to deceive her ; and as for marriage, it was folly for him to think of it under his circumstances.

" But, dear Rosowsky," said I to him one day, as the subscription-list to an entertainment was brought to him, but in which he declined participating, " why do you withdraw yourself from all the pleasures, which have so many attractions to the young ? I admire your prudence, and agree with you, that a man may be happy without either debauchery or gaming ; but I do not see the slightest objection to share occasionally in the moderate sports of friends, and to enjoy rational gaiety with the gay." " Nor do I,—but to speak sincerely, my purse will not allow me."

He now related to me with the utmost candor, that the circumstances of his family from the various miseries of his father-land, had been reduced to the most deplorable condition ; that his expenses necessary for his equipment were already a burden too great on his parents, and that he considered it the duty of an honorable man to deny himself every superfluity, and to avoid all expenses, such as the entertainment alluded to would necessarily involve.

"Be my guest, my dearest brother," exclaimed I, warmly clasping his hand. "I cannot feast at another's cost," he replied, "least of all at my friend's. Do not call this resolution, pride. My poverty is not disgraceful, and casts no stain upon me, so long as it does not betray me into weakness. I do seek to conceal it from prejudice; but I know how to act at the right time, as I ought; and at others, my withdrawing may, as it happens, become the theme of wonder, praise, or blame. I am thankful for your friendship, and I know it will respect both my honor and my secret."

I relate this conversation, because it demonstrates my friend's character, and is connected with the remainder of the adventure.

Without any deviation from friendship, I continued my ridings before the house of the general's widow, and frequently in Rosowsky's company, who soon began to remark the beautiful fairy of the spell which assailed me.

We spoke of her, and I always overflowed in idolatrous praise of the noble, admirable creature, till he said to me, and smiling, "Ay! ay!"—shook his head, and held up his finger threateningly. "Do not fear." I replied in equal jestingness of humour, all admirer as I was, "it is indeed a lovely flower, which I may admire with impunity, since I feel it does not bloom for me."

But, my good Rosowsky, he was caught, he shared my admiration, and I remarked, God knows without envy, although I freely own a considerable portion of affection, that the lovely Matilda gradually paid my friend more attention than any one of us had ever shared.---I, in my turn, mimicked to him his playful---ay! ay!---but he fell upon my neck and said,---"Brother, she is an angel! oh that I could enjoy her company a little nearer, only for ten minutes!"

I reminded him of his circumstances; it might be cruel, but it was sincerely meant, and I was moreover urged by my real zeal for his happiness.

"I will never forget," said he, "the danger in which I stand, but is it possible for any one to wander in the beams of such a sun without becoming warm?"

The arrival of the reviewing general, who presided over the district garrisons, at length gave my friend the wished-for happy opportunity. A ball was given by the officers of the garrison, to which all the noble families of the town and the neighbourhood were invited; we went thither in the most glowing expectation, little dreaming what misfortunes threatened us.

We entered the lighted saloon. In the parterres of blooming ladies, rose Matilda von Unstrutt, surrounded by a host of youthful admirers, and, at her side, the rich, the unmarried Count von Hainfels.

A brilliant waltz was played from the orchestra; Matilda, as the partner of the Count, flew through the hall, lighter and more graceful than a sylph.

"Happy man," sighed Rosowsky.

"You may have the same happiness, my friend," said I, "deter-

"mimed dancers are welcome every where, where dancing is. I will go before and set you a good example; follow me, and you may heal your anxiety."

Mingling in the variegated and joyous whirl of the dancers, I lost sight of Rosowsky for a time, till I saw him in the circle at the side of Matilda. All eyes followed them in astonishment, some perhaps envying the happy pair, who appeared to be borne through the circling maze in the transports of the most unsullied joy. Both revelled in the extacy of the moment; and Rosowsky, who lingered by Matilda when the dance was over, appeared, in the delicious proximity, to have forgotten every thing. I watched the general's widow, who fixed a very serious gaze upon the young couple; the Count von Hainfels also had an uncommonly long face, and did not appear, by any means, to relish the young Hussar's vivacity. It did not escape me that he soon afterwards fell into conversation with the Captain, who was the son-in-law of the widow, and appeared exceedingly earnest; and that the latter drew up his eyebrows with a most supercilious glance. Let them rage, thought I, beauty is not destined only to rank and riches. Being challenged by some of my comrades, I went into an anti-chamber, and was drinking a glass of champagne when Rosowsky came in to seek me with a face that foreboded nothing good.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

RESIGNED AND UNRESIGNED.

TO ——— ON HEARING OF HER MARRIAGE.

How quickly *thou* hast understood that we may live apart!
 'Tis true, I did, in words, resign the empire of thy heart;
 But, looking into mine alone, how little could I tell
 That when I said, "forget our love," thou wouldst obey so well!

So! while I gave thee back the vows which might have made me blest,
 And said I would control the love that once my lips exprest,
 Those flattering words to thee were all that could my mind disclose;
 Thou didst not see how high my heart against the falsehood rose!

It was unalterable love which nerved me with the power
 To speak the fatal words that wove the anguish of this hour:
 I did not dream that, 'twixt us two, disunion *could* be wrought,
 And what affliction it might bring had never cross'd my thought.

And it was right that we should try to love each other less—
 But was it well to find so quick, so easy a success?
 Yet can I wonder that to thee my heart was not more plain,
 Ah! did I know, myself, till now, the love it could contain!

I said I would not have thee share my dark and lowly state;
 I said I could rejoice to hear thou hadst a happier fate;
 And do I not rejoice, then, now? and does my heart repine?
 Oh! let it break with any grief but that of causing thine!

To tremble when a thought of thee comes o'er my lonely soul;
 To find in memories of thee my darkest moments roll;
 To shudder if I chance to dream thy heart with mine may beat,
 And feel that to possess thy love would make my ills completé:

All this is now my destiny—it is a fearful change!
 Methinks it would subdue me more if it were not so strange;
 As yet, I seem to weep for woes I can scarce understand,
 Told in the tongue of some remote, some new discovered land!

A*****H.

HINTS ON THE SCIENCE OF DREAMING.

MR. EDITOR,

I think you will be disposed to admit, that general science has been an infinite gainer, by having separate enquirers to different branches of information. Indeed, it cannot be denied, that a much more close and accurate knowledge must of necessity be arrived at, by philosophical observers limiting themselves to particular subjects of enquiry, pursuing them with multiplied experiments, and consequently with a more keen perception of the proper and applicable methods of investigation. I have no doubt but you will consider this a sufficient apology for my troubling you with the results of a very long series of experimental observations and researches, on a particular branch of our mental economy, I mean on the phenomena of Dreaming. These remarks are, I think, peculiarly my own; and while one man justly obtains approbation for successful contrivances for the promotion of the moral and physical comfort of man, while he is awake, I hope to claim some share of support, for furthering the same benevolent designs for my fellow men, while they are asleep.

Apart from any of the solemn, though albeit moral, reflections with which a contemplation of sleep very naturally inspires us, it has been my design to view it in relation only to our present comfort, to the positive pains and pleasures we are involuntarily called to undergo, by that mental operation and play of the fancy, called Dreaming. It cannot, by any thinking man, be considered as a trifling matter, or as one with which we have no other concern, than to speculate upon the causes, and laugh at the effects. I have now been a dreamer for fifty years, man and boy, and what have I not endured, what misery have I not been called upon passively to suffer, what horrors of the Inquisition have I escaped; moreover, what delights have not refreshed my soul, during the thirty years of that time, which have been passed in sleep? Devoured by lions—danced with angels—roasted by cannibals—revelled with princes—fire—witchcraft—flying—paradise—sorrow—marriage and death!

I have no intention to explain my views of the metaphysical part of this subject, which I have for years endeavoured to analyze, and reduce to rules by personal experiment; whether dreams are to be accounted for by the ordinary laws of imagination and association; or whether the theories of Hobbes, Hartley, or Bishop Newton be the more correct, or agreeable to my experience, I need not now explain. It is sufficient for my purpose, that we do dream, and that *all* agree, that these phantasms are intimately connected with our physical and corporeal sensations. By a liberal and philosophical attention to my hints, I do not hesitate to affirm, that you, or any of your readers, may control the character of your dreams, rendering them agreeable, or at least neutralize them, thus freeing yourselves from the bondage and despair of resigning your bodies and souls to your beds, uncertain of the tortures and exasperations of the coming night.

Some half-informed physiologists, with whom my experience is entirely at variance, have attributed much of our unpleasant kinds of dreaming to repletion of blood in the sinuses of the brain, and other gabble of the like kind. I say, after experience without end, it has no more to do with disorganization of the circulation of the brain, than with any other bodily ailment. The chief cause, on the contrary, of all this imagery, being a derangement of the sinuses of the stomach and digestive organs, or all or any of the untold sinuosities of our alimentary canal. What! am I to be told of blood in the brain, when a veal cutlet in the stomach will any day cast me down, and raise twenty devils on my ruins? Am I to be referred to phrenological circulation, when a basin of mock turtle soup, half an hour before going to bed, will raise, as if in revenge, a thousand sires of the calves from which it was made, by whom I am hunted and gored, breathless and agonized, until day break?

All the worst kinds of dreamings which occur to persons not absolutely racked by a fever, are, as my experience tells me, the results of indigestion, and of overloaded viscera; *dulcia se in bilem vertent*. Only call to mind, Mr. Editor, your last touch of incubus. You had dined at eight; you never had a better dinner; the removes good—the dishes various—the sauces—how blest was your friend in his cook! You got into bed. Do you remember the hag, whose rags and bones weighed at least a thousand stone, how relentlessly she perched on your breast? Of what avail were your sighs, your groans, your guttural exorcisms? There vanquished soup, there shone the glory of *paté à la perigord*—there lobster sauce triumphed. Oh for blue pill, as a physical, as well as moral, antithesis to blue devil! Let every man who has the night-mare, eat less, and sleep on his side. If he already eats little, and has it, be he assured he eats too much, or wants salts. I, who know these truths, have not had the night-mare these ten years; but set me down the last thing at night to a venison pasty, and for four hours after I got to bed, I should literally have to fight for breath and temporal salvation!

What sometimes happens in very great degrees, happens more commonly in less. Nature, Providence, Abernethy, and Dreaming, are all against clogging and turnpiking the interior. People, in general, really have no idea at what a sacrifice they guttle; I mean, even in what is called moderation. Let every gentleman, and every lady too, when they arise after anxieties and terrors of the night indescribable, feyered and distracted, let them cultivate the grace of self-examination, on the subject of cooks, cookery, and eating. Let them honestly ask of themselves, with the fear of the night before their eyes, what did I eat, what did I drink, yesterday? Multitudes, I have no doubt, in bitterness of heart, have been led to question Providence and the gospel, and to covet death, owing to that exacerbation of spirit, produced by the endless tortures of repletion, awake or asleep, in bed or out of it. I have sometimes in the night watches, when high and solemn imagery peculiarly impresses us, (mine however is always of a pleasant character,) reflected on the state of suffering

in which thousands of my fellow-men were at that hour probably plunged. Some suspended over precipices, others sinking by earthquakes, many swept away by floods, scorched by fires, married to shrews.—Awful visions! I have murmured to myself, see the results of gray and of black bile.

“Good eating deserves good drinking.” This is the adopted saying of those who mean to make beasts of themselves by excess in both. It is my experience, that no quantity of drink, per se, ever produced the night-mare. Yet I have, notwithstanding, found the most horrid notions engendered, by all spirituous compounds, from champagne to small beer. A strict guard must be kept on this by dreamers. Be cautious of French wines. I remember spending a whole night, with a hook in my middle, as a bait for fish, owing to no other earthly cause than a bottle of sour claret. Brandy begets strife and bloodshed in sleep; and beer, heaviness and palsy. I have three times, neither more nor less, had my whole set of teeth entirely out, numbered in the palm of my hand, by drinking new Port. I trust these hints, to a class of men like the readers of the Inspector, will be more than enough.

These are the great causes of unpleasant dreaming, the things to be considered in primis; but other operating causes, though of minor importance, are not to be overlooked. All noises and distracting sounds are the parents of horrors. They not only awake and disturb, but are grafted upon, and united with, the dream, with singular combinations of discord and misery. I long tried every inn of court and set of chambers in London for quiet. Thank heaven! I have at last found it. I sleep in the back attic. No children in the house. My landlady, who knows my humor, and consults it, suffers no knocking at the doors or ringing of bells, no milk to be cried but in a whisper. In short, it is the very place of all others for a dreamer. There is, however, an awful visitation which I know not how either to remedy or endure. The serenading, sonneteering, soul-annoying cats! No longer ago than last night the music of an exquisite choir, was changed at a divine cadence to the howlings of lost spirits. I have sometimes breathed slaughter, but of what avail is it? The arsenic of ten mines would want efficacy, among the throngs of our feline population. Great conquerors have been known to look upon the ocean, and reflect with melancholy humility upon their own littleness, when compared with the power of that mighty and ungovernable element. I sometimes look upon my landlady's sleek and well-behaved cat, as she meekly steals along, looking askance at me, and a sense of my utter weakness, my mortality, seems to be forced upon me with peculiar power and emphasis.

Of all the negative qualities in the science of dreaming, these are the most important and consequential. But they are but negatives. Man wants something more than merely to be free from misery. To lie in bed, with no more sensibility than your pillow, no more mental energy than your bed post, is the lowest aim of science, the meanest object of an immortal mind. A ruffian, whom some amusingly call

a philosopher, one Dr. Franklin, an American, I am told, published an essay, addressed to a lady, on the art of procuring pleasant dreams. And what do you think his art is? Why, that being wakeful and disturbed, you should first of all kick on high the bed clothes to cool yourself; and in the event of this failing, to quiet you, you should step out of bed, no matter if the thermometer be at Zero, and imitating Don Quixote in the mountain, pace your room in your night shirt! Night dress, I should have said, remembering that the abominable design is communicated to a lady.

Any man, having a wife and children looking to him for succour, and who would try this experiment on himself, must be a scoundrel, an unregenerate villain, who deserves to be made to sleep in his bed at night, by twelve hours exercise at the tread wheel during the day. What social right can any man possess, to run such a risk of making his wife a widow, and bringing his children to the parish? But very lately, during the last dog days, indeed, a man of sanguine temperament, bitten by fleas to an intolerable degree, got out of bed in the extremity of passion and despair, and regardless of the protestations of his wife, hanged himself in his garters! This conduct was mild and contemplative, compared with that of him, who should try Franklin's method of suicide, with the thermometer under 70. I once tried it with a philosophical view, and who shall describe the cramp, the rheumatism, the torturous tooth-ache? Suffice it, that if I were to be hanged to-morrow at eight precisely, I would not accept a reprieve, on condition of renewing the experiment. A rope is the preferable mode of death of the two. And as to a lady cutting these demoniacal capers! Any female who—but I have done with it.

I propose to communicate a few important hints to the real amateurs of dreaming, all of which I can recommend as tried things, and unlike the quackery just alluded to, unattended with danger, or risk of life. Let your room be a medium size. I hate your Westminster-hall kind of bed rooms. How are you to live through a winter, sleeping in one? A closet is worse. In one of the first kind which I had, I dreamed of nothing but being out hunting bears with Captain Parry, in nankeens without drawers; and in one of the latter, I was regularly twice a week, a rat in an air pump. Twelve feet by sixteen is the size.

The thing of first consequence, after the room, is the bed. And here arises a pretty clamor. "Sleep on no feather bed," says a physician without patients to kill; "they absorb and imbibe the perspirable vapors, which are again re-absorbed and re-conducted through the pores, to the annihilation of health." "Horrid contrivance!" loudly echoes a brother quack, "heating and distorting the limbs, legitimate ancestor of weakness; disordering all the bodily functions, and obstructing the secretions. In a word, your feather beds are the great patrons of the sexton and undertaker." Cease your clatter a moment, and let me be heard. It is a lie altogether. Tell me, Gallipots, where you find any better forms, any better health, or more uniform vivacity, than among those who use them? Do not let them be too large, excess is no doubt pernicious. Sleep on about forty

pounds of good white goose, and you will not repent it. Get to fifty of down, and your bed, instead of a comfort, is a trial, a torture, a vapor bath, a hell upon earth.

But having got your bed, the misery is, not one chambermaid in ten thousand knows how to make it. There is an innate, inbred principle of sin among them all; they all covet to lay the heels so infernally high. This is an ancient error. See an old state bed, in a palace, which is made by tradition, and the heels are two feet higher than the bolster, by any spirit-level in the kingdom. I know, if I were the coroner of a county, and called to consider one of your sudden deaths, I would, first of all, ask about suppers, cross-examine the cook; but I would especially sift to the bottom what was the level of the bed. Thousands have died in supposed apoplexies, from no other cause than this noxious vanity, this chambermaid's display of art and elegance. Let the bed gradually incline from the pillow to the feet, about one inch fall in a foot, and if you cannot get it well done, alter it yourself—nothing on earth repays your time and anxiety better interest.

There is one thing you *may* get done, the sheet well tucked in at bottom. My landlady had once a chambermaid, whose whole glory was a display of sheet on the *outside*; it amounted to a complete passion, and a rascally vice it was. No sooner had I got to sleep, and perhaps in the first act of a good dream, than the second turn brought up the linen from the bottom, which gradually twisted to the figure and consistence of a man-of-war's cable. What hope for peace that night? As to dreaming, when sleep overcame my rage and exasperation, what was it but to be awakened to sorrow, by the terrors of being let down Freshwater cliff, bird's nesting, by a rope tied round my middle—or to be broiled on St. Lawrence's gridiron? I soon taught her better. Women, after all, have some reason.

But where is the use of having a philosophically constructed bed, if you do not study a scientific and accurate method of lying in it?—you may as well put a Troughton's equatorial sector into the hands of an Esquimaux. The truth is, not one person in ten knows the philosophy of lying in bed, any more than the quadrature of the circle. One fellow puts his hands and arms in fantastical shapes over his head, imitating the picture of a shepherd reclining, in a frontispiece to an old edition of Phillips's Pastorals. Another sprawls on his back like a frying flounder, ille stertit supinus. A third, the reverse of the last, realizes the description Sallust gives us of the beasts that perish, *quæ natura prona, atque ventri obedientia finxit!* By all these methods, embarrassing the circulation, and holding in bondage the lungs and viscera. How then is it? Begin on your right side, a little inclining backward, so that you do not press on your arm, and impede the circulation of the subclavian arteries—your legs ad libitum, but tolerably straightened. If you turn, *da capo*, the position on the other side. How beautiful is the simplicity of an accurate and well-digested philosophy!

Talking of legs, I cannot forbear a case in point. A friend of

mine, a clergyman, and a great polemical reader, one night got into bed at ten, and, laying his legs uneasily, had a soul-harrowing, dreamy visitation. His limbs were presently converted into theological disputants! One represented a wily Arminian, the other a hot disciple of Calvin. All hope of rest was banished. They kept up an incessant controversy until six in the morning; he supplying, in his sleep, the arguments and texts from his own mind and information. Horrid vision! Look to your legs.

Observing these points, and not outraging your conscience and spirits by thinking about, much less discussing, Catholic Emancipation, and the Corn Laws, you may spend six hours each night, at least, either in agreeable discourse with ancient and modern worthies, in the Elysian fields; or, in rapturous musings amidst grander scenery than any that is really furnished by nature or art.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your well-wisher,

SOMNIOSUS.

TO THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Thy goal is almost won,
 Thy task is almost done,
 A few short hours and thou shalt be
 Mingled with past eternity.
 O that I could awhile delay thee,
 That prayers or tears would stay thee;
 That ere thy flight
 Is clos'd in night,
 I yet might leave of mine
 Some worthier, nobler sign,
 Of talents, fairly us'd,
 Of moments not abus'd,
 To be upon the record shown,
 'Tis thine to place before the Eternal Throne.

Spirit, what legacy,
 What token of thy course,
 Hast thou bequeath'd to me?—
 Remorse!
 'Tis in my heart, and in my brain,
 Stamp'd deep in characters of pain.
 Hadst thou left grief alone, thro' pride
 The murmur on my lips had died;
 I ever scorn'd to whine or sigh
 On what I knew my destiny;
 To feel, like all the rest, who bear
 Of humankind the form and doom,
 The interchange of joy and care,
 Up from the cradle to the tomb.

I should have found within my soul,
 Against all suffering a resource,
 And gather'd from myself control
 O'er every evil—but remorse.

I have been false to heav'n,
 By whom that soul was giv'n;
 I have been false to those who lov'd me,
 Who watch'd me since my life began,
 Who hail'd with joy the future man,
 From what they in the boy approv'd me,—
 I have been false to my own vows,
 Renew'd at noon, forgot ere eve,
 And now not even hope allows
 One dream to flatter or deceive.

It is too late to win the prize,
 I vainly struggle to despise,—
 It is too late, for youth and health
 Are gone,---and more than all, the wealth
 Of mind is lost,---of feelings high---
 That look on dangers to defy;
 That bear the daring spirit on,
 Unshrinking, till its goal be won;
 I had them—but I us'd them not;
 I had the seeds, but let them rot
 Unnurtur'd, unemploy'd.
 Life lies before me now—a void,
 To be pass'd thro', but not enjoy'd.

Yet, spirit of the parting year,
 Methinks I hear thee say—
 “What, though the prospects once so dear,
 “Have pass'd from thee away;
 “Tho' all which men of value deem,
 “Power, riches, splendor, and esteem,
 “'Tis idle now for thee to claim;
 “Tho' foes at thy declension scoff,
 “Tho' dearest friends from thee fall off,
 “Too justly for thy soul to blame,
 “There is one friend above thee still,
 “Who changes not with changing fate,
 “Who call'd on, in the worst of ill,
 “Abandons not the desolate;
 “Tho' every earthly hope is riv'n,
 “It is not yet too late to look to Heav'n.”

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

BY THE "LITTLE UNKNOWN."

No. L.—HERMETIC PHILOSOPHERS.

— une avulseo, non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondescat virga metallo.

VIRGIL.

As it is a practice of mine to take daily strolls round the metropolis after the hours of my avocations, for the purpose of amusement; and as it is my honor to mingle very frequently in public assemblies, I have been gradually led into a habit of observation and reflection, on the mind and manners of men one continually meets with in this extraordinary concentration of wealth and poverty, mirth and melancholy, birth and beggary, labor and luxury, this modern Babylon, this characterized capital of muddy streets and ruinous improvements, this other half of Great Britain---in short, this London.

Thus in my spectatorial office, skimming down the surface of society, but not mingling in it, like oil upon water, I flatter myself that I have done some good to my country, and deserve a remembrance in the records of her science, for the important discovery which I have made, and will accordingly promulgate, viz. the existence of that celebrated sect of philosophers termed the "disciples of "Hermes," or, in other words, "*Hermetic Philosophers*."

For a length of time I must acknowledge, however, that all my observation was foiled, and my most reasonable conjectures confused, as to their name and character. Go where I would into society, mingle as I might in public places, and I was sure to meet with them; and the more my curiosity was inflamed with the desire of penetrating into their secrets, the closer would they seem to contract within themselves, and be enshrined in a cloak of impenetrable mystery.

Every one must have observed, that has mingled at all in the world, that in all public places there are crowds of certain indefinable beings, who neither deriving possessions from provident ancestors, nor being of any profession whereby to obtain the "*aurum palpabile*," maintain nevertheless an expensive and fashionable appearance, to the envy of their equals, and the amazement of inferiors. The only answer I could ever obtain, when, in observing this, I have taken a friend aside, or have applied to a bystander and enquired, who *Mr. Such-a-one* in the *yellow dennet*, or in the *gray horse*, or in the *blue coat*, was, or how he lived, would be "*the Lord knows*;" which answer one would think should imply, that "*He who feedeth the ravens and clotheth the lilies of the field*," had thus plentifully prepared for them, imperceptibly to the eyes of all other mortals; but as the lives of these people seem to claim no such indulgence of heaven, I should have entertained, on the contrary, no very com-

plaisant opinion of them, if our legislature, by the repeal of the *witch act*, had not compelled me to believe that all our intercourse with the *devil* was at an end.

About a century since, a very fanciful performance was ushered into literary existence, entitled "*Hermippus Redivivus*," or "the Sage's Triumph over Old Age and the Graces;" the author of which, though he modestly sets out upon the purpose of shewing merely the possibility of a man's extending the span of life to a longer space than he now generally enjoys (though upon a worse system, I think, than "*Cornaro's*"), yet by degrees, almost imperceptible to the reader, he slides into the *Hermetic Philosophy*, of which he is an enthusiastic admirer, and becomes before the conclusion of the book, as thorough a believer in the power of the "philosopher's stone," and "universal elixir," as if he had been personally present when an adept had made the projection. He introduces in the course of the book several most surprising stories concerning philosophers, who being skilled in the arcanum, lived three or four centuries in a state of most unimpaired vigor, both of mind and body; and among others, he gives an account of a stranger who resided at Venice. "It was very remarkable," he observes, "that this man, though he lived in the utmost affluence and splendor, was unacquainted with any person belonging to the city before he came thither; that he followed no trade or profession; that he had no property in the common funds of the state, nor ever received any remittance from abroad; yet abounded in wealth, till an accident (which he relates) drove him from Italy; from whence he suddenly disappeared, and no mortal ever learnt from what place he came, or whither he went."

If this stranger was an "*Hermetic Philosopher*," in possession of the great secret as the author intimates, I am inclined to think, from a similarity of circumstances, that my presumption is correct as respects the society before-mentioned, and that we have, at this very time, a great number of the same sect in our metropolis, who, for their own enviable advantage, make gold at pleasure. Incited therefore latterly by this idea, I endeavoured to pry deeper into their affairs and connections than ever I had done, for the simple purpose of convincing myself whether they really were no more than mortals, possessing ordinary advantages like myself; or, in fact, belonged to that celebrated fraternity, whose existence is generally believed to have long since expired; and, I must confess, that however indecisive were my conclusions, in consequence of any such attempts, yet, they were always most favorable to the latter opinion. In one or two instances I became acquainted with members of this sect, who, in the fashionable horizon, shone forth for a time like "*eccentric bodies*," and then as magically vanished, to the wonder of society at large, and the unfeigned regret of their tailors, hotel-keepers, &c. &c., and no one could ever surmise their point of destination and place of retirement. Believing them, at length, to be really some of the "*initiated*," I attributed their speedy retreat to their fears, lest the Government should discover from what source they derived their wealth, and force

them to prostitute, for public advantage, this sacred and inestimable science.

This sect appears to be divided, however, into two or three classes; one of which is distinguished by the individuals composing it pretending to be of some profession, or employment, in order to guard more effectually against the observation of justice, which holds them (for reasons already mentioned) in extreme ill favor; and the curious conclusions of people in business who are apt, though I know not from what old-fashioned motion, to regard, with great coolness, those gentlemen, who, making a great appearance in public, do not seem to be in the possession of any *solids*; such as *lands*, stock-houses or chattels, wherewithal to support their expenditure.

Other divisions of this sect, like the peregrinating Cossacks, may be found living together in hordes on the sea-coast of England and France, particularly at Boulogne; where they are distinguished by their giving out to the "True Believers" in trade, that they possess large castles and estates in Ireland, but that a *perambulating bog* (an affliction incidental to the country, I believe) has moved over them, and they must wait till it moves off again, before they can collect their rents and revenues. Whether enquiries were ever made as to the truth of this assertion, I cannot say; but if they were, that unaccountable spirit of mystery and itinerancy actuated them on the moment, I imagine, "and they went thence, and were no more seen."

Every one must have observed, that no people lead such easy and comfortable lives as those whom the world pronounces *ruined*. It is the most common thing to hear of, and to see, these ruined people rioting in luxury and extravagance, while their unfortunate creditors are suffering the greatest privations. Now, as it never appeared very plain to me, how men in that situation could obtain sums of money to appropriate to their peculiar uses and gratifications, without possessing some source of supply totally unknown to the world; I have therefore been led to conclude, that they must have been possessed of the *inestimable secret*; and, in short, such has been my association of ideas latterly on that subject, that I now never hear of a man's being *ruined*, but I immediately conclude by the expression, that he has been admitted by the fraternity into the mysteries and emoluments of the "*Hermetic Philosophy*."

But here let me stop: all the merit that I claim to myself is for the discovery of the existence of this *sect*; but let me not profanely attempt to penetrate the mysteries which enshroud it, or even to conjecture at the principles of its institution, destined to remain concealed as they are, with the long train of their benefits, from the knowledge of all but the truly "initiated." Let me avoid further remark upon the matter, lest the present sons of Hermes should take umbrage at my impertinence, and transfer the unspeakable advantages which accrue to society from their presence, to cities, and countries, of *more faith*, and *less curiosity*.

THINK OF ME, LOVE.

BY H. BRANDRETH, JUN.

Think of me, love, when morn's ray is streaming
 Fair o'er the landscape, bidding Nature wake;
 Or when Sol's self, in noontide glory beaming,
 Bids us the plain for shady vales forsake.
 When too all faint he gilds yon western mountain,
 As tired he seeks his wavy couch, the sea,
 Turning to drops of gold each fairy fountain,
 Bright as they sparkle—then think of me !

Think of me, love, when the snowdrop, peeping
 Forth in the garden, greets the flowery spring;
 Nor less when Autumn's whistling winds are sweeping
 Branch, leaf, and flower away on rapid wing.
 Summer is past, our brows with myrtle crowning,
 Joyful no more we wander o'er the lea;
 Winter comes on, stern tyrant, darkly frowning---
 Yet still, my fair one, still think of me.

Youth's hours are fled, e'en Hope's scenes are fading,
 Yet thro' the mist of years they still appear,
 Memory's bright sun, those dear spots re-pervading,
 Lights up each dewdrop, now, alas ! a tear !
 Far, far away o'er the darkling billow,
 'Tis mine to wander, quitting thine and thee,
 Yet still, as resting on thy lonely pillow,
 May angels guard it !---still think of me !

Temple, Nov. 1st. 1836.

WESLEYAN METHODISTS.—MACHINERY AND MANUAL LABOR.

"WESLEYAN METHODIST SOCIETY.—On Wednesday a meeting of the Members of this Society was held in Elin Chapel, Fetter Lane, to meet a deputation from the Committee of Distressed Printers, Pressmen of the Metropolis. The meeting, after hearing a most interesting appeal on behalf of the pressmen, came to an unanimous resolution not to purchase, after Christmas next, any books on religious subjects, either the Methodist Magazine, or the Society's Tracts, which shall be printed otherwise than by MANUAL LABOR."—*St. James's Chronicle*.

It is among the good resolutions which the conductors of the Inspector have formed, and one which they mean strictly to adhere to, not to attack any man, or any body of men, upon any other than public grounds. We never will give any sanction to that want of principle, that profligacy of sentiment, which lead some writers to hold up to contempt large or small bodiess of men, merely for the purpose of amusing a certain class of their readers, who do not care at whose, or at what, expense they are made merry. We beg it therefore to be understood, in placing the above quotation from a public print at the head of our article, that we do not intend to go out of our way to speak with the least disrespect of that religious sect, to which the persons who composed the meeting above referred to, professed to belong. Indeed, we take this opportunity of stating our belief, after enquiry, that the conclusions come to upon that occasion, are altogether disallowed by the Wesleyan Methodists as a body, and that the foolish resolution of abstaining from purchasing books *printed by machinery*, is, by every thinking individual of that society, most unequivocally condemned.

We have reason to believe, however, that not a few individuals who have not given the subject a particular consideration, are much inclined, when witnessing the existing distress and want of employment, to refer to machinery of all kinds, as one great cause of the production of that distress. It will not, therefore, be deemed an improper time to offer a few brief hints upon the important question which continually meets us—"To what extent can machinery be carried, without producing national injury?"

Political economists have been sometimes charged, and with good reason too, with leaving out of their calculations the different passions and prejudices of men; with omitting to allow for that obstinacy and ignorance which unhappily characterize the great bulk of mankind. We think that we may state, without being subject to this charge, as a grand and invariable principle of human action, that all men, in every society and station, aim, if they aim at any thing, to lead lives of ease and leisure. Every man works as little as possible; that is, having a certain object to attain, which he thinks convenient or necessary, he endeavours to obtain it with as little trouble as may be. The skill of every one is exerted to shorten his labor, or, in the language of political economy, to produce at less

cost any given production. The two great and engrossing objects of man, under all circumstances, seem to be, love and laziness. The latter is the origin of all machinery, from a hand-saw to a steam engine.

There is a short way of dealing with the objectors to machinery, by asking them at what point they would stop? Annihilate the steam engine to day, and resort to hand spinning; break up your ploughs to-morrow, to betake yourselves to the spade; burn your errand carts the next day, to relieve the public porters. This is the natural order, if the principle be once adopted. We defy any one to assign any definite or intelligible limit. We may best view its operation in small and newly formed societies, and nothing appears clearer, that it is by machinery, and machinery only, that societies can possibly emerge from absolute barbarism, and cultivate any degree of refinement, civilization, or the arts.

Here is a society of one hundred men; fifty employed in raising food, and fifty in the construction of habitations and other purposes necessary to sustain life upon any terms. One of the laborers invents the plough, and trains a bullock to the yoke, and twenty-five men are immediately, what is called, thrown out of work. The same supply of food is still raised for all, yet twenty-five men have to seek employment. The first thing is an improvement in clothing—cotton and woollen cloths supply the place of skins and hides. An unbappy wight stumbles on the power loom, and again throws other twelve weavers out—the same food, the same clothes, as before being procured, and ready for the use of all. These twelve betake themselves to trades before unheard of; one carves chairs, another turns parson or poet, and finds employment for several to copy and sell his works. By-and-by the printing press is discovered; the copyists are thrown on the world, who again invent and practice some art or other, for the convenience or embellishment of life. Now what is the condition of the supposed society of one hundred men at last, when compared with its original condition? The same *necessaries*, that is, food and raiment of some kind, they perhaps had at first; but what was their barbarism, what were their lives? How has this change been produced but by machinery?

Carry this out to any conceivable extent, and the advantage is still apparent. We challenge any anti-machinist, or *Luddite* of any kind, to point out at what degree of improved machinery, this supposed small colony ought to have stopped. Ought it to have been at the plough, at the loom, or at the printing press? Assign *any* limit, and you stop the progressive improvement, comfort, and happiness of that society of men. How can any one pronounce that a community is as refined, and the people as civilized, as they possibly can be? By what means is any progress to be made, but by the enlargement of certain numbers of men from works of mere necessity, to cultivate the arts which administer to, and are in fact, the very essence of refinement? Suppose every man in England could invent a machine, effectually to perform all the labor by which each now procures a living,

where would be the mischief? We could all have what we now enjoy, the same mince pies, clothes, operas, and Inspectors, and yet possess our own time, which we might apply to some useful purpose, or write poetry, or walk out with Leigh Hunt to smell the dandelions on Hampstead Heath.

Yes, says one, this sounds all very well in theory; it may do very well for your colony, your Robinson Crusoe and man Friday; but look at it in relation to the present state of England; look at depriving the poor of work, to fill the pockets of the rich machinist by inordinate profits; consider the gluts in the markets, which are occasioned by nothing but machinery, and a consequent over-production. These objections lead to all that we have briefly to say—machinery does not, in the first place, necessarily deprive the laborer of work, nor even of the same kind of work as before.

Here is an article which every body would like to use or wear. Its price is such, that only one half of the nation can purchase it; a machine is made which saves half of the labor; the price is reduced to half, and all the nation now enjoy its use. There must be, in the first place, labor to make the machines: but putting this out of the question, the same number of laborers must be actually employed in the manufacture as before. One man, it is true, does the work of two, but then there is twice the previous consumption. This we know to be truth, ten times the number of men being now employed in the manufactures which use improved machinery, than before the machines were invented. The consumption, in fact, has, by reduction of price, been in a greater ratio than the quickness of production. Look at cotton twist and stockings; ask any practical man what number of people could possibly be employed upon the old system of manufacture, supposing the necessary and proportionate increase of price?

It must be seen clearly, that an increase of consumption must follow a reduction of price, and that there is nothing which we eat, or wear, or use, but what tens of thousands would gladly use also, if their means were equal to the cost. Every man would wear a superfine coat if he could afford it: ten thousand of our fellow men are pining after silk stockings and kid gloves; the soul's delight of at least a million of our fair country-women would be a satin slip and lace tucker for their Christmas parties. But their last dress-makers will forbid them to think of it, and they languish with envy, and sigh in secret. Reduce the prices of these articles, and depend upon increasing the number of consumers.

We find the next resort of your really dull and staunch anti-machinist is, that inventors of machines having secured a patent, do not make a reduction in price correspondent to the first cost, but make unusually large profits, and thus injury arises. In all savings of labor by machines, one of two things must happen; either a reduction of price to the consumer, or enormous profits to the producer. As a national affair, it is not of the consequence of a pin's head which of these events takes place. Suppose the consumer has the advantage,

he saves 10*l.* by a reduction in the price of stockings; he either consumes a greater quantity of the same kind in consequence of their cheapness, or expends his money in silk hose and velvet, which before he could not afford. In every case, whatever the saving may be, it is sure to be *expended in labor* in some shape or other.

The same thing happens to the inventor. If he makes 1000*l.* by his machine, he either employs it in extending his trade, or he builds himself a house, or rides in a coach. Spent it will be, and turn and twist it as we may, it will find its way into the pocket of the laborer, of one *working* class of men or another. We must never forget the fact, that savings, by whomsoever made, are only saved in one way, to be expended in some kind or manner of pleasure and indulgence. It is not in the nature of man to have money and not spend it; on the contrary, it is much more genteel, and consistent with polite custom, to spend when we have it not.

These, then, are two great points in the question. First, that a greater number of men have been, in fact, employed in the same manufactures where machinery has been introduced; and, secondly, that all savings made either by the producer or consumer by its introduction, *must* go either to encourage that branch of art, or some other; in either case, to cause a demand for labor.

The point, however, which has, in some measure, fixed the economists, has been that of over-production—of glutting the markets with produce, and thus causing a ruinous and destructive fall of prices. We would say, with all humility, that this appears no difficulty whatever to our view of the question, because precisely the same effects might, and in fact do, happen in cases where no machines whatever are employed. If, for example, all stockings were to be woven by hand, every one will allow, that only a limited number of individuals could afford to purchase at the cost of hand labor. A certain profit is obtained by the manufacturer, which urges him to go on producing, to employ a greater number of hands in his manufacture. In a very short time he causes a glut; and to force a sale, he sells at ruinously low prices.

The proper remedy for this is to manufacture less, or not to sell without a sure profit. In the present day, however, stockings are woven by machinery. Where does the case differ? The real consumption of that article is actually so much increased by the reduction in price, that makers are *no more likely* to overstock the market at those prices, than to overstock it at the greater prices of hand productions. If the manufacturer, whether by hand or machinery, cannot obtain a profit for his capital, he leaves off, and the evil is remedied. Our readers will see that the only temptation to produce, in either case, is profit; if that fail, the natural result is, less is manufactured, and the mischief is not greater in the case of machinery, than in articles of hand labor.

We have had many sure proofs of this view in the present crisis of our commercial affairs. Is it only in arts and manufactures, where machines have so much multiplied, that distress has existed?

How is it with our silk-weavers, carpenters, masons, engravers, and a thousand others, where no machine for the abridgment of labor has been introduced for the last century? The evils, from whatever causes arising, have not been greater among the machinists than among others, and for a very simple reason, because the number of consumers bore the same proportion to the capabilities of production of each. If the consumers of hand labor were ten, and machinery could produce ten times as much of any article, at one tenth of the price, the number of consumers would be increased to a hundred.

We only wish to add a word or two, with regard to the existing distress among a very meritorious and most valuable class of mechanical laborers, our journeymen printers. We fear that many of these, like the folks of Elim Chapel, look upon the use of machinery, in their trade, as one great cause of their present want of employment. It is in no degree the fact. Destroy every Steam Printing-house to-morrow, and not one man more would be permanently employed. The only effect would be to raise the price of printing and books, and consequently to limit the number of purchasers so greatly as to bring the most lasting kind of distress upon the trade. Men who buy books, spend as much in books as they can afford; and, if the prices of printing were to be increased, nothing can be a greater mistake than to suppose that a greater sum of money would be drawn from the pockets of book-purchasers. We regret, most sincerely, to know the great number of excellent artisans, in this trade, who now want employment, and trust that any measures which are taking for their present relief may prove successful; at the same time we cannot for a moment admit, that any peculiar causes operate on this trade to make machinery an evil, which we have every reason to believe is so beneficial to every other.

CŒUR DE LION'S SONG,

ON ESCAPING FROM CAPTIVITY.

Merrily, merrily, urge the boat,
 The morning rays appear;
 The lark's shrill songs in the breezes float,
 And rouse the startled deer.
 The gale blows fresh, the dew-drops bright
 Like diamonds sparkle in the light,
 And all around looks blithe and gay,
 To cheer us on our watery way.

Merrily, merrily, speed our flight,
 No moment for delay,—
 Tho' the charms which round us rise to sight,
 Might well excuse our stay.
 No travellers we to roam, or rest
 As pleasure leads the varying breast,
 The Austrian shouts behind us ring,—
 They've traced the flight of England's king.

Swiftly my bark cleave through the wave,
 Thou bear'st a noble freight,
 On thee depends a throne or grave,
 Bold Cœur de Lion's fate.
 Speed on, speed on, the foeman's chain
 Shall never press these limbs again ;
 Once more doth Freedom light mine eye,—
 I will not lose her,—but to die.

Merrily, merrily, raise the song,
 Away with doubt or fear,—
 The notes my harp hath heard so long,
 It ne'er again shall hear.—
 I change a prison for a throne,
 The Austrian chain for kingly zone,—
 The insults of a hireling slave,
 For shouts of welcome free and brave.

Barons of England, do you still
 Revere your monarch's name ?
 Say, will your hearts with transport thrill
 When I my kingdoms claim ?—
 Long absent from his regal den,
 The Lion turns him home again,
 And woe betide the slavish herd,
 Who have the Fox's reign preferr'd.

Regent of Austria, thou shalt mourn,
 That I have burst thy cage,
 Whilst I on Joy's proud pinions borne,
 Shall mock thy puny rage,—
 Yes, lovely earth, thou smilest bright,
 Rejoicing in the sun's broad light,—
 And feelings now to me are given,
 That do not spring from thee, but heaven.

NADAN.

IRON LADISLAUS, AND THE THREE DRAGONS.

A TALE FOR TWELFTH DAY.

"On a banni les demons et les fées,
 "Sous la raison les grace étouffées,
 "Livrent nos cœurs à l'insipidité;
 "Le raisonner tristement s'accroît;
 "On court, hélas! après la vérité;
 "Ah! croyez moi, l'erreur a son mérite."

VOLTAIRE.

In the delightful times, when fairy-land had not yet vanished from the earth, there lived a king, who had three daughters and three sons. The youngest son was named Iron Ladislaus, on account of his frowardness. One day, when he was returning home from school, he met an old woman who was carrying eggs in a basket, which the young prince chose maliciously to upset, so that the eggs all fell out and were broken. The old lady turned round to him, and said, angrily, "For this trick, your next wish shall be fulfilled;" and with these words she and her eggs disappeared. When the prince reached home, his three sisters were standing in the court-yard; they invited him to play at ball with them. He willingly complied, but owing to his malicious humour, he could not forbear playing them all manner of annoying pranks, till they became quite angry, and would not play with him any more. He, in his turn, grew into a real passion, and exclaimed, hastily, "I wish the earth would open and swallow 'you up;'" and scarcely had he said the words, when the earth opened, and the princesses disappeared.

The whole court was struck with dismay. The eldest son went to his father, and said: "Father, let me go, and seek my sisters." The king consented, and let him go, but he never returned. The second son demanded a similar permission, and the old king was foolish enough to grant it. See, my dear little readers, the bad consequences of not attending to your books: the king obviously had not properly attended to the history of fairy-land, or else he would have known, that it is never the second or first son that ought to be sent on any adventure, but always the third. In this instance, the second went, but he also did not come back.

In the mean time, Ladislaus had grown up, and once when the king was sitting upon his throne, he kneeled before him, and spoke, "Father, I only am guilty of all the sorrow which oppresses thee. 'Let me go forth to seek for my lost sisters and brothers. I will 'either bring them back, or never return again.'" The king was transported at the heroism of his son, gave him his blessing, and sent him forth.

Iron Ladislaus had already wandered many days, when he met in a wood a poor woman, trying to lift a bundle of faggots from the ground. Iron Ladislaus, who, since the disappearance of

his sisters, had become kind and gentle, and who had never ceased to repent his mischiefs perpetrated upon the bearer of the egg-basket, approached the old woman, lifted the bundle of faggots from the ground, and laid it carefully on her back. She turned smilingly round towards him, and said, "Your kindness shall not go unrewarded. I know what you are in search of, had you not assisted me, you never should have found your sisters; but now, I will help you on your adventure." She stamped on the ground, it opened, and a chest lay at Ladislaus's feet. The woman continued: "Place yourself in this chest; it will bring you to the castle where your eldest sister dwells." Ladislaus obeyed, and the earth closed over him, and the chest immediately sank deep—deep—deeper than can be imagined. On a sudden it stopped, the lid opened, Ladislaus jumped out, and saw a silver castle before him; a foaming river dashed before the gate, over which a bridge, made of razor-blades, was thrown, so placed that they were sure to cut whatever might try to pass over it. "How shall I get over?" said Ladislaus. "Do not be alarmed," answered the chest, which was a remarkably clever one for its age; "I will bring you inside the castle; how you get out again, is your affair." Ladislaus laid himself once more under the lid, and in one instant the chest carried him over the river into the middle of the castle. Ladislaus gaily sprung out as soon as the chest stopped, thanked it for its trouble, requested it to return his thanks also to the good-natured old lady, began to roam about exploring the rooms, and soon met his sister.

"Ah! brother," said the lady, "how came you hither, where scarcely a bird can find its way?" "I am come to deliver you," said Ladislaus. "I am in the power of a six-headed dragon," answered she; "if he finds you, you are lost." "I will fight him," replied Ladislaus, "only shew me the armory, that I may get a weapon." The sister obeyed, and while Ladislaus was choosing among the swords and the other weapons, he suddenly found a phial with a label, on which was written "dragon's strength;" he seized it, and drank the contents to the last drop. He had scarcely set the phial down again, when he heard a frightful noise. "The dragon is coming home," cried the princess, "he flings his club from ten miles distance against the door, which springs open, and thus he announces his arrival." She had scarcely finished the last words, when the dragon stood before them. "Man," cried he angrily, "what is your business here!" "To fight with you," said Ladislaus. "I must first see," said the dragon, "whether you are worthy to measure your strength against mine." He nodded to the princess, who brought and placed before them a loaf of stone, and a knife of wood. The dragon took both, and cut himself a slice off the loaf, and then handed them to Ladislaus, who constantly cut the loaf through the middle. The six-headed dragon stared at him with his twelve eyes, and said, "I will let you fight with me." They struggled together on the iron pavement. Ladislaus seized the dragon, and threw him so heavy a fall on the ground, that he sank upon his knees in the iron: but the dragon sprung up again,

and in his turn threw Ladislaus up to his hips in the pavement; he got out again, however, and dashed the dragon down so forcibly, that only his six heads remained above the iron flags, when Ladislaus seized the opportunity, and sliced them all off in a moment. "You have delivered me," said the princess, "from the dragon; but how are we to get over the bridge?" "O, I'll manage that," said Ladislaus; and immediately dug up the dragon, stripped off his skin, and spread it over the bridge: the razor-blades cut it through just as Ladislaus and his sister had got safe over. There stood the old woman, who took the princess by the arm, and said, "I will take you to your father; but you, Ladislaus, go to my brother the smith, and he will give you further help."

Iron Ladislaus again went forward, and came to a smithy, which was made entirely of steel, as was also the smith himself. "Good morning, Ladislaus," cried the smith; "my sister has already told me what you want; I will assist you: were you indeed of iron, as the people say, it would not be sufficient for your task; I will harden you, and temper you like steel." Iron Ladislaus went into his smithy, and was soon made as hard as steel. Joyfully did he now go forward on his way to the golden castle, which shone brightly from afar. When he came nearer, he saw that it was never still, but waddled about with great vivacity upon duck's feet. Iron Ladislaus laid hold of one of the feet so tight, that the castle could not stir; and with his other hand he tore open the gate and entered. The nine-headed dragon came now to meet him, and said: "Thou art a strong lad, I will fight with thee; do thou be an iron-wheel, and I will be a paper-wheel, and let us run down, one against the other, from these two opposite mountains."—"No," answered Ladislaus, "do thou be the iron-wheel, and I will be the paper one," and so it was settled. The two wheels ran one against the other, the iron one fell, and lost a spoke; this spoke was one of the dragon's heads. Then said the dragon, "Now let us fight as flames; do thou be the red flame, and I will be the white flame."—"No," said Ladislaus, "I will be the white flame, do thou be the red," and so it was settled. While the two flames were thus fighting, one with the other, the water-raven flew over them. The dragon cried aloud, "Water-raven! water-raven! pour one drop upon the blue flame, and I will give you a head." This irritated Ladislaus so much, that he cried out, "Water-raven! water-raven! pour one drop upon the red flame, and I will give you nine heads." The water-raven, who was quite calculator enough, in fact he was a sort of Joseph Hume among his tribe, to discover that nine heads would go further than one, complied with Iron Ladislaus's wish, and the red flame by degrees became extinguished. Ladislaus gave the water-raven the dragon's nine heads, took his sister, brought her to the steel-smith, and intreated him to convey her to her father. This the smith promised, and Iron Ladislaus went forward to seek for his third sister.

Many days had passed by when Ladislaus came to a burning

rick of hay, in which was a serpent, who cried out in a voice of lamentation, "Help me, I will be grateful." Iron Ladislaus stepped into the flames, and snatched the serpent out. The serpent then said, "I am the daughter of the serpent-king; come with me to his castle, he will recompense you for rescuing me." When they came to the castle, the princess said, "Whatever my father may offer you, do not accept it; but ask for the ugliest horse, the rustiest sword, and the dirtiest shirt in the serpent-town, and you will not repent;" and after these words, she led him to her father. When the serpent-king had been made acquainted with the danger and deliverance of his daughter, he offered Ladislaus gold, and silver, and jewels, and even the arts of magic. But Ladislaus answered: "All this I do not want, only give me the ugliest horse, the rustiest sword, and the dirtiest shirt in the serpent-castle." The king stared, as if stupified, for a moment; then said, "This wish thou hast learned from my daughter, nevertheless be it so!" Hereupon the three gifts were brought in, and the daughter of the serpent-king said to Iron Ladislaus: "Thou hast done well to follow my advice; this horse is a salamander, the sword will overcome every enemy so long as it is not polished, the shirt will make thee invulnerable so long as it never touches water; make good use of these gifts, and thou shalt attain thy object."

Iron Ladislaus departed to the castle of the twelve-headed dragon, who had imprisoned his youngest sister. When he arrived, the dragon was not at home. The sister came to him weeping, and said, "Fly, my brother, or you are lost, like me and thy brothers. See what a horrible fate hath overtaken me; our brothers are hanging in the chimney, and I am obliged every day to make a fire, and help to smoke them." "My sword will deliver you," answered Ladislaus. "No!" sobbed the princess, "might cannot deliver us, the wife of the twelve-headed dragon is a witch; she has made a spell, so that we are lost to all eternity, if any one fights with the twelve-headed dragon on our account. You must pursue us from the dragon." "That I will readily do," replied Ladislaus. Thereupon rode up to the castle, in full state, the twelve-headed dragon with his wife. As he got out of his coach, Iron Ladislaus said to him, "My lord! sell me the princes and this lady." The dragon's wife answered, "Thou art Iron Ladislaus, give us the rusty sword which hangs at your side, and the shirt which you wear, and you shall receive what you wish." Iron Ladislaus replied, "You have asked me for two things of very high value, but they are not too much to give in exchange for my sister;" and so saying, he drew the sword from his side, took off the shirt from his armour, and gave them to the twelve-headed dragon. Scarcely had the monster received them, than he cried out scornfully, smiling, "Thou fool, thou hast parted with thy two best defences, now must thou die."—"If it must be so," replied Ladislaus, "at any rate let me go and take leave of my horse." The dragon granted his request. Iron Ladislaus came into the stable; he said mournfully to his horse, "Do'st thou know what has happened to me?"—"Yes," answered the horse;

"the dragon has done unwisely not to ask for me as the price of thy sister; if he had, thou wouldest have been, indeed, lost; as it is, I can yet help thee. Intreat the dragon when he has killed thee, to bind thy body upon my back, and leave the rest to me." Iron Ladislaus returned, and besought the dragon as the horse had advised him. "This trick wont serve you," said the dragon, and cut him into small pieces, perhaps as many as a hundred; put them altogether in a cloth, and tied them on the horse's back, which immediately galloped off, as if driven by a storm.

The serpent-king was heard a rushing. He said to his daughter, "Something unkindly has befallen Iron Ladislaus, for the salamander is returning quite in a fury." The king, therefore, ordered a large fire to be lighted before his castle. The salamander leaped into it, and swallowed up the flames. This cooled him considerably, and he remained standing in the court-yard. "I bring you back my cut-up lord," was all he said. The serpent-king laid the separate pieces carefully together, and sent an order to all his subjects to fetch him medicinal herbs. When the serpents had returned with their findings, he boiled the herbs, and washed Ladislaus with them, and he immediately awoke upon the same place, seven times more beautiful than he was before; and as it happened, owing to the swiftness of the journey, his right shoulder had fallen off, the serpent-king made him a new one of gold and ivory.

Once more then departed Iron Ladislaus to deliver his sister and brothers. When he came to the castle of the twelve-headed dragon, he changed himself into a horse, and ran into the castle-yard. The dragon's wife was very certain that the horse was a magician; but that it was Iron Ladislaus, she did not know. She called to her husband, and said, "I shall die, unless I have that horse's liver to eat." The dragon nodded, and immediately the horse was taken for the purpose of being killed. The princess happened to pass by, and said, "I am sorry, beautiful horse, that they are going to kill you." "If," said the horse, whispering, "you are truly sorry for me, take the earth upon which the first two drops of blood shall fall, when they kill me, and throw it into the dragon's garden." The princess did as she was desired, and the next morning there stood a tree with golden apples upon it. The wife of the twelve-headed dragon called her husband, and began: "I must die, if my breakfast this morning is not cooked with the wood off this tree." The dragon nodded, and his servants departed to cut down the tree. The princess was passing by, and said: "Beautiful tree, I am very sorry they are going to cut thee down." "If," said the tree, "you are truly sorry, take the first two splinters that fall from me, and throw them into the dragon's pond." The princess did so, and the next morning a most wonderful gold fish was swimming in the pond. The wife of the twelve-headed dragon called to her husband, and began: "I must die, if I do not have that gold fish in my chamber." The dragon wished to oblige his wife, but he could not think how to catch the

fish. As he was a good swimmer, he determined to go into the water himself. He therefore laid aside the rusty sword, threw off also the shirt, and jumped into the water. In an instant the fish leaped upon land, shook himself, and there stood Iron Ladislaus, who hastily snatched up the sword, and put on the shirt. When the dragon's wife saw this, she flung herself upon a broom-stick, and flew away. It occurred to the dragon that Ladislaus had become whole again after he had been bound upon his horse, and so he prayed, "When you have killed me, bind me upon my horse." Iron Ladislaus cut off all the dragon's heads with one blow, and laid them with the body on the horse's back. The horse set off with them, and I suppose is still running round the world with them, for he has never yet come back.

Iron Ladislaus took his two brothers from the chimney, where they had become quite black and dry, and brought them to the serpent-king, who healed them. When Ladislaus, and his sister and the brothers, came to take leave of him, there sat on his side a most beautiful lady, with a bright star on her forehead. The serpent-king spoke, and said: "This is my daughter, whom thou hast delivered from the flames. I give her to thee as thy bride." So a splendid wedding took place, and the rejoicings lasted till Iron Ladislaus's brothers had become quite fat and white again; when they returned with their sister to their father. But Iron Ladislaus remained with his wife in the serpent kingdom, where they are still living, if they are not both dead.

APOSTROPHE TO THE KING OF SPAIN.

There's trembling thro' the nations—awe
 Upon the hearts of men;
 As if again earth's millions saw
 War rushing from his den;
 Pale turns the tyrant on his throne,
 For Freedom's battle-blast is blown;
 And well may terror chill the world;
 For England's red-cross flag unfurl'd
 Floats angrily athwart the air,—
 Presaging woe to tyrants, horror and despair.

From North to South—from East to West,
 Thro' all her glorious Isles,—
 Proud swells each heart within the breast,
 Proud curls each lip in smiles,—

The indignant smiles of conscious strength
About to be unroll'd at length,
Against the bigot and the slave,
Who all too long o'er Freedom's grave
Have clasp'd their chains with maniac glee,
And darkly vow'd the doom of all who would be free.

Wake, idiot, from thy visions wake
Of tyranny and lust,
Ere yet the might of England shake
Thy throne into the dust !
Her summons to the free and brave
Hath sounded over land and wave ;
And who hath yet withstood her might,
When she hath battled for the right,
Or plac'd her banner in the van
Of those whose swords are drawn for Liberty and Man?

It is the cause—it is the cause
Which thou shalt not withstand :
As steel the fire of heaven, it draws
A blessing on her brand.
By all the blood drops shed in vain,
O'er many a gore-discolor'd plain,
By all thou hast in dungeons spilt,
By all thy perjuries, shame, and guilt,
By all thy hell of infamy,
Hear thy funereal knell in England's battle cry.

Alas ! that such a thing as thou
Should have the power to veil
With anxious thought one Father's brow,
Or make one Mother pale !
The tear will start, despite the heart,
To see the brave to battle part ;
But if one drop be shed by Love,
One British warrior's corse above,
Ev'n hatred's self might weep to see
The vengeance that shall light upon thy slaves and thee.

ZARACH.

JOY AND SORROW.

They are as rival painters—Joy and Sorrow :
 Their canvas are the lips and eloquent eyes,
 The smooth cheek, and the high-enthroned brow
 By fair locks diadem'd ;—on these they work,
 And colors of sweet aspect cast o'er all.
 Joy mingles the full ruby of the lip
 With rich vermilion ; pours a rainbow drop
 Into the eye's mild iris ; on the cheek
 Tempers the carmine with the paler rose,
 And spreads a lighter tint of that soft hue
 O'er the flush'd forehead. Then doth Sorrow come,
 Restoring its own whiteness to the brow—
 Painting the lily on the cheek ; the lip
 Divesting of the deepness of its red
 By a peculiar shadow ; and the star
 Of either eye o'ermantling with a cloud
 Broken by rain-like tears :—and thus it is :
 They are as rival painters---Joy and Sorrow.

S. E.

RECOLLECTIONS OF YOUTH.

No. I.

" Hopes, what are they ? Beads of morning,
 " Strung on slender blades of grass ;
 " O'er a spider's web adorning,
 " In a straight and treacherous pass !
 " What is YOUTH ? A dancing willow,
 " Winds behind, and rocks before.
 " AGE ? A drooping, tottering willow,
 " On a flat and lony shore."

WORDSWORTH.

" En vieillissant on devient plus fon et plus sage."

LA ROCHEFOUCAULD.

Impossible ! it cannot be ! yes, the eye---it is the same. Good Heavens, what an alteration ! and yet it was considered an admirable likeness : I was twenty-three years old when it was drawn ; now at sixty, there scarcely remains a trace of identity. Time, Time, here

are your havoes. Where is that smooth forehead—those waving curls of beautiful brown hair, which I would not allow to be pomatumed, or even powdered; that sanguine, ambitious, benevolent eye; the frank, unsuspecting, ingenuous countenance of youth. Where is the lumen purpureum Juventæ? vanished—gone for ever. Here I am, like Lear, a decrepit old man, more sinned against than sinning, bald, grey, wrinkled, with all the mistrustfulness of the present, and hankering after the past, of advanced life. And yet, such is the bountiful dispensation of Providence, my recollections, though melancholy, are pleasing. It has been asked, What would life be without hope? Dull and melancholy. But, ah! what would age be without memory? Insupportable. In early life, when we live in an atmosphere of hope, and view objects through an ever-fresh, ever-changing kaleidoscope of fancy, this truth is not attended to; but in the evening of our days, when

“If but a beam of solar reason play,

“Lo, Fancy’s fairy frost-work melts away,”

we *feel*, with an evidence beyond all demonstration, that Providence’s beneficent consideration of the weaknesses of humanity, is in nothing more conspicuous than in endowing us with the faculty of memory—the support, the solace, of old age, and the main contributor to the happiness of existence. A swarm of apt sayings of philosophers and poets on this point, rushes upon my mind. I will not quote them—they are too cold and methodical for my present feelings.

What a host of recollections are associated with this portrait! of dearest relatives in their graves—I trust in Heaven; of passionate love conceived, alas! to be disappointed—“the spell from which e’en yet I am not quite free”—Mary—is the contented mother of a mother—I, a moping, melancholy, good-for-nothing old bachelor. Every body told her that Mr. H. was a most desirable match; that it would be *imprudent* in her to decline £8000 per annum, for me, with a certainty of barely half as many hundreds. Well, she was a woman; she married him, and returned me this portrait. I sometimes think she was right. Could I have made her happier? Could he have felt the hundredth part of *my* love?—Psha! he is a worthy, honest man, of £8000 per annum; but with love—that

—“scarce deserves the name:

“While mine was like the lava flood,

“That burns in *Ætna’s* breast of same.”

Well, it is passed; she returned me the portrait, and left me on the strand of existence—shipwrecked and unhappy. I had friends then, attached by the strongest feelings of youthful sympathy. What is become of them? Are these ties of affection, too, dissolved or slackened? Alas! Death has been busy, too busy, here. Of a knot of seven Cantabs of us, who used to meet in Harry C——y’s chambers, there are only two living. Poor Harry! his heart was too pure for the selfish commerce of life. Perhaps it is as well.

——— "He died in early youth,
 "Ere Hope had lost its rich romantic hues;
 "Where human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,
 "And earth still gleamed with beauty's radiant dews."

I have twice visited his grave at Naples. He is buried close to his favorite sister. His cousins P——y and S——r are also dead. The former fell like a hero at the head of his regiment at Waterloo, covered with wounds and glory; the other was a victim to the pestilential marshes at Walcheren. Of the other two of our club, F——d was, shortly after his return to Ireland, killed in a duel, arising out of his brother's contested election. The poor, tender-hearted, and sensitive C——e was jilted by a coquette, and never after raised his head. He pined away, until, like a shadow, he melted into his tomb. The survivor is the worthy Rector of —— in Norfolk; and never fails, whenever we meet, to drop a tear over the memory of the departed friends of our youth. Time, distance, and difference of pursuit and habits, have had their usual sway in slackening and severing the ties of other earthly acquaintanceship; and, what is much more painful in the recollection, many of those ties have been snapt rudely asunder by selfishness, heartlessness, and the jarring interests of similar pursuits.

But the alteration of feature is nothing compared with that of feeling. I was then romantic in the extreme. I now look upon the world, and its petty doings, with a scorn and revulsion bordering upon misanthropy, but free from the captiousness of disappointment. I said I was just three-and-twenty when this portrait was taken; at that time my rational expectations were first-rate. With the senate staring me in the face; with day-dream visions of fame and power, and official distinctions flitting across Ambition's eye; with my college honors blushing thick upon me; with the esteem and good will of numerous respectable friends; and with a greater spur than all, as I vainly believe the "beautiful regards upon me" of a most lovely girl, I abandoned the certainty of preferment in the church, for the perilous chance of "rising" at the bar, and entered my name of the Middle Temple. The woolsack,---at least, in case I fail in ousting the cabinet, then commanded by Mr. Pitt, the Chief Justiceship,—thought I, will be an honorable provision for mature age. At the time I speak of, all Europe was heated and illuminated by the intense blaze of the French revolution, and England was in a condition and excitement not *a priori* predicable of the English character. This was the time for a man of genius to establish a reputation of ability. I was an early member of the "Society of the Friends of the People;" and I appeal to Lord Grey (then Mr. Grey, an active member) whether most of the decisions were not effected by the eloquence of Mr. ***** "the Cambridge Science Medallist," and the "most logical-headed man of his time;" and whether our ablest statements and most effective pamphlets did not emanate from that gentleman's pen? Pamphlets then were multum in parvo, and not, as now, parvum in multo; and eloquence was not verbiage, nor logical reasoning sophistry; nor did

senatorial knowledge consist in a smattering of political economy, history, and in a little Latin and less Greek. I was soon offered a borough, and the assistance of a powerful Whig family, in the New Parliament. In the mean time, I studied the constitution and the laws of my country, as I did every thing else, whether in mathematics, classics, metaphysics, or natural history, with an intense zeal that amounted to a passion. In addition to all, I used the "appliances of art" to aid a naturally mellow voice, and a not ungraceful gesture. Nor were the muses neglected; though I must confess they were rather coy in my courtship. I ask the reader, had I not then rational expectations of fame and distinction? He shall, at another time, hear how I missed the tide, and failed in attaining either. It is an instructive lesson, and is replete with materials of most useful reflection. At present I will relate to him a dialogue (to let him know what I am) that took place, a few days ago, between me and an old friend who has just returned after spending thirty years in India.

"Well, I am sure, I never expected to see you again."

"I am, indeed, glad to see you. You are now come home to enjoy the otium cum dignitate during the remainder of your life."

"Yes—the climate agreed with me. I made some fortunate hits, and am, as you say, come home to spend the otium cum dignitate in Old England. May I ask what are you? I merely know that you are not married to —, and that you have been left a handsome fortune by your uncle. Beyond that, deponent sayeth not. You don't wear an apron—you are not, therefore, a bishop."

"I never received orders. I abandoned the church as a profession."

"Oh! then you went into Parliament. But I have not, I believe, seen your name among the ministry. You are not in office?"

"No—nor, what is more—in Parliament."

"Well, that is odd, with your abilities, your knowledge, your eloquence; for 'auld lang syne,' you must tell me what you really are."

"Nominally, a barrister; but, really, a literary idler."

"A barrister, a mere special pleader."

"I was for some years at the bar, and saw others pass me by without those qualifications which my friends, in their kindness, endowed me with. I failed even as an author; though I have heard some anonymous productions of mine lauded to the sky. But——"

"Not a word more now. After tiffin, you must tell me all."

E——.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE FATE OF LIFE.

"Cogitari possunt omnia."

Julius Cæsar.

A dream, adumbrator of life, came o'er me,
 Amid the visions of the early dawn---
 A throng of rosy children were before me,
 Dancing in mirth upon the dew-bathed lawn;
 Their auburn ringlets, as the zephyr sounded,
 And white robes, loosely o'er their shoulders drawn,
 Stay'd its light pinion, as they wildly bounded
 With hearts as light---and their blue innocent eyes,
 By lashes auburn as their locks surrounded,
 Beam'd on the vernal air, like little skies
 Where joy was constellation---and anon,
 Full of the heart's instinctive sympathies,
 They blended all their fairy forms in one---
 And lips to pretty lips were gaily prest,
 And soon that infant revelry was done.

The happy scene was chang'd: those children blest,
 Their bud of beauty into bloom expanded,
 Had grown to youth---and parting, each address
 Himself to objects which his fate demanded---
 The mart, camp, court---the forum and the wave---
 Amid all these that alter'd troop was banded;
 And others unto art and learning gave,
 And some to idlesse lent their languid days,
 Or to o'erpow'ring love their spirits gave:---
 Of these, two lull'd by music and sweet lays,
 Like twin gems polish'd by the self-same hand,
 Lay in combining beauty---the green sprays
 Of fruitful vines bow'd round them to the land;
 But their rich grapes hung unregardedly---
 Those lovers quaff'd of sweetness doubly bland!
 Their lips were blending---and from cheek and eye;
 O'er each bright face then flash'd a livelier light---
 As summer lightning o'er a moonlight sky.

Arose another scene---it seem'd the flight
 Of Time had circled thro' prevailing years,
 And Youth was dimm'd by Age, as day by night---

Mourning the perish'd joy, which so endears,
 With lips o'erladen by eternal sighs,
 And eyes surcharg'd with everlasting tears :---
 Disease, and Disappointment's agonies;
 The memory of past woe---the present's gloom,
 Thoughts of the future, where no sun would rise,
 The consciousness of Death's approaching doom,
 Made the dull tear beneath the eyelid start,
 And crush'd their wearied spirits to the tomb;
 And those fond lovers mourn'd altho' apart,
 And in the wrinkles of each faded brow,
 Was read the language of a broken heart.

My vision still was mutable—and now,
 Black-lidded night, from all the east appearing,
 Cast her dark mantle o'er the scene of woe.
 And then into the depths of darkness peering,
 I viewed no human form—but lank and grim,
 Therein were skeletons of death careering,
 And moving to and fro, in silence dim;
 And their foul shapes, devoid of living breath,
 Did fill my cup of horror to the brim.
 Were these the children earth had smil'd beneath?
 These the glad youth?—Young beauty's glorious dress,
 But veils the hideous skeleton of Death!

But, lo! a garden in the wilderness—
 A sun amid the chaos of my dream,
 Blossom'd and shone in light's divine excess.
 The darkness vanish'd, glory all supreme,
 As from a thousand suns of living brightness,
 Pour'd on the fresh earth like a mountain stream;
 And spirits mov'd before me, rob'd in whiteness,
 The ethereal garb of immortality—
 Then, like a bird, upon the wings of lightness
 They rose exulting to the starry sky,
 And as the throng ascended from before me,
 I view'd each rosy cheek and laughing eye
 That lit my vision when it first came o'er me.

Dios.

DIARY OF AN M. P.

November 27.—Why have the poets neglected the well-merited praises of the warm bath, the most soothing of comforts, the most perfect of luxuries?—What, I wonder, is the occasion or cause of our particular sensuous (Miltonic) predilections? Do they depend upon our bodily organization, or upon the casual transitive associations of the mind? Or are they owing to what Lady Blessington calls an *entravement* of our mental and physical idiosyncrasies? Lord Bacon, throughout his works, particularly in the *Sylvæ Sylvarum*, inclines to the first opinion. Locke is decidedly of the second—his droll story of the youth, that took such delight in having an old trunk in his room wherever he danced, for example,—I am decidedly of the third opinion. Canning says, that Demosthenes would fail, if he wore a black cravat and boots. I have heard Tierney own his successful sifting of Lord Castlereagh's arguments was dependant upon the dress his lordship wore;—if black, Tierney looked blue—if blue, Tierney beat him black;—but if Castlereagh wore gloves, Tierney was sure to rough-handle him. My Coz Byron could not move, if his neck were not as free as his thoughts. Scott can't write but in a particular chair, and with common candles. Sir J. Mackintosh cannot utter a syllable from any place in the House, but that behind W. Smith's seat; and John tells me, that Merlin never moves well in any harness not made by his uncle. There must be corporeal as well as mental grounds for our predilection to particular sources of pleasurable excitement, as Madame de Stael says. I think and feel that, after a day's hard riding, there is no luxury comparable with a warm bath—it is so grateful and refreshing, and disputes the title of "tired nature's sweet restorer" with sleep. My cousin, I know, celebrates hock and soda water. Harriette Wilson tells nice tales of Hart Davis. Lord Castlereagh indulged in the luxury of frequent fine linen. His Majesty, when Prince of Wales, had his body sponged twice a day. The Saints amuse themselves with the blacks. John declares, that a pot of porter drinks well after heating himself by grooming. Canning has made Downing-street like Gloucester Lodge—a nest of water closets—I suppose to correct the laxity of public functionaries; and Ashley swears it is worth a man's while to be pinched in tight boots, to enjoy the contrasting luxury of light easy shoes. I do not mean to deny that these are luxuries; but I contend they rank—longe intervallo—below the warm bath. Seneca knew that well, when he cunningly demanded permission to *liquidate the debt* of nature in a warm bath. (A good pun—must give it oral birth.) Dined at Brookes's—was bored by that conceited fop, Spring Rice. Talk of what you will, Rice will hock in the Limerick election, and the treaty of Limerick, and Mrs. Rice's father, Lord Limerick. I wish he would stay in Limerick. He rivals the big one-eyed Scotchman, Irving, I heard preach about two years ago somewhere in the

city, in the quantity and quality of his hair. Rice is a perfect fright, and yet he thinks it makes him an Adonis. By the way, is that Irving dead or alive? He was evidently a quack; of course was thought a prodigy. I think I heard something about his pawning a gold watch—I forget the particulars. Great muster expected at the levee to-morrow. *Mem.* Euston to call for me at half-past two o'clock.

28.—The levee rather thinish—the King looked, I thought, dull. Met my old Vienna friend, Sir Horace St. Paul—heard the young Baroness Althain still unmarried. Would much like to see her again. What a speaking eye! and such a pathetic voice! What a fool Devonshire makes of himself—think of him wearing his Moscow coat at the levee! how his Majesty must despise him. Liddell said, my coat lay better about the collar than any in the room. Liddell is a devilish good judge of a coat, though he never wears one himself worth remarking. Played an excellent joke upon Euston. A Mr. Alderman Waithman, a low city shopkeeper, was speaking with great vehemence about something or another. I whispered to Euston that he was quite out of order; Euston, who detests, like him, in Goldsmith's comedy, "every thing that's low," roared out, "Order! order!" A dead pause—the Speaker looked for explanation. Euston got red in the face, dropped his head sheepishly, and looked like a pick-pocket. I left the House, and almost burst with laughter in the smoking room: told Cam Hobhouse the story—he laughed too. Hear Cam's sister is to be married to one of the Fane's of Oxfordshire—old acquaintance of my aunt L—. *Mem.* Betted twenty to ten with W. Bankes on the height of the pyramids.

29.—How barbarous these jokes on Elliston's auction! poor fellow—I saw him play Ranger in Leominster about two months ago, in his own inimitable style; hear he is turned stationer; what a falling off!—Still bored about the corn laws. Both packs at fault. The repealing barriers ought to remember, that if Eclipse were weighed down by enormous weight, he could not keep pace with a common hack; and the beagles ought not to give tongue or yelp when there is no scent of danger. This is an old trick of their's. Adam Smith tells us, that about fifty years before his time, some of the counties in the neighbourhood of London petitioned the House against the extension of turnpike roads into the remoter counties, which, they pretended, from the cheapness of labor, would be able to sell their grass and corn cheaper in the London market than themselves, and would thereby reduce their rents, and ruin their cultivation. Their rents, however, have risen, and their cultivation has been improved since that time; and, I am sure, the fears at the present time would be found almost as groundless: I mean under a restrictive importation. Talking of turnpike roads, what amusement can Lowther find in for ever boring himself and others with some d—d Turnpike Bill or another? I yesterday moved, *pro forma*, the second reading of a new Bridge Bill of my constituents; I never of course read it myself, and yet Lowther took it up, conned it over and over, and d—bly

annoyed me with petty verbal questions and objections. There is Lord Robert Seymour just as mad about lunatic asylums, and *proh pudor*, the Member of the University of Oxford, my excellent friend, Estcourt, spends his time in regulating the domestic affairs of gin-shops and ale-houses!—Certainly, next to a warm bath, a keen razor is the prince of luxuries---by the way, do ladies shave now?—At Lady H——’s last night, and Mrs. R——, and the Countess Antonio’s musical parties, all the spinsters’ chins were black-patched. The razor is an awful substitute for the breeches.

30.---Did any body ever here such a sing-song, up and down squall, as that of young Stuart Wortley! He reminded me of a duett between a cock grouse and a curlew. His voice seems to be a compound of the two Wynns---bubble and squeak---and such a subject, the Tregony election! And such a farrago of stupid precedents---about what nobody cared about, *parturiunt montes*, &c. He came into the University Club with the air of a Roman general in a triumphal procession; talked of the necessity of a knowledge of the usages as well as the spirit of the constitution to an M. P., till every body laughed at him. He bolted off to Brookes’s; Harry Pelham and I followed---found him in warm argument with Althorpe about the exchangeable value of commodities---Milton took a part---every body listened. I awed them all into silence, by gravely remarking, that many of the questions, both in morals and in politics, seem to be of the nature of the problems, *de maximis* and *de minimis* in fluxions, in which there is always a point where a certain affection is the greatest, while, on the other side of the point, it gradually diminishes; that I considered the present question was of this nature, and therefore admitted of great latitude of discussion on both sides. This floored Althorpe, and made Wortley look as if he was going to cry. The room murmured assent. I observed a new member, Surrey Pallmer, very attentive; I am sure he takes me for a philosopher. By the way, I saw him and Buxton the other night shaking hands, as if there were no blacks in the world---I don’t like these *manumissions* of Pallmer; he ought to take a decided part, and benefit the country, by manfully exposing quackery and cant*. The public is sick ad nauseam of the **** ***** of the methodist **** and abolitionists. They are aware of the hollowness of their “disinterested” statements, and that the East Indians would fain extend their monopoly to sugar and rum, at the ruin of the West Indian planters. Pallmer ought to show, that the question is one of

* Our young Senatorial friend should remember that Mr. Pallmer is an independent English County Member, and not the representative of the Colonies. The mistake would not be worth notice, were it not shared by many individuals, who seem to think Mr. Pallmer has nothing to do but to fight the battles of the West Indians. We are here obliged also to omit some strong expressions of our Diarist. Opposed as we are, head and heart, to the measures of the Abolitionists, we cannot forget that their professed object is a respectable one, and that the characters of many of them are above censure. We will not shrink from exposing hypocrisy where we have proofs; but we will not stigmatise the whole for the evil deeds of a few.

Cocker and cant---of interest and *****; the feeling in and out of doors would soon be unanimous on the side of justice. I've heard his lukewarmness arises from an unwillingness to oppose Lord Liverpool, to whom he was indebted in his contest with Holme Sumner. I don't believe it. Lord Liverpool has too much English sense, and is too good a Protestant, to be influenced by sectarian *****---besides, to make a bad good pun, Pallmer ought to recollect the motto of the Liverpool family---non sine pulvere *Palma*, and not rust in idleness.

December 1.---I declare the "female ladies of my acquaintance" so perplex me for franks, that I've not been able to write my own letters. *Mem.* To answer Fred. Lambe's invitation to Madrid, by his cousin the commodore, who is going to Christmas there. Still bored about that Tregony petition---left the House. I would have voted against Mr. Archibald Mackillop, and Mr. Alexander something else equally Gothic or Celtic, merely on account of his d---d name, even if he rode as well as Joliffe. What a d---d ass that Batley was to fall into a passion about a deist's petition! He ought to remember that belief is independent of, and uncontrollable by, the will. William Smith's censure was well uttered, and well deserved, though Chairman Grant said, in the smoking room, it was imprudent. Batley seems to be what Harry Pelham calls a "great creature." By the way, there is a man of the name of Warburton speaks, like philosopher Torrens, on every subject. I asked Euston the reason; he answered with one of my own puns, that Warburton was a timber-merchant, and therefore knowing a *good deal*, ought to speak on a variety of subjects. Liddell said he was a *chip* of the old block, and a cousin of *Ashley's*. Very stupid attempts at punning. Talking of puns---met one this morning in the New Monthly---attributed to old wiggly Dr. Parr---(a bad imitation of the defective points in Dr. Johnson's character), that was actually uttered by Porson, when his copy of the Abbe Du Bos's criticism fell on Hume's *Essays*---*Procumbit Humi Bos*. I have no doubt, in the same way, many of my good puns will be claimed by others. I heard a punning anecdote the other day of Lord Eldon, which, by the way, though highly praised, I think as stupid as a legal pun need be. His lordship is fond, it seems, of strong porter at dinner, which he drinks in the orthodox manner of our ancestors, out of a pewter pot. Dining the other day at Wellington's, after, as John says, taking the lining out of a quart of porter, he smacked his lips, and cried out in a transport of pleasurable emotions, "That is noble drink." "By writ or tenure, my lord?" said little Croker, with a would-be facetious smile. "By descent, Sir," said old Eldon. Every body says it was an admirable and most witty reply. I don't, nevertheless, see anything in it. *Mem.* Met Lord Stanhope, got red in the face when asked whether I had yet read his pamphlet on the corn laws. Must give it to John to-morrow, and order him to bring up the "report" the day after.

2.---Sorry Moore is doing Byron's life; I wanted Cam Hobhouse, who half promised. There is no man living fit to do it justice but Sir W. Scott---but for his toryism, which I fear will, with too much

haste, dish his Life of Napoleon. Moore cannot write prose: his life of poor Richard Brinsley Sheridan is miserable;—every sentence finishing with some far-fetched unmeaning simile—*like* the enchanted gardens of Armida—*like* the hanging garden of Badgad—*like* an ousel, and very *like* a whale. He even does not tell any of Sheridan's "good ones." Sheridan was unrivalled in reply. Medwin's account of Sheridan's set-to with Monk Lewis is the best thing in his too highly puffed, and too lowly condemned, book. My father, from whom I inherit my wit, and who has said more good things than Brummell, tells anecdotes of Sheridan, that fell within his knowledge, which for wit and readiness exceed any I have elsewhere heard or read of that extraordinary man. I must collect them. One which my father occasioned is particularly good. My father objected in a Committee of Ways and Means, in the year 1796, to some financial resolutions of Mr. Pitt. Mr. Pitt was chafed, and compared, with considerable warmth, my father and his party to a drag chain on the wheels of the Government---impeding its progress. Tierney and my father were both concerting a reply, when Sheridan suddenly rose, and said, "For the first time in his life he would compliment the "right honorable gentleman on the happiness of his allusion. The "drag-chain was a felicitous simile; the rather, as it never could be "used but when the machine was going down the hill." "The shouts "of laughter," says my father, "nearly split the roof of the house, "Pitt's skull, and Tierney's sides."

That Calcraft thinks a great deal of himself---assumes great airs. Only think of him last night saying, he felt it his duty, though opposed in politics, to give the Duke of York a character of fairness! I whispered Portman, that his Royal Highness must have done something for the Calcrafts. I had scarcely said the word, when Calcraft declared his motive for rising was to acknowledge the many promotions the Duke of York dealt out to his sons; in other words, begging the Commander-in-Chief to make all the Captain and Major Calcrafts colonels and generals. And yet Calcraft wished the House to believe (*credat Judæus Apelles*) that he was disinterested!!

It is a pity, my excellent and sensible friend, and fellow Harrowman, Peel, is so affected in his general manner. His attitudes are those of a posture-master---so different from the "carelessly diffused grace" of his colleague, Canning; and his voice and language are painfully studied and unharmonious. Why does he pronounce the word, *rise*---*rice*? A *rise* of prices, from his mode of pronouncing it, appears to be a *rice* of prices. I did not understand him at first last night; but Glenorchy told me it was "his wont in the afternoon." Why does not Wynn get himself shaved? he is rivalling Lord Lauderdale in dirt and alienation from soap. He is for ever scratching his head; why does he not get his groom to curry-comb it, before he goes down to the House? I would not sit beside him for the Mint. Talking of Lauderdale, he is doing St. Albans out in the amiable to Mrs. Million Coutts. I never meet the widow without her fidus Achates "dirty

* This is to be found in the Parliamentary Debates.

"Maitland," as my father baptized him at school. These moral Scotchmen make a shrewd guess as to the locality of Exchequer Bills and good securities.

3.—Received a copy of Lady Foley's novel, "Almack's." I am sure very stupid. I am d——d if I try. She is an age (nearly, if not all out, 10 years) behind the fashion; her book therefore can be valuable only to the Society of Antiquaries. I, however, must get somebody to read it, as I am to have some good shooting at Foley's next week. Leinster tells me he is also going. Euston wants me to bet on Jem Ward. Ward is a prime bit of flesh, but not to be depended upon. Tom Cribb, besides, says there is nothing manly and fair going on now in the ring—all crosses. I would back Ward—I have seen him spar with Berkeley—I will venture 100*l.* upon him.

Maberley gave Alderman Waithman a great shaking last night. Waithman seems to be rough handled on both sides; fights without backer or bottle-holder: does not seem to want pluck so much as training. He is the beau ideal of a shop-keeper (not a cockney) M.P. Heygate is the cockney M.P.—pert, mincing, presuming, and obsequious. It is plain that it is resolved Brogden is to be rescued from the hands of the "lean and unwashed artificer." It is short policy in Brogden not to refund the 1047*l.*, his share of the spoil; for he will be apt to lose a place of 2000*l.* a-year for it. He may not have been privy to the fraud; but now that the fraud is evident, and that he admits he could be only entitled to the money from the sale of shares he never paid even deposit upon, and never ordered to be sold, he ought at once to refund, and let it be a drawn bet. Sir W. Congreve seems to have been playing his cards to some purpose—2500*l.* is his share. Waithman, it seems, is a countryman of theirs—all from the *terra levis*, as Camden calls Wales—meaning thereby the land of *Levi*. A good pun that, worth delivery. [*Mem.* to deliver it the first convenient extempore opportunity.] I felt for Waithman: it is a most painful situation to fill—that of bringing a charge of dishonesty against a member of the House, unbacked by friends, and unsupported by influence of birth or station; the more so, if he persuaded himself he is acting from a sense of moral honor and public duty. No cheers, no countenance; every thing chilling and mortifying. Waithman is not perhaps wanting in pluck, information, bronze, or words; but he wants manner, tact, and above either, the urbane deportment of a gentleman, in the pure and best sense of the word. I never saw a man have so much of what Leveson Gower calls *Kleinstadtigkeitishness*, or *countrytownishness*, of manner. He cannot walk apparently with ease to himself; and when he rises, he seems bewildered from the incumbrance of his hands; and to mend the matter, he does not speak from a seat as every body else does, but from the fissure passage to them. In Augustus Berkeley's slang, he is a most lamentably unhappy man. Talking of Gower—I see the Marchioness of Stafford has succeeded in procuring the second peerage for the family. Lady Grosvenor being the mother of two earls, annoyed her beyond measure: the more so, as the King refused

a dukedom at the instigation of that clever woman, the Marchioness of Conyngham. My aunt L. has volumes of anecdotes of their intriguing for titles. Belgrave warmly contradicted to me a report ripe at Brookes's---that his father offered his family support to Lord Liverpool for a marquise, and the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland. He justly remarked on the folly of the application, as His Majesty could never forget Lord Grosvenor's saying, "that if he were Arch-bishop of Canterbury, he would have flung the Bible in the King's face for asking him to expunge the Queen's name from the Liturgy." I am attached to Leveson Gower, as well for his intellect, as for his relationship to the Stanley family. When I left him at Paris, he was cherishing a most formidable pair of whiskers, and writing sonnets to his wife and her parrot. The worst of him is, that nothing goes down with him but Faust and Goëthe.

5.---Said a good thing last night at that notorious blue stocking's, Lady D. After a great deal of opera chat, the conversation turned on Talma. I maintained that his style was stiff, when not ranting---always unnatural; and that he was only effective in half lines and abrupt transitions. Clanricarde said he was of the Roman, Euston of the Grecian, school. I replied that he was of neither; that he was hereditarily of the *Tuscan*, as his father and grandfather were dentists. Great laughing. (Clanricarde seems fretted by that d---d gambling transaction. I scarcely pity him; he had always a hankering after low company, and this may cure him. Mr. Canning has not seen him since*.) By the way, he humbugged Lady D. in very good style---that is, I believe he was humbugging. She was talking of the wonderful effects of music in wild beasts and fishes, and of instincts, and other such subjects, which furnish the lovers of the marvellous with divers anecdotes---not one of which I believe; when Clanricarde told her, and appealed to Leinster, another wag, for the truth of his story,---that he usually catches trout and pike by merely smearing his hands with marjoram and other strong scented substances, and immersing them in the water; for, that the fishes are so intoxicated with the delight of the smell, that they are unable to swim away, and are taken in handfuls. The young ladies of both sexes listened with wonder and delight; and Lady D. said she readily credited the story, for that Pliny, in his fourth and fifth books, and Aristotle, in the second of his Natural History, tell us, that the sense of smell to certain species of fish is so powerful an inlet of pleasure, as to prove fatal to them from its very perfection---in the manner told by Clanricarde!! I could with great difficulty refrain from laughing in her face---the more so, as Devonshire's St. Petersburg friend, *Rus verum et barbarum*, received it all for gospel. I asked Lady C. M., an out and out Cerulean, how she liked our Russian friend? "Hugely!" (a neat phrase for a spinster): "there is a hyperborean *denultoriousness* of manner, that at once testifies the ardour of his mind, and that his birth is *gentilitious*." Match me that speech in

* It is perhaps unnecessary to remind the reader, that the noble Marquis has since cleared his character, seen Mr. Canning, and been presented to the King.

the House. I asked her how her friend the duke, and the banker's widow, were going on? "I can neither," said she, "answer your questions positively in the affirmative or negative. For there is a *mysterieux patelinage* on the part of the female belligerent that perfectly baffles my penetration. It reminds me, indeed, of a scene in Plautus, or rather of a passage in Calderon, where ——" I was most fortunately relieved by Lady D., else would have been cured for life of all tendency to make impertinent questions. Before my bath, "did" the Park for an hour, as Theodore Hook has it. By the way, nothing shews his vulgarity so much as his frequent mention of our usages. Made a very good pun on Hope's gate; Ashley says the best I ever made. He was asking Liddell, Howick, and Captain Fitzgerald what motive Hope could have to laying out 30,000*l.* in building a *gate* for the public? I replied, that was his way of *propagating* his name. I don't believe Hope wrote that clever book, Anastasius. Why, if he did, has he not written another? I am sure the author is dead; and would not be surprised if the first report of authorship (Byron's) was, after all, the true one. *Mem.* Forgot to drop card at Fife House, or to give John, Stanhope's pamphlet.

7.—Peel should never wear a black cravat, his features are not aristocratic; and it gives him the look of one of his father's cotton spinners. Met Lauderdale with my Lord Wharnccliffe: his hands were so dirty that I felt great reluctance in touching them. Why does he not wear gloves, and get a decent coat? I wonder Mrs. Coutts lets him come near her. Am glad to see my hint has made Henry Grattan somewhat modest: his brother James is a well-meaning good fellow. Betted with Turnpike Lowther one hundred to ninety to beat him with Merlin to Richmond, and give him four minutes law: Fitzroy Somerset to be umpire. Lord Palmerston, an affected conceited creature, has given the coup de grace to Hume's reputation. Did ever any man receive such an insult, and bear it so meekly? I solemnly declare I felt for Hume, or rather for humanity, to see it so humbled; not a soul to interfere, not a single "hear" when he replied; the more remarkable as contrasted with the cheers for almost every word uttered by Palmerston, who really would be less than nobody but for his office. The Greeks have had ample revenge as far as poor Joey is concerned. I gave old Tierney a seat in my cab up from the House, and expressed to him my sympathy with Hume's feelings. "Your benevolence," he replied "is more creditable than called for. Did Hume feel for himself, I would have felt and interposed—as it is, I am glad I was not in the House. It has been said that I am jealous of Hume: jealous of what? Ask your father of the battles I have fought, and the victories I have won, in that House, from men, too, whose very name is sufficient to make the humblest of their followers respectable. On this score, I might talk for hours with the garrulity, if not the honied eloquence, of old Nestor in the Iliad; but fuimus Troes, and, alas! fuit Ilium, and I alone remain. I have been reproached for cunning by your friend Tilney Long Wellesley;---cunning! cunning! good heavens, is it

“cunning to remain out of office---from honorable adherence to the principles which have guided my public life, and from still adhering to a party who treated me, as an individual, with base ingratitude? What did they do when they got into power in 1806?—Made the present Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lord Henry Petty, Chancellor of the Exchequer; an office which my peculiar studies peculiarly fitted me for. What did I do when Lord Henry was turned into ridicule, and his gross ignorance of finance exposed by a man as shallow as himself, Lord Castlereagh, who, with Lord Hawkesbury, now Liverpool, offered me the place on their return to office if I joined them then? Why, I stood up and rebutted all objections, and convinced, by argument, the House of the soundness of Petty’s propositions—was this cunning? If it were, I boast of it; and advise you to imitate it. I will say nothing now of Sheridan: he is dead; and let those imitate his virtues, who never can have a millionth part of his temptations to error. As to Canning and Castlereagh, I assure you Canning’s biographer can make out a better case than is generally believed. Wellesley is completely out as to Castlereagh’s character: Castlereagh was a cunning man whenever his bullying did not carry him through; his whole system of government in Ireland was a deep diabolically cunning scheme of Machiavellian politics. Wellesley’s letters, nevertheless, do him credit; and show him fit to have the management of his children. He is somewhat, indeed, of a Nimrod in education, but that is a good gentlemanly fault. But I have wandered from Hume; a most useful man as long as he confines himself to the calibre of his intellect; but a most mischievous one when he attempts to rise above the natural mediocrity of his character. He appears destitute of the finer feelings of society, else he could not so often be forgetful of what he owed to his own character, and to that of the House. He has now but little chance of being honored either with the detestation of his enemies, or the esteem of his friends, or even with the pity of either. Did he hearken to the suggestions of prudence, he would, therefore, confine his future efforts to subjects commensurate with his power.” I was really affected by Tierney’s manner: he is an old friend of my father; and a man whom he justly considers as the possessor of the finest official intellect in either House of Parliament.

9.---What makes Alexander Baring so affected in his manner and language? He makes himself, notwithstanding his sense, information, and wealth, absolutely contemptible. Only to think of the head of the British Merchants aping the manners of a “carpet knight,” lispng his sentences, and hemming out every syllable! This is doing the amiable aristocrat with a vengeance. As he is a great loan contractor, I would advise him to contract a loan of Mr. Huskisson’s manliness of tone, and decision of manner: it will greatly improve him.—Great bruiting at Brookes’s of war with Spain.

11.---Brookes’s full about the King’s Message. General expectation of a general war: I think they are premature: no fight at

present; Spain will *cross* and recross, and wont come to the scratch, as Tom Cribb says. Spring Rice got a hint from Canning not to touch the treaty of Limerick to-night. Hear saltpetre rose 50 per cent., and consols fell 6. Think Canning is bamboozled by Villele and Co.: he is still gouty. Lord Liverpool not able to leave his room. *Memo.* To set off to Lord Foley's on Wednesday. Expect good sport.

12.—Every body talking about war and Mr. Canning: the effect, the sensation, of his splendid speech is tremendous. The very suddenness of the business has aggravated the general ardour—Canning waited for the moment to strike, and then struck home like Fabius in *Ennius*,

“Non pouebat enim remores ante salutem,”

but waited for fact, and then came down armed with the consciousness of strength and moral indignation. It was an epoch in a man's life to have heard him; it reconciles me to the loss of several days hard ratiocinating. Heavens! he surpassed even himself! the chaste elegance, the graceful simplicity, the harmonious tones of his opening speech; and the sublime energy of his reply, will haunt me to my grave. What a burst of feeling when he spoke of the Portuguese charter! “May God prosper that attempt at the extension of constitutional liberty; and may the nation to which it is extended, prove as fit to receive and cherish it, as she is to discharge her other duties among the nations of Europe.” I shall never forget the deep, moral earnestness of his tone: and the blaze of glory that seemed to light up his features. He was equally grand when, in his reply, he said, “I do not believe that *there* is that Spain of which our ancestors were so justly jealous, that Spain upon whose territories it was proudly boasted that the sun never set.” But when in the style and manner of Chatham he said, “I looked to Spain in the Indies, I called a *new* world into existence to redress the balance of the old,” the effect was actually terrific. It was as if every man in the House had been electrified. Tierney, who before that was shifting in his seat, and taking off his hat and putting it on again, taking large and frequent pinches of snuff, and turning from side to side, till he, I suppose, wore his breeches through, seemed petrified, and sat fixed, and staring with his mouth open for half a minute. Mr. Canning seemed actually to have increased in stature, his attitude was so majestic; I remarked his flourishes were made with the left arm; the effect was new and beautiful; his chest heaved and expanded—his nostril dilated—a noble pride slightly curled his lip; and age and sickness were dissolved, and forgotten in the ardor of youthful genius; all the while a serenity sat on his brow, that pointed to deeds of glory. It reminded and came up to what I've heard of the effects of Athenian eloquence. That Hume to be so mad—so insensible—as to propose an amendment at such a time, to an inflamed, infuriated, glowing assembly. Even the reiterated laughter he occasioned, did not atone for his folly; the very people in the gallery—reporters and all, disguised their contempt for him as little as their admiration of Mr. Canning. It was a glorious night.

TO ROBERT WILMOT HORTON, ESQ. M. P. &c. &c.

SIR,

It has been rumoured, that certain individuals connected with His Majesty's Government have expressed no little astonishment, that the West India Proprietors resident in England should now betray symptoms of dissatisfaction at the Order in Council for Trinidad. They are reported to assert, that they had always proceeded with regard to that measure, upon the belief that the provisions contained in it met with the most perfect approbation of the West India Body in England; that they were warranted in that supposition by the silence maintained on the subject, by the representatives of the West India interest in Parliament; and that it is consequently somewhat ungracious, that they should now, for the first time, receive remonstrances and complaints, which might have been preferred with far more propriety and decency two years ago.

* As ministers, particularly those connected with the Colonial Department, must be well aware, that *at the very first promulgation of that Order in Council to the House of Commons*, the "compulsory manumission clauses" *were protested against by Lord Seaford, the Chairman of the West India Body in London*; and that more than one remonstrance against that particular clause, and against the "enforcement" of *any* part of the "Order," have been presented to His Majesty's Government, it is impossible to believe that any observation of the kind could have proceeded from *them*. The rumour might have been left to die unnoticed, because unbelieved, had in not been for the appearance of a pamphlet, in which similar charges have been *conditionally* made against the West India Body. The pamphlet is evidently written by a defender of Government, and this circumstance renders him deserving of a reply, as otherwise it might be supposed that the West Indians acquiesced in the justice of his accusations, and the public might be induced to believe, that amid the numerous calamities by which the Colonies have now long been assailed, that of having forfeited the protection of Government, must now take a place. Feeling that those accusations are utterly unfounded, and that the writer of this pamphlet has almost egregiously mistaken the conduct of the English West India Proprietors, it is with no fear of having undertaken a difficult task, that I enter upon an explanation; and I take the liberty of addressing myself to you, Sir, because repeatedly and properly as you have repelled the charge of being the partizan of the West Indians, I am convinced you will be glad, when appealed to, to give your testimony to the correctness of my statements; which have for their object to shew, that the West Indians have behaved fairly, manfully, and openly with the Government, and are far from having, as this writer insinuates, betrayed either their own, or the interest of their fellow subjects abroad.

The pamphlet to which I allude, is entitled, "*Remarks on an*

"Address to the Members of the New Parliament, on the proceedings of the Colonial Department, with respect to the West India Question," and professes to be written "by a Member of the last Parliament." He first of all shews, that the measures taken to enforce the Order in Council, are to be considered as those of the whole Executive Government, and not merely those of the Colonial Department; and next, that the Order in Council is adapted to the end for which it was brought forward, and is consistent with the resolutions of the House of Commons of 1823,—both of which propositions are denied by the author of the Address.

In the progress of his reasonings, the member of the last Parliament goes somewhat out of his way to make the following remarks:

"Is he (i. e. the author of the pamphlet) not aware that, by inevitable implication, he stamps the West Indian members of the last Parliament, as the *most ignorant, incautious, and imbecile body of men who ever were got together to represent an interest*? If they have omitted to do justice to their own cause, by pointing out the practical defects of those enactments and instructions which for two years and a half have been public documents on the table of the House of Commons, and have remained there without commentary, much less disparagement, where was their sense of public duty—of personal interest, fairly and rationally understood—of manly responsibility,—for who is there that will pretend to deny that they were virtually responsible for the fair interests of the West Indians being duly discussed and understood in Parliament? If they have shared the opinions of the writer of this address, how can they reconcile it to themselves not to have had the manliness to avow them? What inference, therefore, is to be drawn from their silence, and from this address-writer's accusations? Why, that his accusations are utterly unfounded; as it is too monstrous to believe that, if they had the shadow of foundation, they would be first communicated to the world in a pamphlet published in October, 1826, when three long Sessions of Parliament had elapsed without one syllable of a kindred nature being uttered within the walls of Parliament."

As it is now pretty well ascertained, that the West Indians at home are united in the intention of opposing by every constitutional means the enforcement of the "compulsory manumission clauses," it is of course clear, that they do to a certain extent "share the opinions" of the author of the address, and are consequently exposed to the censure so lavishly bestowed upon them in the preceding extract. Of that censure, a very few words will suffice to demonstrate the folly and injustice, and to make the charge of ignorance and incaution recoil on him who brought them forward.

In the first place, it is perhaps necessary to observe, that the West Indians do not even now object to the resolutions of the House of Commons of 1823; but they contend that the Government, in founding upon those resolutions a provision for emancipation, *invito domino*, have violated both their letter and their spirit. The author of the remarks makes a most awkward attempt to prove, that such a measure *ought* to have been contemplated as the necessary result, whereas, by every principle of grammatical and logical construction, Parliament is thereby pledged to do nothing more than to "enforce" measures of *amelioration*, and declare that they look to the negroes' (not partici-

pating, but) being *prepared* for participating civil rights and privileges, by "a *progressive improvement in their character*;" and yet, in direct contradiction of these well-guarded provisions, the Trinidad Order in Council contains clauses, not only for *amelioration*, but for *emancipation*. It is perfectly immaterial whether these were introduced through the agency of the legal adviser of the Colonial Office, or Mr. Canning, whether they are to be ascribed only to the Colonial Department, or to the whole of the Cabinet; they are equally reprehensible and unauthorized by the records of Parliament. They are obnoxious to the letter of the resolutions, for they are measures of emancipation, and not of amelioration. They are obnoxious to the spirit, for they are not "compatible with the well-being of the slaves, themselves, with the safety of the Colonies, and with a fair and equitable consideration of the interests of private property."

But why, then, says the author of the Remarks, why did not the West India Body remonstrate against their clauses? Why have two years and a half been suffered to pass by without any remark having been made upon them?—Why did they not? Sir, you as a Minister, as a Member of the late Parliament, which this author pretends to be, must know that they *did* remonstrate at the very first moment that the Trinidad Order in Council was made known to them.—Mr. Canning, when he laid it before the House of Commons, detailed in the glowing language of philanthropy and genius, the beautiful effects which would be produced by the measures which it contained, tending to the improvement of the negro character. In this part he was at once argumentative and eloquent; but when he arrived at the commencement of the "Compulsory Manumission Clauses," his argument and his eloquence alike gave way. Try him, Sir, by the extract from his speech on that occasion, which the author has been unlucky enough to quote in support of his views. I give the words in which he promulgates this important addition to the meaning of the Resolutions of 1823.

"It ordains, that a negro who has acquired sufficient property shall, under certain guards and regulations therein set forth, be entitled to purchase his own freedom, the freedom of his wife, or that of his children. I have thus, Sir, stated to the House the provisions of the Order in Council. I know that, with respect to the last point, namely, the purchase of freedom, great dislike, great apprehension prevails. I am far from saying that it is not a perplexing question; but the principle has been admitted, to a certain extent, in St. Kitts, and also in Trinidad. No principle can be considered as impracticable which has, even in a single instance, been voluntarily admitted in the West Indies."

Avowing his knowledge of the "dislike—the apprehension," prevalent against it, admitting that it embraced a "perplexing question," this accomplished statesman endeavours to allay that dislike, remove those apprehensions, deprive the question of its perplexities, by an elaborate train of argument comprised in sixteen words, "*the principle has been admitted, to a certain extent, in St. Kitts, and also in Trinidad!*"

How satisfactory; how convincing, to the representatives of—

Jamaica, of Barbadoes, and of nine other Colonies, all governed by different laws and usages! How strange, that this reasoning should have failed to operate on their minds, as it did upon that of the author of the pamphlet, who appears to have been so completely overcome, that he did not even hear the observations which Lord Seaford made, on the very same night, expressive of his dissent. You, Sir, no doubt remember them, and I will subjoin them to assist your recollection. His authority as an individual, Sir, is no mean one; and on this occasion he might have been supposed to stand forward as the Representative of the West India interest. He was the Chairman of the West India Committee; he had been the first to propose and to support measures of *amelioration*; he had obtained to such measures, and to the measures of Government, the support of the West India Body; but when he found that Government had exceeded their instructions, in proposing measures of emancipation, he entered his protest against them, a protest which, considering the quarter from which it came, must have been considered as the protest of the general West India body. His whole speech, indeed, is exceedingly important, because it contains the grounds upon which the leaders of that body founded both their approbation and disapprobation of the Orders in Council; and I strongly recommend the following passages to the attention of every one who conceives the West Indians to be either unceasingly refractory, "ignorant, incautious, or imbecile."

"When the Colonial Legislatures find that the Government and Parliament of Great Britain do not intend to employ for the enforcement of those measures to which they look, as it is expressed in the resolutions of this House, for 'that progressive improvement in the character of the slave population, which may prepare them for a participation in those civil rights and privileges which are enjoyed by other classes of His Majesty's subjects'—when they find that they do not intend to employ, for the enforcement of those measures, the *ultima ratio* of Governments, but are contented to rely upon the influence of example, and the argument, *ad verendum*, there will remain no longer any ground of jealousy as to any interference with their legislative privileges. When they further learn that, for the accomplishment of their ultimate object, the Government and Parliament do not look to legislative enactment, but to the natural operation of such an improvement in the state of society in those countries as shall render the slave fit to receive his liberty before he can obtain it; in a word, that they look not to the 'enfranchisement of the slave, but to the extinction of slavery;' they will see that there exists no intention to invade their property in their slaves. And lastly, when they further find that the Government and Parliament do not intend to call upon them to adopt any measures of doubtful prudence, until they shall have had the opportunity of seeing the practical proofs of their good effects in full operation in some other colonies, they cannot entertain any dread of an intention to put to hazard the public tranquillity—when they thus find that no measures of hostility are directed against their legislative privileges—no measures of spoliation against their property, and no measures of dangerous policy against their internal tranquillity, every existing cause of jealousy and distrust will have been removed from the minds of the Colonial Legislatures.

"Having stated my approbation of the course pointed out by my Right Honorable Friend, it is necessary for me to explain that there are two of the measures announced by him not included in the pledge which I have stated to have been given by gentlemen connected with the Colonies,—I mean the admissibility of slaves as witnesses, and the compulsory power proposed to be given to the slave of purchasing his freedom.

"With regard to the first of these propositions, I have no hesitation in saying; as far as my own opinion is concerned, that I entertain no objection to that concession which

"would not be obviated by the modifications proposed by my Right Honorable Friend. I consider it indeed essential, that the exercise of that privilege should be restricted by the knowledge which the slave may be proved to have of the obligation of an oath,--- that it might be proper to require a certificate to that effect, and also perhaps of general good character, and to except all cases in which the interest of the master might be directly implicated in the evidence of the slave. But subject to such qualifications and exceptions, I should hope that the concession might be safely made, and if safe, it would, I think, be most proper to grant it.

"With regard to the second proposition, I confess I entertain more serious apprehensions. It is a measure, of which it is impossible at the first blush to embrace all the various and remote effects in its bearings upon the state of society in the Colonies. Numerous objections, however, present themselves to the mind at the first sight of it, as to its execution in various points of detail: first, as affecting the property of the master; next as affecting the comfort of the slave: and, lastly, as tending to counteract even the ultimate object of the measure itself.

"For these objections no satisfactory solution has yet offered itself to my mind, and I cannot but think that these objections could scarcely have failed to suggest themselves to the comprehensive mind of my Right Honorable Friend, if the multiplicity of his other avocations could have afforded him the opportunity of considering the practical details of this measure as maturely as they deserve.

"Indeed I think that my Right Honorable Friend would have done better, with a view to the more safe, and I believe, the less distant, accomplishment of the very object of this measure---the extinction of slavery---if he had not departed from the principles laid down by the Abolitionists themselves, and expressed by their own organ, in a Report published by the African Institution, in which while they repel with indignation all imputation of having in contemplation any other more abrupt means, they declare that they look only to the extinction of slavery 'by the same happy means which had put an end to it in England,'---'by the encouragement (not compulsion) of particular manumissions,'---'to an emancipation of which, not the slaves, but the *masters*, should be the *'willing instruments.'*"

It is but fair to remark, that, in page 28, our author acknowledges his acquaintance with this speech; and the bold assertions which he makes in page 11, and in the extract given, becomes thus qualified:

"The Order in Council, containing the compulsory manumission clauses, has remained on the table of the House of Commons for two years and a half, without any motion having been made upon it, or any abuse levelled against it, by any individual of the last parliament, connected with the West Indian interest, *except in a speech of the present Lord Seaford (Mr. C. R. Ellis), made on the day on which Mr. Canning uttered his celebrated commentary on its enactments.*"

It is not my business to examine whether the author has or has not fairly answered Lord Seaford's observations, my only object is to shew, that the West India Proprietors in England *did* object to the *compulsory manumission* clauses immediately on their promulgation, and how unfounded is their author's accusation against them to the contrary.

But this protest, thus solemnly uttered by the Chairman of the West India Body, and speaking in their name, goes for nothing in the opinion of our author, because, forsooth, "*no motion was made.*" Can any thing be more preposterous? Let me ask the author, *was there ever any motion made in Parliament for the purpose of obtaining their approbation to the Order in Council?* Mr. Canning stated the course about to be adopted---Mr. Buxton thought he did not go

far enough—Lord Seafood thought he went too far—but each having stated his dissent, had done all that was sufficient, because the support of Parliament was not attempted to be gained towards it, and the ultimate decision was to be referred to the Colonial Legislatures.

In confining himself to a protest like the above, Lord Seafood pursued for himself, and the interest of which he was the chief, the only course which it was in his power to pursue. Mr. Canning had stated, and the House understood, that the Trinidad Order in Council was to be recommended to those Colonies which had independent legislatures. Till, therefore, intelligence had been received of the manner in which those Colonies had treated those provisions, the subject of their expediency or in expediency did not come under the consideration of Parliament. Till that time should arrive, the protest of Lord Seafood was fully adequate to the circumstances of the case; he, and the West Indians at home, had done all they could do, without exposing themselves to the charge of impertinently anticipating the conclusions of the Colonists abroad.

In 1825, scarcely a word was breathed with respect to this part of this question. In 1826, however, the nation was again excited to petition against the West Indians, and the vengeance of Parliament, it was intimated, would speedily fall upon the Colonists for not having complied with the Order in Council.

The West Indians being thus enabled to act with a knowledge of the sentiments of their Transatlantic brethren, met the emergency openly, manfully, and fairly. On the morning previous to the debate in the House of Lords, they sent a Memorial to the Government, in which they explained their construction of the Resolutions of 1823; they expressly avowed, that, in consenting to these resolutions, “they did not contemplate any compulsory emancipation of the slaves, nor any constraint upon the independence of the Colonial Legislatures.”

This document, being a private one (*and not published from motives of respect to the Government*), may not have reached the knowledge of the “Member of Parliament:” but there is no excuse for his not being acquainted with the petition presented to the House of Commons by Lord Seafood, on the night when Mr. Brougham’s motion was expected to come on, and *in which the same expressions were repeated*. This petition, in a very few hours, obtained the signature of upwards of two hundred of the leading West India Proprietors.

Last of all, when Mr. Brougham’s motion came on, Lord Seafood again stated his objections to the compulsory manumission clause, and went more into a detail of the arguments by which he was influenced. Mr. Canning replied to him, and, as before, not in the language of argument, but of determination. He left the reasoning of his friend untouched, but declared his resolution to persevere in the obnoxious measure. “*Sie volo, sie jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas,*” is the almost literal translation of his answer.

From that time we may date the commencement of that more defined opposition which seems so much to have astonished the author

of the pamphlet. The West Indians are prepared to enter into a more elaborate examination of the compulsory manumission clause, if our Government should be induced to resort to the hazardous measure of attempting to enforce it in any of the Colonies. This case has not yet arisen, although it has been threatened with regard to Demerara and Berbice; and the West Indians are, therefore, fully exculpated from the charges so injudiciously and incorrectly brought against them by the author before us. His remarks are the more offensive, because, as a defender of Government, they may seem somewhat to express the feelings of Government; and can only have the tendency of provoking the Colonies to a violent and absolute opposition, since they find that their forbearance is stigmatized as imbecility.

Strongly tempted as I am to enter into an examination of many other of his observations, having accomplished the limited task which I proposed to myself, I forbear trespassing further on your attention, with the assurance, that, although you have indignantly repelled the accusation of being a partizan of the Colonies, you have sufficient friendliness of feeling towards them to rejoice at any thing which may tend to remove any symptoms of ill will between the members of Government, and the natural defenders of the West Indies in this country. I have the honor to be, Sir, with the greatest respect,
your obedient humble servant,

OCCIDENTALIS.

Poetic Gems.

No. IV.

— ἄνθρωπος ἀνθρώπων
Κλυταῖς ἰστέον φασίσι· ἰχθυήσας ζυγόν. PINDAR.

The Poet to whom I am indebted for the "Poetic Gems" in the present number of the *Inspector*, is the Reverend William Lisle Bowles. It is with much regret that I find myself unable to place his genius in that strong light, which I might easily have done, had I been better supplied with his various works. The fact is, that many of this gentleman's publications are out of print. The following extracts, however, will be quite sufficient to prove that the high reputation he has acquired, has not been unjustly bestowed, and that he is equalled by few of our most favored Bards in delicacy of retirement, depths of pathos, and accuracy of description.

D. L. R.

SONNET WRITTEN AT A CONVENT.

If chance some pensive stranger, hither led,
(His bosom glowing from majestic views,
The gorgeous dome, or the proud landscape's hues)
Should ask who sleeps beneath this lowly bed—

'Tis poor MATILDA!—To the cloistered scene,
 A mourner, beauteous and unknown, she came,
 To shed her tears unmarked, and quench the flame
 Of fruitless love: yet was her look serene
 As the pale moonlight in the midnight aisle;
 Her voice was soft, which yet a charm could lend
 Like that which spoke of a departed friend,
 And a meek sadness sat upon her smile!—
 Now, far removed from every earthly ill,
 Her woes are buried, and her heart is still.

SONNET WRITTEN AT OSTEND.

How sweet the tuneful bell's responsive peal!
 As when, at opening morn, the fragrant breeze
 Breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease,
 So piercing to my heart their force I feel!
 And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
 And now along the white and level tide
 They fling their melancholy music wide;
 Bidding me many a tender thought recal
 Of summer-days, and those delightful years
 When by my native streams, in life's fair prime,
 The mournful magic of their mingling chime
 First woke my wondering childhood into tears!
 But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
 The sounds of joy once heard, and heard no more.

A DESCRIPTION OF SOUTH AMERICAN SCENERY.

Summer was in its prime;—the parrot-flocks
 Darkened the passing sunshine on the rocks;
 The chrysol and purple butterfly,
 Amid the clear blue light, are wandering by;
 The humming-bird, along the myrtle bowers,
 With twinkling wing is spinning o'er the flowers;
 The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
 The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
 And look! the cataract that bursts so high,
 As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
 The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
 And stealing, drop by drop, in mist descends:
 Through whose illumined spray, and sprinkling dews,
 Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.

Missionary.

A SOUTH AMERICAN CHIEF'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

The mountain-chief essayed his club to wield,
 And shook the dust indignant from the shield.
 Then spoke:—O thou! that with thy lingering light
 Dost warm the world, 'till all is hushed in night;
 I look upon thy parting beams, O Sun!
 And say, "ev'n thus my course is almost run."
 When thou dost hide thy head, as in the grave,
 And sink to glorious rest beneath the wave,
 Dost thou, majestic in repose, retire,
 Below the deep to unknown worlds of fire?
 Yet though thou sinkest, awful, in the main,
 The shadowy moon comes forth, and all the train
 Of stars, that shine with soft and silent light,
 Making so beautiful the brow of night.

Thus, when I sleep within the narrow bed,
The light of after-fame around shall spread;
The sons of distant Ocean, when they see
The grass-green heap beneath the mountain tree,
And hear the leafy boughs at evening wave,
Shall pause and say, "There sleep in dust the brave!"

Missionary.

DESCRIPTION OF A BATTLE STEED.

With neck high-arching, as he smote the ground,—
And restless pawing to the trumpet's sound,—
With mantling mane, o'er his broad shoulders spread,
And nostrils blowing, and dilated red,—
The coal-black steed, in rich caparison
Far-trailing to the ground, went proudly on:
Proudly he tramped as conscious of his charge,
And turned around his eye-balls, bright and large,
And shook the frothy boss, as in disdain,
And tossed the flakes, indignant of his mane,
And, with high-swelling veins, exulting pressed
Against the barb his proudly heaving breast.

Missionary.

A VENERABLE AND HOLY CHARACTER.

There was no worldly feeling in his eye,
The world to him was as a thing gone by.

Missionary.

ENGLAND.

My heart has sighed in secret, when I thought
That the dark tide of time might one day close,
England, o'er thee, as long since it has closed
On Egypt and on Tyre: that ages hence
From the Pacific's billowy loneliness,
Whose track thy daring search revealed, some isle
Might rise, in green-haired beauty eminent,
And like a goddess, glittering from the deep,
Hereafter sway the sceptre of domain
From pole to pole; and such as now thou art,
Perhaps New Holland be. For who shall say
What the Omnipotent Eternal One,
That made the world, hath purposed? Thoughts like these,
Tho' visionary, rise; and sometimes move
A moment's sadness, when I think of thee,
My country, of thy greatness and thy name
Among the nations; and thy character
(Tho' some few spots be on thy flowing robe)
Of loveliest beauty: I have never passed
Thro' thy green hamlets on a summer morn,
Or heard thy sweet bells ring, or seen the youths
And smiling maidens of the villagers
Gay in their Sunday tire—"Live, happy land.
"Where the poor peasant feels his shed, tho' small,
"An independence and a pride, that fill
"His honest heart with joy—joys such as those
"Who crowd the mart of men may never feel."

Spirit of Discovery.

THE PORTFOLIO.—No. V.

[It was originally intended to insert, under this title, such selections, translations, anecdotes, observations, &c., as might strike us in the course of our reading, from their novelty, variety, or excellence. We had bound ourselves to no particular plan, or sphere of study, and accordingly we do not feel much occasion to apologise for having selected, for the enrichment of our present number, the debate which took place in the House of Commons, on the 18th of December, relative to the sending of troops to the defence of Portugal. Although we are persuaded that the eloquence of our great Statesman has long since been warming every English heart, and scarcely needs to be recalled to the memories of our readers; yet we are not less convinced that they will be grateful to us for enabling them to preserve, in a connected form, the records of a display of genius, lofty feeling, and truly British spirit, which will be referred to with pleasure long after the circumstances which produced that display shall have ceased to exist. Our report of Mr. Canning's speeches will, perhaps, be the more interesting hereafter, from being nearly verbatim of what he actually uttered; whereas, in the report published by Ridgway, many of the expressions and sentiments have been materially softened down and altered—an act of prudence highly commendable; but, nevertheless, affording an incorrect notion of the reality of the breathing thoughts and burning words which entranced friends and foes in a delirium of admiration and delight.]

HOUSE OF COMMONS, Dec. 18, 1826.

HIS MAJESTY'S MESSAGE.

Mr. Secretary CANNING.—"Sir, I rise to move the Order of the Day for taking into consideration the King's most gracious Message to his faithful Commons."

The Order of the Day having been read, Mr. Secretary CANNING rose, and spoke to the following effect: "Sir, in proposing, as I shall presently have occasion to do, to the House of Commons, to acknowledge his Majesty's most gracious Message, on the subject of the relations subsisting between Great Britain and Portugal, and the present condition of the latter State; and, in calling on this House to reply to that communication, in terms which will be, in fact, an echo to the sentiments contained in the Royal Message, and equally in accordance with the anticipations of His Majesty's Government—in doing this, Sir, I cannot but feel that, however confident I may be in the justice of the cause, and clear as to the policy which it becomes us, in accordance with the recommendations contained in his Majesty's Message, to adopt; yet, Sir, I am free to admit, it will become a British Minister, in recommending a British House of Commons to take any step calculated to bring upon their country the hazards of war, to make use of the language of regret and sorrow that such a necessity should exist. (Hear.) Sir, I assure the

House there is not, within its walls, at this moment, any set of men more fully convinced than are his Majesty's Ministers—or any individual more completely convinced than is he who has now the honor to address it—of the great and vital importance of maintaining, undisturbed, the peace and tranquillity of this country. (Loud Cheering.) This, I admit. Indeed, so strongly am I impressed with the truth of this fact, and that for reasons which I shall take the liberty before I sit down to adduce to the House, that I am perfectly ready to declare no question, involving a doubtful success or construction—no consideration of merely present advantage—and, Sir, I will go farther, and add, no anticipation of remote and contingent difficulty could arise, which I should not a thousand times rather completely pass over, or, at the utmost, adjourn, than concur in a measure, calling on the Government of this country to involve itself in the consequences of a war. But, Sir, there are cases which render the adoption of such a course not merely honorable and beneficial, but also necessary and inevitable (hear), and I am equally certain the present occasion presents such a case; and I feel that what has been acted on in the best times of our history—what has been promulgated by our best Statesmen—and what has always received the support and concurrence of successive En-

glish Parliaments, is an adherence to national faith, and respect for the national honor. (Cheers.) These are the two questions which cannot be compromised—under any circumstances whatsoever—the cause of national faith, and the cause of national honour. (Hear.) Sir, if I did not consider the present question as completely falling within both these cases—if I was not intimately satisfied, that the national faith and the national honor were alike interested on this occasion—I should not dare to address the House of Commons, as I now do, in the full and unlimited confidence (almost amounting to conviction) that the most gracious communication made to Parliament, by his Majesty, will meet with that reply from Parliament which his Majesty expects. Viewing the matter as I do, I shall beg leave to proceed, first, to a simple statement and review of facts; in order, the better to bring the case under the cognizance of Parliament, in the shortest and clearest form I can devise, and of which the subject itself is susceptible. Before entering into the consideration of any collateral circumstances connected with the subject, I shall state shortly the situation of the case, which, as it appears to me, resolves itself into a case of national law, and a question of fact. With regard to the fact, on the one hand, that is now to be brought under the consideration of Parliament, as it has previously been submitted to the attention of his Majesty's Government; Sir, in my mind it is impossible to consider that fact in any other light than that in which it presented itself to the minds of his Majesty's Ministers; and I think it equally impossible for Parliament and Government (taking such a view of the case) to come to any other decision than that contemplated in his Majesty's Message. Among the relations of alliance and amity by which, at different periods of her history, this country has connected herself with the other nations of Europe, there exist no treaties so old in their date—none so constant in their duration—and, I may add, not one so precise in the obligations it imposes upon both countries, and so intimately interwoven with the line of policy adopted by Great Britain in its foreign relations, as are the treaties of amity and alliance formed between this country and the kingdom of Portugal. Sir, I may be excused for calling the attention of the House to the fact, that our most remote history contains (I may add, the most brilliant periods of our history are those which contain) notices of the treaties of

alliance, amity, and guarantee, subsisting between the King of Great Britain and his Portuguese Majesty. The good understanding thus created between the two countries began early, and has continued long. It has survived a variety of conflicting interests and circumstances, which, in the course of events, from time to time, have naturally and unavoidably arisen. It is much older than the epoch to which I am about to advert, when the good understanding previously subsisting between the two states acquired fresh vigour on the occasion of the present family of Portugal ascending the throne of that kingdom. From the period when the House of Braganza was placed at the head of the monarchy of Portugal, friendly relations have subsisted between that family and the reigning one in this country—relations which were continued without interruption, and renewed with sincerity, on, I will say, both parts. It has been adhered to in periods when the faith of other alliances has been shaken; it has been vindicated in those fields of blood and glory which remain among the most brilliant pages of the history of England. (Hear, hear.) Sir, in that alliance we have always been scrupulously faithful. Sometimes, I admit, we have found the treaty burthensome to maintain—of that, there can be no question; and many are those who may have wished us to shake it off, and free ourselves from the incumbrance of observing it—but a feeling of national honor, and what I may be allowed to denominate a sentiment of national sympathy, joined to a common interest, and a cause identified with that country, has induced England to persevere, untrifled by the difficulties attendant upon a continuance of the relations subsisting between us and Portugal. Sir, I feel the considerations to which I have more particularly adverted present too narrow and limited a view of the case. It is not only among ages long gone by, and in treaties now superseded by time and the course of events, that traces are discoverable of the relation in which Portugal has been considered to stand in regard to Great Britain; for in the latest compact entered into between the nations of modern Europe—that which now forms the patent law of the civilized world—I allude, Sir, to the Convention of Vienna—a similar course was taken in the treaty then entered into between this country and Portugal. (Hear.) At that period; Sir, Great Britain was well aware of the inconveniences which many individuals were fond of representing as arising out of

our connexion with Portugal; but we were also aware of the credit, and, I will add, advantage derivable from that connexion; and we renewed our obligations to uphold and support Portugal, on future occasions, in terms so strong and imperative, as to lay a foundation perfectly adequate to support the present proceeding. The terms of that treaty I will take leave to read to the House previous to calling on it to concur in the vote, with the proposal of which it is my intention to conclude. The third article of the treaty between Great Britain and Portugal, concluded at Vienna on the 22d of February, 1815, stated, that "the treaty of alliance entered into between his Britannic Majesty and the King of Portugal, at Rio de Janeiro, was founded on circumstances of a temporary nature, which had now happily ceased to exist; and, on that ground, the provisions of the treaty should be considered null and void, as relating to all the parties interested: however, without prejudice to the ancient and established treaties of alliance, friendship, and guarantee, which had so long and happily subsisted between the two countries: these treaties being now renewed by the high contracting parties, and acknowledged to remain in full force and effect." In order that the House may fully understand, and accurately appreciate, the effect of the observations which the perusal of this treaty is calculated to excite, I may be permitted to explain the previous circumstances of Portugal, and the condition of the reigning family in that country. In the year 1807, when, by the declaration of Buonaparte, the House of Braganza ceased to reign, the King of Portugal, under the advice of his Britannic Majesty's Government, set sail for the Brazils, and established in that country the seat of his Monarchy. This step was taken by virtue of a secret convention concluded between this country and Portugal, to the effect, that so long as the House of Braganza remained in that part of their dominions, or in the event of their return, his Britannic Majesty would never acknowledge any other dynasty on the throne of Portugal than the family of Braganza. I may be allowed to remark, that this convention greatly contributed to the furtherance of a proceeding which placed that family beyond the power of Buonaparte, and consequently promoted the ascendancy of British interests in the Peninsula. It was this secret convention that brought about the emigration, and greatly contributed to decide that step by

which the Royal Family of Portugal was removed from the power of France. The King of Portugal having become established upon his throne, the article ceased to be a secret, and was made a part of the Law of Nations by the Treaty of 1810, and from that time up to the Treaty of Vienna. It was clearly understood throughout Europe, that we had determined not to acknowledge any Sovereign in Portugal, except a member of the House of Braganza. But that determination arose solely from the supposition that that Sovereign would be compelled to a forced residence in Brazil. Beyond this it was not binding upon us, as it was felt that the moment the ground of the obligation ceased, there was an end to the treaty. It happened, in consequence of the happy conclusion of the war, that the option of returning was offered to his Majesty, and as it was felt that the force, of such a previous obligation no longer existed, the forcible separation from Portugal not continuing, it was deemed reasonable that we should perform such other obligation as the force of existing treaties rendered imperative upon us. The King of Portugal came into possession of his European dominions, the ground of our former obligation ceased, and the Treaty was so far ended. But, when that treaty was so far ended, there came another obligation, which I have just now read to the House. That treaty, I may be allowed to say, was repealed without prejudice to other ancient treaties of friendship and alliance; treaties so long and so happily subsisting, between the two Crowns of Portugal and Great Britain, which were, to a certain extent, renewed by the two high contracting parties, and which were, to this day, of full force and effect. I should also state, that, if all the treaties to which this paragraph referred, were, by some convulsion of nature, or some other accident, consigned to total oblivion, I consider Great Britain to be morally bound to fulfil her obligations---(Hear, hear, hear)---and that, in case of necessity, she would be bound, and is bound, to act in the defence of Portugal. (Continued cries of hear, hear.)--- But, happily, that is not the case; all the preceding treaties are in existence---they are in the full knowledge of all the civilized nations of the world---they are of easy reference to all mankind---they are known to Spain---to all the Continental States of Europe---they are so numerous, and the result of the whole is so clear, that I shall merely select one or two of them, with a view to shew the nature of our ob-

ligations to our ancient friend and ally—Portugal. The first, to which I shall advert, is that concluded in 1666, at the time of the marriage of Charles the Second with the Infanta of Portugal. The obligations of that treaty, after reciting the delivering of Bombay, Tangier, and other places, some of which still remained, and some not, to the Government to whom they were delivered, it was stated, that, in consideration of those grants, which were of so much benefit to the King of Great Britain, he professed, and declared himself, by and with the consent and advice of his Privy Council, that he would take upon him the defence of Portugal, that he would aid and defend her by sea and by land, with all his power, and in all other manner and respect, even as he would defend England itself. By that treaty it was further conditioned, that, in case of necessity, or any foreign attack, he should send and transport, at his own proper cost and expense, two regiments of horse, of 500 men, and two regiments of foot, of 1000 men each. There were other various stipulations, amounting to the same effect, which render it unnecessary for me to go farther into it at present. The next treaty, to which I beg the attention of the House, is that of 1703; it was a tripartite treaty, made between the States-General of Holland, Great Britain, and Portugal: it was also a treaty contemporaneous with the famous commercial treaty of Methuen, whose provisions still continue to be in full force and effect. By the second article of the treaty of 1703, it was conditioned, that if at any time, and whenever it happened, the Kings of Spain or France, or both, or either of them, should make war on Portugal, or give reason to suspect they had jointly or separately any intention to make war on her or her colonial possessions beyond the seas; then it goes on to state, that her Majesty shall use her good offices to persuade those powers not to make war; but, in case those offices should not succeed, the third article states, that provided such interference should not be successful, and that war should actually have been made on Portugal, then the above-named contracting Powers declare, that they shall make war on the Kings of Spain or France, or both or either of them; and that, while hostile arms shall be borne against Portugal, they shall provide twelve thousand men, armed and equipped, and leave them there while their presence may be deemed necessary. From these articles, the House will perceive the nature, if not the extent, of our

ancient obligations to our ally. I am ready to admit, Sir, that either of these treaties might be, by time and circumstances, supposed to have relaxed in their force; or it might be asked, why one party having withdrawn itself from the responsibility, say Holland for instance, the other should be still considered as bound to adhere to it! It might be said, the language of these Treaties was so loose and prodigal, that they could only have originated in good feeling, and that it was out of nature to suppose any one nation would engage to defend another as she would herself. It might be said, there was something so exaggerated in these treaties, as that they were never intended to be carried into effect. But with regard to this very treaty of 1703, even if I stood upon it alone; even though the circumstances of Holland had changed; even if her sentiments had changed; if her obligations were either altered or become obsolete; I need not raise the question whether, the Government and sentiments of England not changing, she is now liable or not to perform her obligation! This is not the time to do so, even if I admitted that such a question could have been raised. The objections, if any, should have been taken at the Congress of Vienna, when the eyes of the whole world were open to our relative situation with Portugal; when we had proclaimed the existence of our ancient treaties of friendship and alliance, so long subsisting with her; and when they were acknowledged to be of full force and effect. That was the time to object, if objection was thought necessary; and it is not so much on the specific articles of the treaties of 1661 and 1703 that we have acted and continue to act, as on the general spirit of all the treaties, admitted and recognized at the Congress of Vienna. I say Portugal has a right to claim the assistance of Great Britain, as an ally, and call upon her to defend the integrity of her territory. This is the state of the case as to our moral and political obligations towards Portugal; and I am not ashamed to say—I have a right to say—that when Portugal, in the apprehension of a coming storm, applied for our assistance; while we had no hesitation in acknowledging our obligation to afford it, if the *causa fœderis* had once arisen; yet I say that we were bound to wait till we ascertained the fact upon sufficient authority. Whether delay or difficulty interposed, it was not as to the existence of an admitted obligation, but as to the knowledge of the fact having actually taken

place, which justified the call for our assistance. In this stage of our proceedings, I beg to answer incidentally to some charge of delay which has been made against his Majesty's Government on this very important subject. But, in few words, I can state to the House, there is not the shadow of foundation for any such charge. It was only on Sunday, the 3d of December, that I received from the Portuguese Ambassador the direct and formal demand of assistance from this country. True, long before that time, rumours were afloat of an unauthorized description—rumours, finding their way from Madrid, where every thing was distorted, through the channels of the French press, where every thing was again disfigured and perverted, to serve party purposes: but, until the 8th of December, we had not received that accurate information on which alone we could found a communication to Parliament. That precise information, on which we could act, only arrived on Friday last. On Saturday, the decision of the Government was taken—on Sunday we obtained the sanction of his Majesty—on Monday we came down to Parliament—and at this very hour, while I have now the honor of addressing the House, British troops are on their march for Portugal. (Cheers.) I trust, therefore, that we are not in justice to be charged with any unseemly delay; but, on the other hand, while we felt the claim of Portugal to be so clear, our obligation to assist her so binding, and the possible consequences of interference so spreading, it was our duty not to give any credit to hearsay or to rumour; but, while admitting the full force of our obligation, we were bound to have the full knowledge of the facts of the case, before we took a step whose consequences no man could precisely calculate. Rumours and reports, as I have just said, were long afloat, of incursions made by Spain upon our Ally; but, then, they reached us through channels upon which no man in his senses would found any grave proceeding. In one case, at Madrid, they were put forth to deceive; in others, to conceal; and, coming through the French newspaper press—these rumours, I say, coming through such sources, were not to be relied on by his Majesty's Government, and we therefore waited for authenticated facts, in order to come before Parliament with what we might call the truth. In former instances, when Parliament was called upon to assist Portugal, the regular and constitutional power of the monarchy was lodged in the breast of the

King—the signification of his wish—the expression of his desire—the putting forward his individual claim for assistance—would have been enough; but when it was stated to me that matters had changed—that the Constitution was modified and altered—it became my duty to inquire—first, whether the Constitution of Portugal authorized the claims; next, if it were competent to the authorities making it to do so, and whether the Chambers had given their sanction to the reception of our troops, such as we were to expect for the troops of an old and faithful ally. We were bound to take care, before a single soldier left England, or set his foot upon the shore of Portugal, that the sanction of the Executive—of all the proper authorities—should be obtained; and I beg leave again to state, with reference to the charge of delay, which has somewhere or other been brought against his Majesty's Ministers, that it was only this morning I received the sanction of the Chambers assembled at Lisbon. So far, then, from any charge of delay being justifiably brought against the Government, I can boldly say, had we proceeded faster, we would have acted precipitately, and every caution was necessary to be used, before we involved this country in proceedings, which might be proved to be unnecessary by the result, or might expose us to the unpleasant reception of our troops in Portugal. The account which I received to-day, of the proceedings of the Chambers at Lisbon, is contained in a dispatch from Sir W. A. Court, dated the 29th of November. It states, that the day after the arrival of the news of the entry of the rebels, Ministers demanded the extension of their executive powers—an augmentation of the troops, and permission to apply for foreign assistance. The Deputies assembled, agreed to the demand with acclamation, and a similar spirit operating in the other Chamber, the Members rose in a body from their seats, expressed their readiness to acquiesce in the call, and many of them offered their personal assistance in the cause of their country. The Duke Cadaval, the President, was the first who so declared himself, and the Minister, who described the proceeding to our Ambassador, declared it was a moment worthy of the good days of Portugal. (Hear, hear.) So far the House will see we have a reasonable guarantee for the good reception of our troops; and then, the next question remaining for our consideration is, has the *casus fœderis* arrived? Bands of Portuguese, armed and equipped by Spain, made hostile incursions

into Portugal at several points; and what was remarkable in this case is, that the attack on Portugal is not the ground on which the application for British assistance has been complied with. The attack in the South of Portugal was stated in the French papers; but that on *Tras os Montes* was only received, authentically, this morning, and those on *Villa Viçosa* no longer ago than Friday. The intelligence of this new fact is the more satisfactory, as it confirmed the facts which were already known. The irruption upon one point of Portugal might be stated to be made by some corps who had escaped the inspection or the vigilance of the Spanish Government; it might be represented as the effort of some stragglers, acting in defiance of Spain: but an attack on the whole line, gives that decided and certain character to the aggression, which cannot be mistaken. Even if a single Spaniard, in arms, had crossed the frontier, the hostile aggression would be undoubted; and here the question is, to consider whether persons, clothed and equipped by Spain, and crossing the frontiers, are, or are not, guilty of an attack or invasion of Portugal---forsooth, because they were not Spanish soldiers, or Spanish mercenaries in the employ of Spain; but Portuguese troops, whom Portugal had nurtured, and who, in return, had brought with them devastation into their native land, and that by means furnished by a foreign enemy? (Hear, hear.) Why, it could be but petty and puerile quibbling to say, that this was not an invasion, because the agents were originally from Portugal; and that, therefore, their attack was not to be repelled. I said, formerly, in this House, and I repeat it now, that there is no intention, on our part, to interfere with the internal affairs of Portugal, or any other State; and my distinction, I beg to be understood, is between her external and internal affairs. As to discussions on the form of her Government, on the nature of her institutions, or with respect to their adaptation to the happiness of the people, God forbid it ever should be our policy, or our duty, to interfere; but if bands of refugees, armed against the Mother Country, were to be allowed to put off their country for one purpose, and then put it on to answer another, I say, it would be permitting such a laxity in politics, and such a solecism in morality, that we should be indeed held worthy of that reprobation to which we have been subjected; but for the non-permission of which, I think, we are entitled to that commendation, which, I have no

doubt, we shall receive from this House, and all good and honorable men out of it. (Hear, hear.) Here, then, is the whole of my case to lay before Parliament---here is a case of undoubted obligation on our parts, not framed in a corner, nor kept secret, but recorded amongst all the recollections of history, and all the well-known occurrences of our own time. On the other hand, here is a case of foreign aggression, carried on by foreign means, directed to foreign objects; and, putting the fact and obligation together, I say, neither could the King of Great Britain refuse assistance to his ally, nor the Parliament dissent from his Majesty, in giving effect to, and adequately fulfilling, undoubted obligations. On this case, I can safely rest the whole of the question; and I have so put it together, without any reference to collateral circumstances, because my wish is, that the precise ground of our interference should, in the minds of those who now hear me, and of those who are likely to hear of our proceedings, be kept separate and distinct, from collateral grounds, on what I need not now say, whether we would have been bound to interfere or not. I wish to separate the legal gist of the question from all collateral circumstances which might, or might not, constitute a ground of claim for our calling on Parliament, but which might, nevertheless, be found deserving of Parliamentary consideration. I feel, in what I have henceforward to state, that I would not be dealing fairly to Parliament, if I kept back any thing which might throw the greatest possible light upon the real state of the affairs with which we have to grapple. If, however, I had now sat down---if I said no more---I think I have already said enough; but, Sir, when I state to the House that I am willing to rest my case even here, I am sure they will see, that the vote for which I call is a vote of defence for Portugal, and not of war against Spain. As I said before, I beg of Honorable Gentlemen to keep these matters separate and distinct: and though, in what I am now going to say, I must bear rather hard on Spain, yet I must say it is most unjustifiable---it is contrary to all notions of good neighbourhood with the Portuguese---it is contrary to all rules of God and man, that Spain should have committed such an aggression upon Portugal. (Hear, hear, hear.) I do not, however, mean to say there is no *locus penitentiae* for Spain---no possibility of her making redress---no opportunity of retracing the steps she has taken; all I do say is, it is our duty to fly to the defence

of Portugal, be the result what it may—(cries of hear, hear)---but that declaration I consider by no means a necessary ground, on which to call for the unanimous address of this House, in answer to his Majesty's most gracious Message. The present situation of Portugal is so unusual, and the recent years of her history are so crowded with extraordinary events, that perhaps the House will not consider I am unprofitably wasting their time, if I state a few particulars on the subject, and its effects upon a portion of Europe. It is known, that in consequence of the King of Portugal residing in the Brazils, with a view to raise it from a colonial to a metropolitan condition, the King resolved upon his departure to his European States, where there grew up a degree of independence, which threatened the peace of both countries. It is also known, that Great Britain undertook the mediation between Brazil and Portugal; that we persuaded the King to acknowledge the separate jurisdiction of the two countries, and to place the crown of Brazil on the head of his eldest son. The ink upon that agreement was scarcely dry, when the premature and unexpected death of the King of Portugal induced a new state of things, and the crown of the two countries was finally re-united on one head, which it was our policy, as well as that of Brazil and Portugal, should not have been the case. The advice of this country, and another nation connected with Brazil, was tendered upon the occasion, but not before the King of Portugal had determined to abdicate the Crown of Portugal in favor of his eldest daughter. This abdication was accompanied with the offer of a free Constitutional Charter. It was stated that this had been done by the advice of Great Britain. It was no such thing. England gave no such advice; not because Ministers approved or disapproved of such a measure, but because they felt that it formed no part of the duty of an English Ministry to interfere with the internal regulations of that or any other country. (Hear, hear, hear.) It is certainly true, that that Charter was brought from Brazil by a gentleman who has filled, and continues to fill, an office of high trust from this country. Sir Charles Stuart happened to be at Brazil at that time, and he was requested by the King of Portugal to take that Charter to Lisbon as he was returning home. Sir Charles Stuart did bring it to Portugal, but no blame whatever attached to that gentleman, in consequence of having done so. But he was ordered to return to England, in order to

prevent the suspicion that that Charter was advised by British Consuls, or supported by British Agency. With respect to the character of that Constitution, I do not think it right, at the present, to offer any opinion; privately, I have my own opinion. But, as an English Minister, all I have to say is, may God prosper the attempt made by Portugal to obtain constitutional liberty, and may that nation be as fit to receive and cherish it, as, on other occasions, she is capable of discharging her duties amongst the nations of Europe. (Loud and continued cheers.) I am not the champion or the critic of that Constitution. It has proceeded from the legitimate authority. This, in a great measure, has reconciled it to Continental Europe; and to us, as Englishmen, it must be much more endeared, by the ready accordance to it of all classes of the Portuguese people. That Constitution, as to its origin, has not been questioned by those Powers most jealous of liberal institutions; it has been accepted almost unanimously by those persons who have to live under it; it is founded on principles similar to our own, though modified: Englishmen must therefore wish it well. But it is not for us to impose it on the people of Portugal, if they are either unwilling to receive it, or if any great schism exist about its fitness and propriety to the wants and wishes of the nation; and, finally, we are not to fight its battles, if it be not fairly and honorably made appear to us, that the great body of the Portuguese are ready to maintain it at the expense of their lives and properties. (Cries of hear.) We must go to Portugal; we are bound by treaty to do so, and when there, though nothing shall be done forcibly to maintain the Constitution, so nothing shall be done by others to prevent its being carried into full effect. (Cheers.) This is as much as it is now necessary to say on this point; but it is no more than is fit and prudent to say, that we shall not meddle with her internal affairs, which we shall leave her to adjust and settle as she may find prudent and convenient. We shall leave her to settle her own dissensions; but while Great Britain has an arm to wield, external force shall not be used to control the opinions of the people of Portugal. (Cheers.) Force has not been yet directly used for that iniquitous purpose; but what are we to say, if force, seeking other channels, and finding its way into Portugal, should vainly flatter itself, that, by changing its character, by assuming different shapes, and by the employment of rene-

gadoes, it is not to be repelled; and the more so, when such force is employed against a country, having the honor of being the old and faithful Ally of Great Britain? Has such, I ask, been the conduct of Spain? Let the House and the country decide. However, without now entering into the question, whether this be the conduct of Spain, or the Government of Spain; whether it be the work of a Government acting with the usual power, prudence, and foresight of a Government acting for the good of the people, without which it is not fit to be a government; or whether it be the result of secret powers, operated upon by factious people, defying the government in the capital, and disobeying them on the frontiers; this, I say, can make no difference to Portugal, while suffering from such conduct, or to England, who has to avenge the wrongs committed upon her ancient Ally. If the attack come from the Government of Spain, having a power to control it, they must be responsible for its results; and if they have not the power, they should be called upon immediately to assume it. It would be unjust to the Government of Spain to say there is a disposition in its members to entertain an unconquerable hatred to free institutions; but it would be equally unjust not to state the facts fully and fairly as they exist. I am persuaded that there is, in the vast majority of the Spanish people, a decided love of arbitrary power, and that they do feel annoyed at, and exasperated against, the more liberal institutions of their neighbours, so that, whether the Government do, or do not, partake in their sentiments; do, or do not, stimulate their passions; it is certain that this vast majority do not require its orders to excite them to action. It may be fairly and naturally supposed, that a sort of national antipathy has existed, and does exist, between those two nations; that from this antipathy has arisen mutual injuries, mutual oppressions, and mutual complaints, such as no Government could altogether explain or redress; and that in those antipathies have originated the differences, which, in their progress, have been matured. That some Power has been actively employed in moving and increasing those differences, is almost most certain; but I believe that their real origin is to be found in the nature of the Spanish people, rather than in the nature, or in any acts, of the Government itself. But this is the question that is to be developed between Spain and us, and with respect to which, his Majesty's most

gracious Message has been sent to the House of Commons. If the Spanish Government, though participating in the blame, never meant to commit the acts of which Portugal complains in the language of accusation—if it never did embody the deserters from the army of that kingdom—if it never did put arms into the hands of the discontented of her people—if it never did stimulate their discontent until it became rebellion; if, on the contrary, the direct orders of the Government were directly disobeyed—if the treaties were broken, despite of its intentions and commands—then, I say, let us see its repentance for what has been done, and let us measure that repentance by the care it will take to prevent the recurrence of those evils, and of those aggressions—and, then, to this Address I might propose a different reply. But let us remember, that a measure for the defence of Portugal, is not necessarily a measure for carrying on war against Spain. I am about to state some facts which it is material I should state, before I call upon you to decide, as to what course you intend to pursue. When, within a comparatively recent period, a great desertion had taken place of the Portuguese army into Spain, and also desertion of the Spanish army into Portugal, at our advice, the Portuguese Government, refusing to give them shelter, did unquestionably discountenance the desertion of those Spanish soldiers. There existed a treaty between Spain and Portugal, respecting the giving up of deserters, by which Portugal had a right to claim from Spain, that all deserters from her should be forthwith restored to Portugal. I cannot say, if it were in consequence of a resolution of the Portuguese Government, or in consequence of the advice which we conveyed to them—for I believe that both occurrences took place nearly at the same time—that Portugal was content to waive this right, because it saw the difficulties with which it would have to contend, if those deserters were restored, in either placing them on the ground of a dangerous amnesty, or of ordering executions, as numerous as they would be deplorable. From the choice of those evils, Portugal desired to be spared; and, therefore, Portugal told Spain, that if, instead of delivering up those deserters themselves, their arms and their equipments were returned, the officers and the men separated, and both removed from the frontiers into the interior of the kingdom, Portugal would, on her part, be satisfied. A treaty to this effect was then solemnly entered into by Spain, and a promise that

it should be fulfilled, in every sense, was as solemnly given, to Portugal on the one hand, and to England and to France on the other---a treaty which was entered into on one day and violated the next; and not violated in one instance only, but in many---for the deserters from Portugal, who were to be so dispersed, and so rendered innoxious, were suffered to remain quietly in their despots, in which they were trained for action; and, in fact, fitted for that expedition which they have since undertaken---I say, after such perfidy, the blame of which must rest somewhere, it becomes a necessary act, on the part of the Spanish Government, to shew that it rests not there---to shew that the fault was not only not theirs, that it in no way originated with them---to shew that they were ready at all times, and under all circumstances, to fulfil the engagement, and to perform the promise they had made, not only to Portugal, but to England and to France. I have said that this promise was made to France as well as to England, and I should do an act of injustice towards that country, if I did not add, that the exertions of France, to induce its performance, have been as unceasing, though as fruitless, as those of Great Britain. At length, when information of the irruption into Portugal was received in France, the French Ministry recalled their Ambassador from the Court of Spain, and directed the Charge d'Affaires, who remained in his room, to inform the Court of Spain, that it was to look for no encouragement or support from France, and recommending to Spain to recant the sentiments to which she had given utterance, and to pursue a line of conduct of a very different character. I am therefore bound to say, that this Nation has exerted herself in a way that may be deemed most satisfactory. Sir, it will be well for Spain, on hearing of the step that we, in consequence of the Message from his Majesty, are now taking, to consider, as I have said, how she will meet the call we are about to make. My earnest hope is, that she will meet it in such a manner as will put a stop to consequences where I devoutly wish they should stop, and I will not therefore pursue this portion of the subject, by arguing upon those consequences which, my hope is, may be averted. I set out by saying, that there were many reasons which induced me to think, that nothing short of a point of national honor could make desirable any approximation to the danger of war---but let me be distinctly understood as not meaning that I dread war in a good cause---and I trust, that in no other will it

ever be the lot of this country to engage---that I dread war from a distrust of our powers and of our resources to meet it---No. I dread it upon far other grounds. I dread it, because I am conscious of the tremendous power which this country possesses, of pushing any war in which she may now be engaged, to consequences, at the bare contemplation of which I shudder. It will be recollected, that when, some years ago, I took the liberty of adverting to a topic of this nature, when it was referred to in this House, with respect to the position of this country at the present time, I then stated, that our position was not merely one of neutrality between contending nations, but between contending principles and opinions---that it was a position of neutrality, which alone preserved the balance of power, the maintenance of which I believed necessary to the safety and welfare of Europe. Nearly four years, or rather three years and a half, of experience, have confirmed, and not altered, the opinion I then declared; and I still fear, that the next war in Europe, if it should spread beyond the narrow compass of Portugal and Spain, will be a war of the most tremendous nature---(Hear, hear,)--because it will be a war of conflicting opinions; and I know that, if the interests and the honor of this country should oblige us to enter into it, although we might enter into it, as I trust we shall always do, with a firm desire to mitigate rather than to exasperate---to contend with arms, and not with opinions---yet I know that this country could not avoid seeing ranked under her banners all the restless, and all the dissatisfied, whether with cause, or without cause, of every nation, with which she might be placed at variance. I say, Sir, the consciousness of this fact---the knowledge that there is in the hands of this country such a tremendous power---(hear, hear, hear,)--induces me to feel as I do feel. But it is one thing "to have a Giant's strength," and another thing to "use it like a Giant." The consciousness that we have this power keeps us safe. Our business is not to seek out opportunities for displaying it, but to keep it, so that it may be hereafter shewn that we knew its proper use---and to shrink from converting the umpire into the oppressor:--

—Celsa sedet Æolus arce,
Sceptra tenens: mollitq; animos et temperat iras.

Ni faciat, maria ac terras cœlumq; profundum

Quippe ferant rapidi secum, verrantq; per auras.

Sir, the consequences of the letting loose of

those passions which are all chained up, may be such as would lead to a scene of desolation, such as no one can, for a moment, contemplate without horror, and such as I could never lie easy upon my couch, if I had the consciousness of having, by one hour, precipitated. This, then, is the reason---a reason the reverse of fear---a reason the contrary of disability, why I dread the recurrence of a war. That this reason may be felt by those who are acting on opposite principles, before the time for using our power shall arrive, I would bear much, and I would forbear long; I would almost put up with any thing that did not touch our national faith and national honor, rather than let slip the furies of war, the leash of which is in our hands, while we know not whom they may reach, and doubt where the devastation may end. (Continued cheering.) Such is the love of peace which the British Government acknowledges, and such the duty of peace which the circumstances of the world inculcate. (Cheers from all sides.) In obedience to this conviction, and with the hope of avoiding extremities, I will push no further the topics of this part of the Address. Let us defend Portugal, whoever may be the assailants, because it is a work of duty; and let us end where that duty ends. We go to Portugal---not to rule---not to dictate---not to prescribe laws---we go but to plant there the standard of England, that there foreign dominion shall not come."

The Right Honorable Gentleman then sat down, evidently much exhausted, amid the warmest greetings from both sides of the House. He immediately rose again, and stated, that the Address which he had to move, was merely an echo of his Majesty's gracious Message to the House, pledging the House to support his Majesty in any measure for the preservation and welfare of Portugal, our most ancient Ally.

Sir ROBERT WILSON said, when his Majesty, in addressing the House of Commons on the opening of the session of Parliament, declared his hopes of preserving the peace of Europe, no one doubted that this sentiment proceeded from a British King, conscious that he spoke the feelings of the people, and that he considered the national honor and good faith as the brightest gems in his crown. But he (Sir R. Wilson), knowing the treacherous character of one of the individuals with whom this country had to deal, felt considerable anxiety on this point, and had but little expectations that his Majesty's hopes, and the hopes of the people, would

be realized. In alluding to the conduct of Spain towards Portugal, as he did a few evenings since, his only intention was to bring the matter before the House, in the confident hope that his Majesty's Ministers would do what was right with reference to it, and not to make his motion as the ground of hostility. His Majesty's Ministers had now brought this subject forward, and had told the House that Portugal would be protected by this country, under all circumstances, from foreign aggression. He had been, indeed, afraid that our Government would have withheld its support from Portugal, and its interference in her behalf, until the Portuguese deserters and a Spanish army had been at the gates of her capital; and he dreaded lest her worthiest citizens should perish on the scaffold, or, like other sufferers, in a similar cause, be compelled to seek, in a foreign land, relief, as unhappy exiles from their own. What else would have happened, if a Spanish army had reached the seat of the Portuguese government? He (Sir R. W.) had felt it his duty to take the course he had pursued, not from any unjustifiable feelings against any Government, but to defend those principles of which the Right Honorable Gentleman had that evening been the able advocate. But, in some respects, the Right Honorable Gentleman had rather loosely stated the causes which compelled Portugal to apply to us for protection against the aggressions of Spain, for in his (Sir R. W.'s) opinion, there could be no question of the Portuguese deserters having been not only countenanced, but armed and equipped, by Spain. How else could they have appeared with such power. But what hope, what reliance, was there to be placed on the declaration of a Government and of a Sovereign---he did not wish to say harsh things---who had signed at Cadix one day a law of amnesty, which he declared was the nearest and the dearest to his heart; and, on the next day, with the same hand, signed an order for a proscription the most horrid and most infamous? It was vain to expect that such a being would reform. What hope was there in the faith of him who had sent to ask the Pope if it were religiously binding on him to keep an oath assenting to a Constitution which his heart abhorred? What trust could there be placed in such an one? France might be sincere in her professions; but so long as her troops should remain in Spain, so long must they continue to aid the machinations of the persecuting party. We were bound also to call for the evacuation of Spain by

the armies of France, by a consideration of our own interests; for so long as she shall continue to occupy Spain, so long must we keep up our establishments. (Hear.) As soon ought a man to discontinue a policy of insurance on his house while an incendiary was hovering round it with a fire-brand in his hand, as for Great Britain to discontinue the armaments which the occupation of Spain by France imperatively called for. (The Honorable Member here referred to the Address or Proclamation of King Ferdinand.) It was to be hoped that Ferdinand was sincere—but the House should recollect it was not against him that we were about to act, but against his Ministers, and for the protection of our Ally. The Right Honorable Gentleman had said that a great majority of the Spanish people were favorable to an absolute Government—that they hated all liberal institutions. But the Right Honorable Gentleman would excuse him for disagreeing with him on that point, for he well recollected that the revolt in the Isle of Leon was followed spontaneously by a rising in every town of Spain, without a single shot being fired. The same thing would again occur if the French troops were withdrawn. The only way by which a knowledge of public opinion in Spain could be arrived at—the only occasion on which it could be seen, whether or not the Spanish people preferred a state of servility to one of independence—would be, by procuring the evacuation of that country by the army of France. He should endeavour to avoid touching upon any topic that might lead, on the present occasion, to disunion and dissension. He had only appeared at the call of Ministers, who, while they were losing no opportunity to bring the contest, if contest it could yet be called, to a successful issue, came forward to request the concurrence of the House in the measures for insuring that success. In conducting a struggle of that nature, economy, carried beyond a certain point, would completely defeat its own object; but while he agreed in that opinion, he would call upon Ministers to exercise sound judgment and discretion, and to avoid burdening the people beyond the absolute necessity of the case. It was impossible to foresee or calculate upon the issue of a war—but he would say, that never did a nation go forth to battle under more honorable circumstances. We had God and Justice on our side—the result could not be unfavorable to us. (Cheers.)

Mr. HUME rose, and was received with loud murmurs.—When they had subsided,

the Honorable Member said, that after the manner in which his Honorable and Gallant Friend's speech had been received, he did not expect his own would be heard with more attention. Entertaining, as he did, opinions at variance with the Honorable Members who had preceded him, he should feel, nevertheless, that he would be deserting his duty, were he not to come forward, and state openly and boldly, his own view of the question. It was very true, that the appeal of the Right Honorable Secretary had been more warmly answered by his (Mr. Hume's) side of the House, than by his (the Right Honorable Gentleman's) own; but if he were to give an opinion upon that appeal, he must say that in making it, when stating the situation in which late events had placed the country, the Right Honorable Gentleman had taken a view of only one side of the question. The Right Honorable Secretary had referred to the treaties with Portugal, and stated them, no doubt, correctly. He (Mr. Hume) regretted that such treaties existed. He regretted that any treaty had ever been concluded, by which this country was supposed bound to answer a call for assistance at a time when the situation of the country calling for aid, rendered it impossible that we could expect any return. (A laugh.) It was very true that the Right Honorable Gentleman said merely, "Here they are," defending all those treaties—but he had gone on to state that so late as the year 1815, those treaties had been sanctioned, and that it remained for British Ministers, and a British Parliament, to say, "will you answer a call authorized by treaties, founded on (what the "Right Honorable Gentleman termed) the "patent law of Nations?" If he (Mr. Hume) could see the case made out, which the Right Honorable Gentleman had attempted to state, he might not perhaps differ from his conclusion. He might be induced to agree that there were grounds for the proceedings recommended, but not in the rash manner proposed. He would call upon the House to recollect the opposite doctrine held by the Right Honorable Gentleman, on an occasion not very remote, (the year 1823) in which he (Mr. Secretary Canning) had pointed out what might be the consequences to this country, of involving us in a war in the then existing state of politics. With such a prospect before us as now presents itself, the Right Honorable Gentleman seemed to be quite unacquainted, for he had passed by the most important question,—namely, was England so situated as to be able to undergo the

trials that possibly awaited her—and of enduring those additional burdens, the infliction of which might be rendered necessary by the step we were about to take. The Right Honorable Gentleman asked, were we to commit a breach of national honor and faith? Now he (Mr. Hume) would recommend that if such a breach were to be committed, it should not be upon ourselves at home; for, if a war should follow, to that it must lead. He would call upon the House, therefore, to consider whether a case had been made out by the Right Honorable Gentleman to warrant our taking the step he had recommended. The Honorable Member here dwelt at considerable length upon the shortness of the notice which the House was called upon to act. The first intelligence referred to had only been received on Friday night—the Privy Council had only been held upon Saturday—this morning only, additional information had been received—yet, at this moment, troops were absolutely on their march, so that the peace of the country was already absolutely at stake. A fearful state of things of itself, independent of the contingent misfortunes that may arise. What were the grounds stated by the Right Honorable Gentleman in his call for the concurrence of that House? He read certain treaties by which we were bound, if a Foreign Power should attack Portugal, to go to her assistance. But no man could expect that we should be bound by a treaty, which, in every other particular, was broken up. The Right Honorable Gentleman said, however, that we were bound, and declared his intention to plant the standard of England in Portugal, and to prevent foreign interference with that country.—Now, he would ask the Right Honorable Gentleman—would he ask the House—had he made out a *casus fœderis*, on which to call upon that House to launch into a probably expensive war?—The Honorable Gentleman had gone on, and stated, that certain Portuguese soldiers, after having been some time in Spain, had re-entered Portugal in arms. But he (Mr. Hume) would contend, that that circumstance was insufficient, for the Spanish Government had disclaimed any intention to support those rebels. The British Government was, up to the present moment, acting upon the authority of a single letter. Upon such authority he (Mr. Hume) contended the House would not be justified in acting. The Honorable Member here again referred to the speech of Mr. Secretary Canning delivered about three years and a half before, in which he said

the Right Honorable Gentleman had dwelt upon the necessity for preserving our neutrality, and recommended unanimity, his object at that time having been to dissuade the country from interfering in the hostilities then about to commence. But he (Mr. Hume) would contend that the necessity for our armed interference was as great on the former occasion, as upon the present evening, on which the Right Honorable Gentleman called the House to concur with him in rushing into a war. If a war were just and necessary now, it was equally necessary in 1823. He would ask the Right Honorable Gentleman and the House, whether the state of the country now differed from that at which that Right Honorable Gentleman had asked, “Is there a man “who hears me; is there any man acquainted with the history of the country “for the last twenty years, who does not “know the way in which Great Britain “has been accustomed to enter into a war “—that she spares no exertion, no means “of ensuring its successful termination— “no means of exciting others to resistance “of the common enemy; and that the whole “expense, not only of her own operations, “but of those she has stimulated, have been “uniformly borne by her?” (Hear, hear.) Did the Right Honorable Gentleman mean to say that the same observations could not be applied in the present case, and that we were not now to take upon ourselves the whole expense? If we were, he would ask the Right Honorable Secretary, were we, on account of the incursion of an inconsiderable body of rebels, to enter upon a war at a time when the finances of Great Britain were scarcely adequate to our current expenses, at a time when there was scarcely an Honorable Member of that House who could put his hand upon his heart and say, that additional burdens ought to be imposed upon the people—not to support a necessary war, but a quarrel that might, and ought to be, avoided? (Hear.) Here we were about to commence hostilities which might, and in all probability would, end in a war with France; and it was for the Right Honorable Gentleman to say, was he disposed to place the country in a situation calculated to produce such an event? On the former occasion, the Right Honorable Gentleman, so far from recommending our participation in a war, had come down to that House and proposed that Foreign Enlistment Bill to which Spain owed all her misfortunes, by preventing the Constitutional Government from being able to defend itself. Instead of agreeing to the Address proposed, he had

expected that some of his Honorable friends about him would have moved for a call of the House, in order that all the Members of that New Parliament should be assembled, that there should be time for deliberation, that more information from Spain should be received, ere that country should be placed in so critical a situation as that which was likely to result from the Address before the House. "I recollect" (continued the Honorable Member) at a "future day not very far distant, (Loud laughter) I mean a subsequent day, when the Right Honorable Gentleman came down to this House, and made a statement completely at variance, in its principle, with that which he has this night delivered." The Honorable Gentleman proceeded to say, that he thought the conduct of the French Government, at the period when the Duke of Wellington went over to negotiate, was quite as objectionable as at present, yet he had not recommended war. If France were sincere in her professed desire to repress the improper conduct of the Spanish Government, we were not called upon to make a warlike demonstration. If the Right Honorable Gentleman believed the French Ministers sincere, let him call upon them to say so—let him call upon them to withdraw the French troops from Spain, and leave the Spanish Government to settle quietly with that of Portugal. We found that French troops were in possession of Spain, and English troops would soon be in possession of Portugal. It was not against the head of the Spanish Government we were about to wage war, but with a set of fanatics, who, in France, as well as in Spain, had labored to produce this crisis. It was impossible that Ferdinand could continue to maintain himself in Spain, unless supported by foreign power. Thus, if the speech of the Right Honorable Gentleman should be taken from the beginning to the end, the latter part would be found an answer to the first. The Right Honorable Gentleman said, as a precautionary measure, the dogs of war should be let slip. (A laugh.) But he had let them slip, and they were absolutely on their march. (Roars of laughter.) Either they were on their march, or they were not. (Continued laughter.)

Mr. CANNING—I did not say *dogs* of war.

Mr. HUME resumed—What he complained of was, that, upon the simple statement of the Right Honorable Gentleman, we were about to commence hostilities in a hasty manner, and merely to quell the re-

billion of one or two regiments. (The Honorable Gentleman here again referred to the former statement of the Right Honorable Foreign Secretary, and its variance from that made that night.) He thought the Right Honorable Gentleman ought not to call upon the Representatives of the People to concur with him in a war, while the country was laboring under the pressure of extreme distress. Nothing but absolute danger to our own existence could justify our interference under existing circumstances. (Hear.) He was quite aware that it was an ungracious task for an individual to take upon him to resist a motion like that before the House; but he had the consolation of knowing, that in so acting he was doing his duty. On these grounds, therefore, he intended to move, that a call of the House should take place; that a delay of a week, at least, should intervene, to enable Honorable Members to consider before they voted. There was no information before the House to enable Honorable Gentlemen to say whether Portugal ought, or ought not, to be assisted. The House ought to take more time to deliberate, more documents ought to be before it; for by the very next packet we might receive advice that the rebels had been dispersed. What a laughing-stock should we not be, therefore, to all Europe, were we to enter upon a war on account of a movement which had terminated before we took the first step? (Hear.) The Honorable Gentleman concluded by moving, that the House be called over on that day se'nnight (Tuesday next).

Mr. WOOD (of Preston) rose to second the amendment. While negotiations were on foot, when many Honorable Members had left town, believing that no business of importance would be discussed till after the recess, he thought it would be indecent, merely because of the dazzling speech of the Right Honorable Gentleman, to plunge into a war. (Hear.) If the House should agree with the vote of the Right Honorable Gentleman, and if war should follow, every Honorable Member who supported it must be prepared to argue that a very high Property Tax be laid on, and that the Bank Restriction Act should be again enforced. (Hear, hear, hear.) They must be prepared also to support other measures; for, if the country should go to war, he was convinced that Catholic Emancipation would not merely be prayed for, but demanded, and must be conceded.

Mr. BARING begged to say that no Honorable Member of that House entertained more serious apprehensions than he did of

the consequences that might result from a war once commenced. But, after hearing the Right Honorable Gentleman's speech, having given to it his utmost possible attention, even with a wish to find him wrong, to find some means of evasion, some means of escape from the conclusions and arguments of the Right Honorable Gentleman, he confessed that, from the beginning to the end of the Right Honorable Gentleman's brilliant speech, he had heard nothing that could enable him (Mr. Baring) to frame an excuse for differing from him. (Cheers.) The proposition of the Right Honorable Gentleman must, he thought, meet with the full concurrence of the House; for he believed no Honorable Member who heard him could point out any instance in which a nation, or an individual, ever overcame or got the better of an aggressor by pusillanimity. (Cheers.) It was vain to say that this was a question whether the Bank Restriction Act should or should not be enforced, or whether we should or should not be obliged to lay on a Property Tax. The only question which, it appeared to him, ought to be entertained was, whether the faith of the country ought to be preserved inviolate. (Cheers.) Neither of the Honorable Gentlemen, who proposed and supported the amendment, had said one word to induce the House to contemplate for one moment a breach of our treaties. The Honorable Member for Aberdeen had described the one immediately under consideration as an improvident treaty. He agreed with the Honorable Member, he agreed with him that it was unfortunate that we should be bound by such a treaty; but the question was, did it exist? and if it did, was there any man who would say that at present, the moment of her distress, the moment of her extremity, we ought to violate the solemn treaty we had concluded with our most ancient ally? (Continued cheering.) But, it had been said, this was no aggression on the part of Spain. What, if the English Government sent General Mina, and the Spanish exiles in this country, back into Spain, equipped and armed, and accompanied with a train of English cannon, would not this be hostility on the part of England, and cowardice too, as coming in a disguised form? This country had a great interest in maintaining Portugal. The retention of Spain by French troops he (Mr. B.) considered a most dangerous political experiment; but if, in addition to the possession of Spain, France were to acquire, through Spain, a predominating influence in Portugal, the effect would be the de-

struction of our influence in the Peninsula, the establishing of the power of the Bourbons, and the accomplishment of that exclusion of England from the continent, which had been so long the object of Buonaparte's intentions and efforts, and this was a danger which mere diplomacy, on our part, could not prevent. As to the alleged insincerity of the head of the French Government, he (Mr. B.) would not agree in ascribing that quality to his measures. He was convinced there were many points of policy out of M. VILLELE's hands, and the management of affairs relative to Spain was one of them. It could not be denied that he had given pacific assurances at the time the French army was passing into Spain; but he (Mr. B.) was sure that M. VILLELE was at the time ignorant of the destination of that army; but that the bigotted party had, by their influence, pushed on the adoption of measures to which the regular Ministers of the Government were opposed. Again, the Duke of Wellington returned from Paris, as from Vienna, with assurances of peace, yet hostile measures followed. On these grounds, he (Mr. B.) thought the Right Honorable Secretary, Mr. Canning, had taken the proper measures in the present crisis. Whether France was sincere or not, the line of acting proposed by the Right Honorable Gentleman was the correct one. As to the resources of the country for the accomplishment of that object, it would not be worth talking of, if, in a case affecting the honor and power of the country, we were to be deterred by the expense from entering into a just and necessary war. When such a case as the present was made out, no consideration of expense ought to be opposed to it. He was sure that not only Parliament, but the people, would support the Crown in such a war, and that they had in their resources ample means to make that support effectual. Yet, there was no reason to apprehend that the expenses would be great; and as to the depression of resources, he would deny that it was of an extreme character. He was not used to compliment the measures of the Right Honorable Gentleman (Mr. Canning), yet he would declare, that the Right Honorable Gentleman could have taken no course but that which he had; and as to the Honorable Member for Aberdeen's amendment, it was founded on no higher consideration than the arguments on a turnpike bill. His (Mr. B.'s) only surprise was, that any body could have been found to second it. He did not want England to go on a crusade of

liberty over the continent, nor was it on that ground the measure was proposed; it was rather on the fact, that Portugal was our oldest ally, and had a right, under treaties, to receive our assistance. He would, however, carry his liberalism so far as to say, that she ought the sooner receive that assistance, inasmuch as the hostility had arisen against her on account of her late free Constitution, a Constitution which, recollecting that it came from the Brazilian Emperor, the Government of Spain, if they had capacity to understand it, must consider very harmless, and by no means offending on the score of a too great regard for popular liberty. (Hear.)

Mr. BANKES considered that the eloquent and dazzling address of his Right Honorable Friend (Mr. Canning) had failed to produce the effect intended. It was not proved that the present case was a *causa fœderis*. The law of nations did not allow any foreign interference with the internal affairs of a country. When France invaded Spain a few years ago, who was found to approve, rather, who did not disapprove, that aggression? Why now should the House contradict their former opinion? It had not been proved that the Spanish Authorities concerted or countenanced the aggression; if there was diplomatic correspondence to support it, why not produce it? He could not support the motion, yet he would not vote for the Honorable Member for Aberdeen's amendment, as it was both trifling and impracticable.

Mr. BROUENHAM assured the House, that after the convincing statement of the Right Honorable Gentleman who opened the debate, he had determined not to trouble the House with even a declaration of his entire approval of that statement; but having heard the amendment and speech of his Honorable Friends, the Member for Aberdeen, and the Honorable Member who seconded him, he considered it his incumbent duty not to confine the expression of his dissent from them by a silent vote, and here he would entreat his Honorable Friend, the Honorable Secunder, not to imagine for a moment, that he was induced to differ from them through disrespect for their motives when he rose to protest against the adoption of their amendment. If, indeed, he could think that there was any possibility of avoiding a war, if he could see, or hope to see, any alternative of escaping from that dreadful extremity—of escaping it after the sound of actual war—(hear)—preparations made in palpable violation of public faith and the law of nations; if he

could foresee any such hope, he would be in an equable state of mind for estimating the calculations of the probable cost of the war, and of adjusting his vote in accordance with the chances of peace on one side, and the possible expenses on the other.—But when he recollected the facts and circumstances of the present case, he could not hesitate to declare at once, that there were situations in which a country might be placed—situations in which a reluctance to appeal to arms, on the ground of calculations of expense, would be frivolous, and dangerous, and disgraceful. (Loud cheering.) But was the present a situation of that kind? This was the point on which he was at issue with his Honorable Friend the Member for Aberdeen, and the Honorable Member for Dorsetshire; and to prove that the recent events in Portugal placed England in such a critical condition, he need only recal the attention of the House to the statement of the Right Honorable Gentleman opposite (Mr. Secretary Canning), or put the matter to those Honorable Members in the shape of a few short questions. Was public faith to be observed? Were international compacts to be fulfilled? Was the body politic bound to the performance of its solemn engagements?—of engagements contracted on the faith of ancient treaties, descending from century to century, acknowledged, ratified, and renewed, by successive generations of that body politic, the relative situation of the contracting parties remaining the same, and the ability to fulfil the obligations of those ancient treaties still existing in full power. But, said the Honorable and Learned Gentleman, it has been asked, is not this a very old treaty? If it was, its antiquity would not annul its obligations. But it is not antiquated; for though it was concluded originally in the days of Charles the II., and though it was concluded in consideration of a sum of money, which that abandoned and prodigal tyrant squandered as soon as he had received it, yet there was another consideration—Bombay was obtained by that treaty. We can give up the 300,000*l.* we received from Portugal; but, if we refuse to fulfil the stipulations of that treaty, we must give back that now flourishing and important settlement, which was ceded by Portugal to the English Crown in contemplation of the support we pledged ourselves to give her. But, I repeat, this is not an antiquated treaty. Its obligations were renewed in the seventeenth century, and in the beginning and during the progress of the eighteenth century, and again in the

nineteenth century, not twelve years back, while my Honorable Friends bore a conspicuous part in public affairs. The last renewal was so late as 1815, at the Congress of Vienna, where it was again revived, in terms as stringent as it was possible for human ingenuity to invent. But it is said, "This was an imprudent measure---a most impolitic step. Lord Castlereagh should "never have put his hand to it." That, indeed, would have been a good objection at the time. But when the treaty has been allowed to remain in force twelve years, and we have called upon other powers to fulfil some conditions of it, are we to be told that we can escape from our obligations with perfect honor, consistency, and good faith, by turning round and saying, "The "treaty was such a one as was improper "ever to have been entered into, and, "therefore, we do not intend to keep it?" (Hear, hear, hear.) If arguments like these have weight in this House, and, through this House, with the people of this country, then, I say, measures should forthwith be introduced to deprive the Ministers of the Executive Government of the power to bind the country by treaty. As long as that power belongs to them, it is preposterous, beyond all that I ever heard that was absurd and inconsistent, to deny the force of the obligation, when no objection has ever been urged as to the powers of those, who, on our part, have entered into it. But, still further, what would be the consequence of such a breach of faith? What would foreign nations say to you, when you would propose to enter into covenants with them, suppose on navigation or commerce, or the withdrawing the French troops from Portugal, or any other important matter? Why, before your negotiators could say one word, the foreign nation would stop their mouths, with, "you observe no faith; you of England can make no treaty---you are not fit "to be trusted---we can place no confidence "in your promises; when the provisions of "a treaty are favorable to you, you observe "it, but when they turn out inconvenient "to you, you violate it. You are not, "therefore, a people on whose good faith "we can depend, and we will enter into no "compact with you." (Hear, hear.) What a situation that was for a country? (Hear.) But, said the Honorable Members for Aberdeen and Dorsetshire, the treaty has not been violated. The late transactions in Portugal are matters of internal dissension, and as such, proper subjects of the internal policy of Portugal. On this point also, he (Mr. B.) was at issue with the Right Ho-

norable Gentlemen. Surely, when they made those assertions, they could not have heard the Right Honorable Secretary's opening statement of facts, and his reference to authentic correspondence; but supposing that the Right Honorable Gentleman was deceived by that correspondence, or that he had received no letters at all on the subject---granting that the rumours of hostile aggressions in the public prints were much exaggerated, or entirely false, still there was one ascertained fact---a fact admitted by his Honorable Friend---on which he would hold him to his responsibility---a fact from which he could not fly, and to which the House ought to keep him, if he wished to evade it; and that was the circumstance, that from 4 to 5000 deserters from the Portuguese army, who, at several successive periods, had passed in separate and broken bands from several points of the Portuguese frontier into several parts of the Spanish, having been there provisioned, armed, accoutred, and marshalled, were sent back on a concerted plan into the Portuguese territory, not from one point of Spain, or one point of Portugal, or at several successive periods, but from several parts of Spain, on a few definite points of the Portuguese frontier, and all at one time on the same day. Could that be the result of chance? That simultaneous movement be a mere accident? Could credulity go so far as to believe that such a happy union of movements, such a regular continuation of efforts, such a felicitous concurrence of the scattered atoms of the Portuguese regiments, was purely fortuitous? (Hear, hear, hear.) Was it by accident that these collected atoms came into Spain? By another accident they met upon the frontiers of that kingdom---not one or two, miserable, poor, and scattered, as exiles would be---but by some accident they came together with "All the pride, pomp, and circumstance, "of glorious war."

By a continuation of the same lucky accident they assemble in the best possible position for an invasion of Portugal, by a combined movement. It was by accident, no doubt, and without the least combination, except of a few private soldiers, without the most remote idea of being in co-operation with others, that they entered Portugal. Good God! Was there a man who could doubt? Could a fact be found on which to hang a suspicion? If, however, there was a man in that happy state of scepticism, he was justified in maintaining his opinions against the facts before them. Supposing a *casus fœderis* out of the question, the

present measure was perfectly justifiable. The Right Honorable Gentleman (Mr. Canning) had placed those who opposed it in a dilemma. If all were known to the Spanish Government, and it was incapable of preventing it, what signified whether they knew it or not? If it was such a no-Government at all, as not to be able to prevent the rebel Portuguese availing themselves of the situation of the Spanish frontiers---of Spanish stores---of Spanish arms, for the purpose of invading the Portuguese territory, it was a jest, a mockery of a jest, to say that it signified whether the Spanish rulers knew it or not. If they knew it, they ought to have prevented it; if they could not, or would not, we would do it for them, and they must stand to the consequences. We were not, however, as was said by the Honorable Member for Dorsetshire, warring against Spain---we were not fitting out armaments to attack that country---we were fitting them out to defend Portugal. The mere showing a disposition to do so, would, perhaps, have the desired effect; but should not as full a satisfaction as was still in the power of Spain to offer be given, we had prepared ourselves to enforce it. But should it have the effect of protecting our ally, we have, at the same time, avoided that dread extremity of a war being kindled up in Europe. But it was said that these were Portuguese, and not Spaniards, whom we were to oppose. Did that make any difference? If they had been Portuguese in Portugal, one side taking part with the Constitution, and the rest against it, who should have assembled in the Algarves, and have marched to attack Lisbon, or, in *Tras os Montes*, and have besieged Oporto, however much we may have approved of the Constitution they were about to destroy, although in the extremity of its jeopardy, the slightest movement on our parts might save it---however hard it might be for us to submit to the necessity, we must, on the sound general principle of non-interference in the internal concerns of another country, however painful it might have been, we must have declined interfering. This must have been the case, because the principle in its nature preserved the peace of the world, and, in the long run, the liberties of mankind. That rule was inflexible. But these were not Portuguese marshalled in Portugal, threatening Lisbon or Oporto, it was an army of 4000 or 5000 men, Portuguese, organized. He wished he could recollect the words made use of by the Right Honorable Gentleman, that he might use them; but they were, as he believed, styled by him, organized rebel

Portuguese, who had put off their country in order to compass one act of treason against it---had assumed the foreigner, to enter it by a second act of treason---and then, as a third treason, wished again to become Portuguese, in order to avoid the justice with which their treachery would be visited. By Spain they were comforted, fed, supplied, marshalled, trained, disciplined, and accoutred, and from that country, and with the resources of that country to back them, they enter their native land, and levy war against it. Suppose the case our own---he would not take one part of the country or another---but suppose any discontented body of Englishmen were to take their position on the other side of the Channel, and, after being allowed to recruit by other numbers joining them, were seen along the French shore disciplined, marshalled, and actually supplied with arms, either by the French Government at Paris, or by the local Authorities of Calais, Boulogne, and Dunkirk, taking advantage of the wind and tide, embark in French boats, and invade the coasts of Sussex and Kent---when our Minister came to represent these acts of aggression at the foot of the French throne, what would he say if told that it was very true---for it was not, according to the present case, necessary to deny the truth of the marshalling, &c.---that it was very true they had equipped these men, that they supplied them lavishly and without stint with every thing they required, but that our Minister could not complain, as there was not a man of them who was not an Englishman or an Irishman? The first man that would hold cheap this defence would be the Honorable Member for Dorset himself---he would be the first to laugh at the paltry quibble.---He had heard it said, and no doubt it was a painful part of the case, that when war had once begun, no man in his senses could attempt to fix its bounds. But he would have those who used this as an argument remember, that when once submissions began, it was still more difficult to say when they should end, than even to say where war should have bounds. (Hear.) One act of submission was in itself an act of degradation, and the shame which it brings with it, not only crippled their exertions, but degraded the character upon which those exertions must mainly rely for success. (Hear.) He had heard with astonishment his Honorable Friend behind him (Mr. Hume), and the Honorable Member for Dorset (Mr. Banks), talk of this not being a breach of national faith, of submitting to a stain; he begged the Honorable

Member for Dorset's pardon, for he, if he could be convinced it would be a stain, would not submit to it; but his Honorable Friend behind him (Mr. Hume) had, to his astonishment, urged the doctrine, that when a gross, flagrant, breach of faith would result, as on the present occasion, we were to disregard one treaty, because it was old, and its benefits had been enjoyed long since ---and another, because it was impolitic, and was to be regretted ever having been made. We were now to submit to that stain and breach of good faith and honor, upon the ground that our burdens made war greatly to be feared. He deprecated that issue as much as possible. He had lived longer than one of his Honorable Friends during a war, and was aware of its consequences. But his Honorable Friends must recollect, and the House and country must bear in mind, that the question was not at present whether we should be satisfied with submission---not whether we should be content to bear about us, in the eyes of mankind, a stained and bartered honor. The question was not whether they should do so, and, by doing so, avoid war. He should say no, even were that the question; but it was not the question. The question was, whether, for a little season of insecurity, precarious, dishonorable truce---he could not call it peace, it had nothing of its honorable character, nothing of that which made the name of peace proverbially sweet---the question was, whether they should take that wretched course till war was past postponement, when it would come upon us and find us beaten down, degraded, ruined in character, in the eyes of all mankind, and, what was a thousand times worse, ruined and degraded in our own eyes, by the loss of our self-esteem. (Hear, hear.) There was yet something worse to minds which could not be reached by these topics. They would see that a small sum laid out here, in due time, might be the means of saving them the expenditure of a much larger sum at a future period; and that they would reap interest upon interest from the capital to an inconceivable extent.---(Laughter.) The risking of a few men now might spare thousands and thousands of lives, and would, perhaps, insure us against a war which might find us with crippled resources, and come at a time when other powers besides Spain might be prepared to take part against us. Of such a war it might be truly said, that no man could presage its termination. He agreed with the accounts of the risks and difficulties of our situation. He was one of those who, some years ago, held, that with the princi-

ples which then governed our foreign affairs, this country ought not, with her burdens, to violate the peace of Europe. He knew the weight of these burdens; he knew now they still bore upon us; but, if he felt their weight to be oppressive, yet, if the most necessary measure they were about to take should not prove efficacious, as he trusted it would, for it was reasonable to expect it would be efficacious---(Hear)---yet, he said, the burdens were not such as to prevent us pursuing other measures. Five or six years ago, he thought the burden was as much as they could bear, as he knew it could not be increased by proper means.---But now they were governed by an intelligent, liberal, and truly English principle.---(Cheers.) The Portuguese Constitution was worthy of the most distinguished Statesman who now had the management of our foreign affairs. The subject had inspired the eloquence of the Right Honorable Gentleman with a degree of fervour unprecedented in effect, even (and he could not rank it higher) beyond that Right Honorable Gentleman's former most eloquent orations. (Cheers.) He (Mr. Brougham) felt that, in the principles now acted upon by our Government (and he rejoiced that it was seen that in those principles they were strong and impregnable), the burdens which they had felt so heavily would not hinder them, when the day of trial came, from coping with a world combined in arms against us. But, the day of trial would not come; the knowledge that these principles were acted on would be a security against it. It was a policy which, if followed up, made it eminently improbable (he would not say impossible, for in this world nothing was impossible) that they should ever see the Monarchs of the earth in combination against them. As long as these principles were acted on, as long as the country was true to itself, they dared not to do it. These principles, which had the strong support of the people in their favour, placed, if not in the hands, at least within the grasp, of our Government a lever, of which we, from experience, know the power, and of which foreign Governments fear the power. There are those that would be enemies, but, dreading this power, dare not be. (Hear.) If it should happen, which God forbid, that the nation should be engaged in a war, they were sure that the best means had been taken to prevent it by his Majesty's Government; and let them, as he had said before, but be true to themselves, whatever might be their difficulties, however oppressive those difficulties might be, he, for one, should have no fear of the consequences. (Loud cheers.)

Mr. BRIGHT took this to be a preparatory step to an extended war. This, he believed, was also the idea of the Honorable Gentleman who just sat down.

Mr. BAUMANN begged not to be misunderstood. He thought he had expressed himself with sufficient clearness to have made the House aware that he looked upon this as a preventive of war.

Mr. BRIGHT, in continuation---The question, however, seemed really to him to be, whether the House were prepared for war or not. He had read the clause in the treaty of 1705, which, it was considered, bound England to protect Portugal. That clause provided, that in case Spain should attack Portugal with an overwhelming force, we should make war against Spain with all our might. Now, here we are doing too much or too little. If there were really an aggression on the part of Spain, we were not doing enough; if there were no such aggression, we were doing too much. He did not deny that events might arise which would call upon us to act upon that treaty; but those events had not yet arisen, and we should not, therefore, interfere. We ought, to give any color of justice to our proceedings, to wait until some substantial overt act of aggression took place on the part of Spain. There really seemed so few Gentlemen in the House who appeared inclined to criticise this measure, that he had thought it right to say what he had done in order to justify himself to the country.

Mr. SECRETARY CANNING---I do not intend to occupy the House with a reply, but there have been two or three objections taken by Honorable Gentlemen which I should be sorry to leave unanswered. I admit I understated the case against Spain---I did so purposely---I did so designedly. I wished to shew no more of her conduct than was sufficient to establish the *casus fœderis*, but not to state so much as would make it impossible for Spain to avoid war. The Honorable Gentleman who spoke last, wishes, in his great love for peace, to do that which would make war inevitable. He would not interfere now---he would wish to tell Spain, "you have not done enough to rouse us---" "you have given no cause of offence---" "I think nothing of your hovering over my frontiers---I think nothing of your coming in arms, of your ravaging my

"plains, and carrying destruction into my cities---I think nothing of your collecting knots of conspirators, and of your supplying them with food, clothing, and arms---nothing of your training them, supplying them with Spanish stores, and of your sending them into Portugal. I will not stir for all these things; but, in order to keep the peace of Europe, which I so dearly love, I call on you to make a declaration of war, and then I'll come and fight you." (Laughter.) That is the effect of the Honorable Member's speech---that his contrivance to keep the peace. The more clumsy contrivance of Government has been, to warn the Spanish authorities that they were known to meditate disturbances in Portugal. His Majesty's Ministers said to them---"Be ware of your proceedings, for we are sure to avenge your deeds: it is with you to determine if the present misunderstanding shall end in open hostilities." In the meantime the question is open to any means of reconciliation; and whether Ministers or the Honorable Gentlemen are right---whether we ought to have endeavoured to obtain the grand object of his chivalrous imagination, a trial of that question upon a tented field, and in a listed battle---if it was really our duty, as we ourselves apprehend, to nip the disorder in the bud; or if, according to the Honorable Gentleman, we ought to let it grow up to maturity, in order to mow it down with the more magnificent scythe of war.---I leave the House to determine. (Laughter and cheers.) It has been complained that no papers have been laid before the House. The facts which call for our interference might be made as notorious as the noon-day sun. It should be remembered, that if this course had been taken---if, an act of unmistakable hostility on the part of Spain had been demonstrated by papers laid on the table of the House, Spain would have been precluded from that *locus penitentiæ* which I was desirous to leave to her. I did not wish to cut off all means of retreat---to drive Spain into a corner from which she could have no escape. I hope I have sufficiently explained the reasons why I understated the case against Spain. With the knowledge which my official situation necessarily gives me, I make a statement to the House such as I judge will be suffi-

cient to answer my purpose. It is for the House in general to judge whether I have succeeded. My Honorable Friend, if he ask at the proper time, should that time arrive, will be convinced that it is not from want of evidence that my statement is not so full as he wished it to be. An Amendment has been made upon the original proposition, and it has been justified by a reference to a declaration which I made some years ago, when I stated, that it would be exceedingly onerous for this country to engage in war—which declaration has been supposed to be inconsistent with the measure which I now propose. The variation between the two cases upon which I ground the difference of conduct, is, that in the one instance I maintained that war was to be avoided, when we were not obliged to engage in it; whereas, in the present case, I say, that unless it can be averted by seasonable demonstrations on the part of this country, war cannot be avoided. I do not, therefore, change my opinions as to the desirableness of peace, nor do I the less deprecate the necessity of war; but I say that, in the former instance, though, in the opinion of some respectable persons in and out of Parliament, it might have been politic to embark in war, my argument was, that we were not bound by any engagement of good faith or honor to engage in war—that our choice, in short, was free, and, being free, my choice was for peace. My argument, at the present day, is, that we have no choice—our faith is engaged; our honor is pledged; and, with all the same predilections for peace which I then professed, I maintain that no course is left to us on the present occasion, but that which is dictated both by honor and policy, to maintain the faith of the country, and to fulfil the national engagements. It has been suggested, that the Foreign Enlistment Act might be repealed on the present occasion, and Mina and his associates be enabled to rush to the contest, and by that means obviate the effect of the aggression upon Portugal. Believing, Sir, as I do, that such a measure would entail the heaviest calamities upon that country, I cannot consent to give it my countenance. I am ready to admit, Sir, in the first place, that the Foreign Enlistment Bill was passed principally at the instigation of Spain, and that that Bill operated more in her favour than in that of any other

European Power. In the next place, I am ready to admit, that the whole conduct of Spain has been to do directly towards Portugal, those acts which Spain earnestly implored Great Britain to take away from British subjects the power of doing towards her. If we do what is suggested, there would be some ground for saying to this country, you recognised and acted upon a principle in 1819, when you had no private interests to promote—you last year, acting upon that principle, refused to withdraw the protection afforded to Foreign Powers by that Bill, but you now withdraw it, and violate that principle where you have a private interest to promote. I admit, there would be strong ground for saying to Spain:—"Since the year 1819, we have given you the benefit of a particularly efficient measure, and you have thought proper, since last year, to turn that very measure, conferred solely for your own protection, against the pacific interests of our ally. Are we not fairly entitled, then, to place you where you would have been, had that act never passed?" This would, undoubtedly, have justified the revocation of the bill from Spain: that I most clearly admit; but I do not equally well see how it would apply to the other great objects involved in such a question as this, and which I have rather adumbrated than over-stated in my opening speech. The great desire of this country ought undoubtedly to be to effect her purpose by the most lenient means. If circumstances should lead to hostilities, and that war must rage in Spain, the course now taken by Great Britain would rather take from war that most tremendous of all characters which could attach to such an event, were it once driven to assume the name of a war of opinion. (Hear, hear.) If we are to have war, let us--if we can take from it that character which has been so ably and so eloquently described by an Honorable and Learned Gentleman (Mr. Brougham)--that tremendous character, which must attach to war, when war is let loose in the shape of a war of opinion--(Cheers)--I, Sir, for one, should be extremely sorry to be driven, whatever acts Spain might be guilty of, to have recourse to that most lamentable and disastrous mode of warfare.---Another point has been touched upon by an Honorable Member, who, in a speech with which, in no other

respect, I find fault, has, in the most handsome and able manner, stated his reasons for approving of the line of conduct adopted, in this instance, by his Majesty's Government. That Honorable Member has said, "Instead of repealing the Foreign Enlistment Bill, call upon France to withdraw her armies from Spain." There are, Sir, so many considerations connected with that subject, that they would carry me beyond what it is necessary to state upon the present occasion. It is enough now to state, that I do not know how the French army can be employed to promote the views of Spain. I believe the effect of the presence of the French army in Spain, is the protection rather than otherwise of that very party, to put down which, the aid of that army was called in; and that my firm belief is, that the first and immediate consequence of the withdrawal of that army, at a moment of excitement, would be the letting loose of that party rage, of which the party least in numbers would be the victims. But when it is stated, that the presence of the French army in Spain, has entirely altered the relative situations of France and Great Britain, and that France is thereby raised, and Great Britain lowered, in the eyes of Europe, I must beg leave, most humbly, to give my dissent to that proposition. The House knows—the country knows—that when the French army was on the point of entering Spain, that I, in common with the other members of his Majesty's Government, did all in my power to prevent it; that we did resist, and that we were most anxious to resist it, by every means short of war. We did not think the entry of that army into Spain a sufficient ground for war on the part of this country; and that, Sir, for various reasons—and, among others, for this, that whatever effect a war, commenced upon the mere ground of the entry of a French army into Spain may have, the effect it would not have, would be this—to get that army out of Spain. I again repeat, that a war, entered into for the express purpose of getting the French army out of Spain, would defeat the object wished to be obtained. Whoever heard, in the whole history of wars between the European powers, of a war between two great nations having been ended by the obtaining of the exact, the identical, object for which the war was begun? I believe that,

in the whole history of Europe, such an instance cannot be found. I also think, Sir, that the effects of the entry of the French army into Spain have been exaggerated, and think that those exaggerations are to be attributed to these circumstances—that the connexion between France and Spain is mixed up with recollections of the most brilliant—the most glorious—periods of English history. Now, however the withdrawal of that army might be in other respects and at other times desirable, I cannot allow that it at all affects the present question. On the contrary, I most sincerely believe that the exertions of France are directed to the preservation of existing treaties; and it is my conviction, that if the army was withdrawn, the situation of affairs would not be remedied; while, in a moment of such excitement, party rage would re-assume its desperate violence, and that class, avowedly the least in numbers, would, beyond question, become its victims. (Hear, hear, hear.) The most exaggerated importance has always, in my opinion, been attached in this country to the connexion between France and Spain. I ask the House to look back to the time of Anne, when the question of the association of France and Spain was agitated. I ask the House to look back to the votes of Parliament at that period, where they will find, that the Parliament had voted that no peace could be made between the two countries, whilst Spain remained in the power of France; or, rather, whilst a Bourbon sat upon the Throne of Spain. Look to the exaggerated apprehensions of those days, and see how they have been realized: look back to the state of Spain in those days—look at her when she was a most formidable power—when she was a power of such strength, as to threaten to blow up the whole world. Look at her in those days, and you will see that England was then fixed in a nook of that Spain—that our possession of the Rock of Gibraltar was contemporary with those exaggerated apprehensions. I do not believe, Sir, that the danger which could accrue from the possession of Spain by France, to be so great as it is represented. Spain now, is not what Spain was then. Where can we now find that Spain, in the map of the world, which was to have swallowed up the power of maritime England? Do we not still remain in a nook of that same

Spain—Gibraltar; where we have settled at a period contemporaneous with those fears, holding a firm and unshaken occupation up to this hour? And where, now, is that nation, which "was to have shaken us from our sphere?" That Spain of old map was, be it remembered, the Spain within the limits of whose empire the sun never set—it was Spain with the Indies—where will you find her now? (Cheers.) When the French army entered Spain, we might, if we chose, have resisted that measure by a war; but, Sir, if we had resisted it by a war, that war would not be a war entered into for the same object for which the wars of other days were undertaken; that war would not have been a war for the restoration of the balance of power. Other means should be resorted to for that purpose, if necessary. The balance of power in Europe varied as civilization advanced, and new nations sprung up in Europe. One hundred years ago, France, Spain, the Netherlands, and perhaps Austria, constituted the balance of power. Within the next 30 years, Russia started up. Within the following 30 years, Prussia became a power of importance, and thus the balance of power, and the means of preserving it, were enlarged. The means of preserving the balance were enlarged, I may say, in proportion to the number of states—in proportion to the number of weights which could be put into the one scale or the other. To take a leaf, Sir, from the book of the policy of Europe in the times of William and of Anne, for the purpose of regulating the balance of power in Europe at the present day, is to be utterly regardless of the march of events, and to regulate our policy by a confusion of facts. I admit, Sir, that the entry of a French army into Spain was a disparagement to Great Britain—was a blow to the feelings of this country. I do not stand up here to deny that fact. One of the modes of redress was, by a direct attack upon France—by a war upon the soil of Spain. The other was to make the possession of that country harmless in rival hands—to make it worse than harmless, to make it injurious to the possessor. The latter mode I have adopted. Do you think, that, for the disparagement to England, we have not been compensated? Do you think, that, for the blockade of Cadiz, England has not been fully compensated?

I looked, Sir, at Spain by another name than Spain. I looked upon that Power as Spain and the Indies. I looked at the Indies, and there I have called a new world into existence, and thus redressed the balance of power. (Loud and continued cheering.) I redeemed the movement of France, while I left her own act upon her, unmitigated and unredressed, so that I believe she would be thankful to have relief from the responsibility of her assumed undertaking, and to get rid of a burden which has become too bitter to be borne without complaint. Thus, Sir, I answer the question of the occupation of Spain by the army of France. That occupation is an unpaid, and unredeemed, burthen to France. I say that France would be glad to get rid of the possession of Spain. I say, Sir, that France would be very glad if England were to assist her to get rid of that possession. I say, that the only way to rivet France to the possession of Spain is, to make that possession a point of honor. I believe, Sir, there is no other point upon which it is necessary to trouble the House with any explanation. I believe no other point has been adverted to by those Honorable Members who have so unequivocally and honorably supported this motion, and I should be ungrateful for their support if I were to detain the House with a single observation more than is absolutely necessary. (Hear, hear.) The object of this measure is not war. (Loud cheers.) I repeat, Sir, that the object of this measure is not war. The object of this measure is to take the last chance of peace. (Continued cheers.) If England does not promptly go to the aid of Portugal, Portugal will be trampled down, and England will be disgraced, and then war will come, and come, too, in the train of degradation. If we wait until Spain have courage to ripen her secret machinations into open hostility, we shall have war—we shall have the war of the pacificators, and who can then say when that war will end. (The Right Honorable Gentleman sat down amid loud cheers.)

The Amendment was then put and negatived, there appearing only three or four supporters for Mr. Hume's proposition, and the original question was then put and carried, with only the same number of dissentients.

Review.

Paul Jones; a Romance. By Allan Cunningham, Author of "*Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*," "*Traditional Tales*," &c. London: Longman. 3 vols. 1826.

Paul Jones is remarkable for defectiveness in plot, and freshness of description. There is nothing in it to create an anxiety for any *dénouement*, though much to gratify a tasteful mind, warmed with poetical feeling. We do not, however, believe, that the failure of the plot is compensated by the picturesque scenery so floridly described. A romance without a plot, is like a tree deprived of its foliage; it has lost that which throws a shade of interesting beauty around it. A few of the characters are well drawn, the others are too unnatural. The low untutored peasantry are made to utter sentiments too intellectually lofty, and finely discriminating, for their condition. The magistrate, Macmittimus, is perhaps one of the best drawn characters; yet with all its faults and failures, there is much to admire; much to engage the fancy, and linger on the memory. This will be the case chiefly with those, whose imagination, like the author's, loves to luxuriate among hills and glens, wandering by bubbling streams; and traversing the lonesome retreats of solitude. To these, there is ample to captivate in Paul Jones. Mr. Cunningham discovers the poet, whenever he *describes nature*; but with regard to conducting the thread of the story, he is like a mariner rowing against wind and tide; he gets through it, but with a graceless toil. Paul Jones, the hero, is far from a pleasing character—flaming for freedom, haughty to rank, and too alive to resentment. A little less voluptuousness in the *female* department of the romance—a *little* more attention to consistency—and a *great deal* more skill in developing the plot and weaving in connective circumstances, would have rendered Paul Jones more popular than it is likely to be in its present condition. Our extracts will enable the reader to judge of Mr. Allan Cunningham's descriptive talents, and we beg to apply one or two of the preceding observations:

"When Paul left Dalveen castle he turned his steps homeward. Formerly the distance at which his mother's dwelling stood from the castle was described in rustic measurement as a good bow-shot; but the disuse of the arrow has rendered that once sensible mode of reckoning space obsolete, and I am obliged to say in words which convey no image, the distance was a mile. The tower of the lord stood on a high rock, like the abode of the eagle; the wit of the retainer, like the cunning of a waterfowl, had found a place for his nest in a deep quagmire, where neither horse nor man could pass, and in the very centre of which he had anchored his rustic habitation. He had also redeemed from the shaking bog some twenty paces square of garden-ground, and filled it with flowers, and fenced it round with the willow and wild plum.

"The only thing remarkable about Paul's abode was the place where it was built, and the art by which the little structure was reared. Tradition, indeed, before I examined the ruins, told me, first, that it was built by no good art; and, secondly, that in imitation of the imaginary architecture of the Spanish armada

"It was built in alternate layers of wood and stone. It was a mixture of rude masonry and beams of the blackest oak, and was probably founded upon piles; for through the deserted floor of the house the water had bubbled up, and a plentiful crop of the water-lily and iris had arisen, in the midst of which a wild teal had placed its sluggish nest, and brought out its tawny brood.

"But on the day to which my tale belongs, this house was neat, trim, and well-ordered. The walls, covered with honeysuckle on the outside, were as well covered with household thrift within; the floor was swept with a careful hand; the hearth fire sparkled clear; while the furniture, beneath the anxious hands of Prudence and her daughter Maud, glanced back the light of the morning sun or the evening fire like so many mirrors. The swallow hung its little nest of clay and grass beneath the thatch, and with incessant wing skimmed the bosom of the moss or the walks of the garden, abating the plague of flies; in the garden hedge the thrush, the sweetest of our Scottish songsters, built secure from the hand of the school-boy; and the inhabitants of three stoles of bees extracted sweetness from the meadow flowers and the mountain heath, and gave an air of happiness and industry to the place. A little narrow road, framed of oak and paved with stone, and wide enough for two men to walk abreast, led from the door to the firm land, and a deep clear spring at its side, threw up a stream of water plentiful enough to form a small rivulet, which, escaping from the bog, joined the sea after a course of a mile and a half among green knolls and granite rocks, during which it formed many pretty pools full of fine barn trout.

"On this secluded house the sun had set, and his retiring light still lingered on the hill-head and on the ship-streamers in the bay. The wood-doves had returned from feeding on the wild blaeberry,—the crows already darkened all the pine-tree tops,—the bat was abroad, and flickered about in the dewy air,—while the beetle, uttering his contented hum, struck against the shepherd as he returned from his flocks on the neighbouring hills. In an old chair of carved oak, enjoying the fresh air of the twilight, Prudence Paul was sitting, her white mutch bordered with broad lace, and her gown of shining grey, long and wide, and glistening like silk, descended not so low as to conceal two neat feet, with glossy shoes and little fastenings of solid silver. In her hand she held a hank of the finest woollen yarn, mixed purple and white, smooth and fitted for hose, such as the young men then were fond of wearing. Her looks were staid and touched with sorrow,—her eye, dark and sparkling, had in her youth given lustre to district verse; and the fastidious neatness of her dress and the purity of her dwelling brought that charge of household and personal pride upon her which has been urged against the Dutch,—she wiped the seats upon which strangers had sat,—she wiped the floor over which they walked, and of the well out of which they had drank would she not taste, till it had freed itself of all suspicion of impurity, by running an hour or more.

"At her side there sat a softer vision of herself,—her daughter Maud in the opening bloom of maiden beauty,—dark eyed, dark tressed,—as pure as the spring out of which she drank, and as healthy as the lily that flowered on its margin. Her white shoulders and round neck were flooded by the dark clustering abundance of her locks; and her eyes large, moving in liquid light, and of a deep hazel hue, were every now and then lifted up from the task on which her hands were engaged, and fixed on her mother with a glance expressing duty and awe. Her dress was a bodice of brown, with an open and expanding collar which allowed the breeze free circulation,—with a little shawl of the finest silk, and ornamented with curious skill, but laid aside to admit the sweet fresh air of the twilight; and a petticoat of that glossy and beautiful cloth known by the homely name of linsey-woolsey, which rivalled in lustre much of our modern silk. A string of Solway pearls enclosed her neck, and massy bracelets of pure gold, her brother's present, encircled her wrists, adding little by contrast to her loveliness; but rather from their value bringing an imputation of personal vanity against her, from which she was free. In truth, though conscious of the beauty of her person, and skilful in the female art of adding to her natural allurements, she loved her only brother with such intense and elevated affection, that the richness of the metal of her bracelets did not at all increase their value in her esteem—had they been of tin, or brass, or horn, she would have worn them, and glanced her eye as often upon them in sisterly pride and satisfaction."

" Those who see beauty attired in all the attractions of dress, her person adorned according to the fashionable humour of the day, with her patches, paint, and jewels on, see but half of her loveliness. Those who had seen Maud on this summer morning, would have felt in a moment how surpassingly lovely simple beauty is. She was in her chamber slumbering on a bed with curtains of brown, and sheets like ununsunned snow. Pressing the downy undulation lay the maiden herself, a smile dawning on her parted lips, her dark tresses gushing in clustering masses over her heaving bosom and naked shoulder, and lying in an armful around, while one of her feet, small, and plump, and white, and formed at once for beauty and activity, escaped from the sheets, and revealed an ankle such as visits the eye of Chantry in one of his happy moments.

" The disarray of the bed, the disorder of her head-gear, and the glowing agitation of her face, shewed that her sleep had been broken and restless. The sun at first glimmered faintly on the wall, and she covered her eyes with her arm; but when he came broader and brighter, and filled all the little room with light, she arose and opened the window; while the sunny air, smelling of flowers, ran round the room. She sat down on the bed-side, and thus communed with herself.

" " Was it a dream, or was it a vision, or was it the voice of man, which came crying in the dark and dead hour of the night, saying, 'Beware Maud Paul, beware!' I saw, or rather thought I saw, a strange light in my chamber, my window seemed to open, and an aged man looked in, and said, 'Beware Maud Paul, beware!' She sat for a minute's space, then, falling on her knees and holding her hands before her face, she said, 'God of my fathers, I thank thee for this warning voice; thou hast sent one of thy blessed spirits to say that evil awaits me. I humble myself in thy presence, and I ask thy aid. A courage which comes but from thee has hitherto sustained me in sore trials; nature was strengthened and never quailed for a moment. Save me from vanity of heart, from pride of understanding, from self-sufficiency, which deceives the more the greater that our trust is. If it be thy will that danger shall overtake me, let it not overcome me. Take, O take not from me in the moment of peril, that presence of mind, and firmness of purpose, which preserves the body from abasement, and keeps the mind free.' And, arising and binding up her locks, and attiring herself, she sought her mother, and found her busied by her in-door arrangements; and, assisting her with a ready and a dexterous hand, the house was soon set all in morning order.

" Her mother looked on her with a sigh, and said, ' Evil news, my daughter, will find us soon,---late yestreen I saw the sure messenger of death; I sat on the bench of stone, just as the moon descended, when I beheld it; we shall hear of the decease of some near friend soon, the messenger that came was a certain one and sure.' ' Alas! mother,' said Maud, ' we have no relations in blood, we have no friends in friendship, and for whom can the messenger of death come, but for one of us? Oh! my young, my gallant brother, alas! it can mean but you,---a raging wind and a faithless sea, and I behold you no more. Oh! many a comely face the sea makes pale and wan, and many a mother and sister it covers with sorrow as with a shroud. Oh! Dumfries, when I was lately in thy streets I saw the sweep of many a mother's mourning gown, and I beheld tears in many a sister's eye. Woe, woe to them whose hearts are on the deep!---the thunder-cloud, the raging storm, the burning sun, the fiery air, the pestilent shores, and the fierce enemies,---woe, woe to them whose hearts are on the deep! "

" Meanwhile, Macmittimus sat drawing his mouth together like the gatherings of a sack of corn, moving his head to the left and then to the right, turning his eyes to the ceiling, then casting them on the floor, like one in quest of some wise and difficult conclusion. He took a pen from the table, and, dipping it in the ink of judgment, muttered,--- " ' Firstly, He goes armed with unlawful weapons,---commit him. Secondly, He goes armed, and accuses one of place and dignity of doing an unbecoming thing,---commit him. Thirdly, He challenges a nobleman of the land,---commit him. Fourthly, he fires a pistol loaded with powder and ball, and draws blood, a drop or more, from the neck of the said noble person,---commit him. Fifthly, He is a person of mean descent; and his mother at the judgment-seat, where she was once a witness, told me that capons were owre good for coofs,---for coofs, consult Jamieson, her meaning supposed to be wicked,---commit him. Sixthly, and finally, He has offended one clothed in the sacred authority of his Majesty; one at whose bidding, prison doors fly open and the gorgets are unloosed. He has offended me, therefore he stands committed, and so I sign the sentence.'

"At this moment the door opened, and the wisdom of the bench received a reinforcement in the person of Justice Colanson, one of the district magistrates, and a gentleman of old descent, whose fiery and impetuous mood the influence of eighty years had not much subdued. He was a hale, healthy old man, with a strong frame and well-knit limbs, and with his long white hair flowing plentifully on his shoulders. His dress was of the cut of the times of the good Queen Anne, of that mixture called pepper and salt; his hose were pearl-silk, and his shoes red beeled, with large gold buckles shining like the morning sun.

"In the creation of William Colanson, nature seemed to have said to herself, 'Come, I will collect all the oddities, and caprices, and whims, which I ought to scatter among the new-born of the whole district, and, mingling this strange mass with some absurdity, some benevolence and kindness of heart, I will make a kind of mortal merely by way of experiment. I will then put it into the world, and see what men will make of it; it has a chance for a mitre or a coronet, else I have lost all knowledge of mankind.' But nature threw in one particle of sense more than she meant, and her work was not worthy of such distinction, sense bore it down to the moderate altitude of the county magistracy. Nature, in a few of her future experiments, was sparing of the superfluous materials which compose the understanding, and half a bench of bishops, half a batch of baronets, and lords and earls without number, were the fortunate results.

"Ah, Patie Macmittimus,' said his unceremonious associate, 'you are busy in the magisterial vocation. Lady Emeline, your grey head is not so familiar with the morning sun as mine. I was on the road before the light was on the dew this morning. Ah, and here is a fairer flower than ever dew fell on; my fair Lady Phemie, I hope, has done some little piece of harmless mischief, enough to justify me in carrying her home to prison in Colanson-hall, where a priest would make me her keeper. Ah, girl, you may smile, but it is only these grey hairs which protect you. An I were as young as I have been, I would be as great a fool as ever, and that's I believe a wise saying. Well now, Pate Macmittimus, what's this ye are about?---a warrant, as I protest---armed---(reading)---challenge---duel---blood---Let me see the two gowks, that I may know them again. Ay, likely lads enough for mischief, though I cannot say I can name them. We gentles of the inland see little of you seaside bodies. Well, bairns, were there no orchards to rob,---no hawks' nests to herry,---no chamber windows to scale,---no piece of harmless folly that became your capacities, but that you must take to the green sod with cruel hearts and with cocked pistols? Patie, man, ye have made out a warrant for one, I'll make out a warrant for the other. They'll cool and come to themselves between cold walls and behind iron stanchells. What's the name of the other mad callant?'

"My name,' said the young nobleman, 'is Thomas, Lord Dalveen,---a name long seen in the stream of Scottish story before that of Colanson had become as a bubble for an hour on its surface.'

"Weel, man, weel,' said Justice Colanson, 'there's no use in being peevish about it. Dalveen is an auld name, and I trow a bauld name, and has had more weight in the world than it stands for now. Thomas, Lord Dalveen, alake, the last lord of the name that I wot of, got his head and his title chappet off in the same second of time in the year of grace and rebellion fifteen. Thomas, Lord Dalveen, by the condensation of country speech, but plain Master Thomas by act of parliament.'

"Sir,' answered Lord Dalveen, 'your white hairs protect you; else I would strike you on the judgment seat. Know that I am Thomas, Lord Dalveen, not by grace, but by right,---not by favour, but by blood,---not by kingly courtesy, but by deeds of honour and daring done upon the foes of Scotland. It is a title purchased with blood on many a sanguinary field,---it cannot be taken from me any more than the blood of heroes can be discharged from my veins, and the puddle which stagnates in yours be put into its place. My gallant ancestor lost his life on a scaffold, because he loved his native princes better than aliens; and I should hold myself unworthy if I allowed his title to be extinguished but with my life. When my country can blot from its history the noble deeds done by those of my name, then shall I consent to become plain Master; and I shall willingly salute with the titles of your Lordship and your Grace, any pimp, parasite, usurer, keeper of chambers, and comptroller of close-stools,---any gilded moth of the moment who may have crawled into favour by inventing a new coat-collar, or by adding a tassal to a pair of pantaloons."

The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry: and other Poems. By L. E. L., Author of "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour," &c. London: Longman, pp. 310. 1827.

That pristine and respectable doctrine, "*poeta nascitur non fit*," has been disregarded, and by some disbelieved, of late years. The ancients were weak enough to broach it, and for many centuries the moderns did not question its veracious wisdom; it remained for the penetrating intellect of the present age to disenthral themselves from it. That it is customary for many still to exclaim, "a poet's born, not made," is incontrovertible; but what does this amount to? Why, probably those very orators for nature, will content themselves with a perusal of poetry, manufactured by every thing except genius and talent. The universality of poetry, at once decides that more than half is mere composition. What is excellent, was, and most likely ever will be, but rarely exhibited. A poet, in the true sense, is an excellence in character; he is above the rest of mankind—not in birth, riches, or station, perhaps—but in the operations of his mind. His spirit is of a sublime nature, mingling with the elements, placid when they are calm, revelling in their convulsion, participating with their represented beauties, and drinking in inspiration from their various scenes. He does not struggle with the muse as much as the muse struggles with him; his whole soul is breathing incense to her. We could write pages on this subject, but we must indulge ourselves no further, at present, in depicting our conception of the poet.

One cause that has led to the degeneracy of poetry, is its being considered as a necessary accomplishment. A boarding-school Miss is not "finished," unless she poeticises; and every classical youth thinks himself degraded unless he is an adept rhymester. Accomplishments, we know; sit differently on different people; sometimes the *poetical accomplishment* finds a congenial mind, but, as before mentioned, superior minds are rare, and, therefore, *poetasters* are numerous. In our opinion, poetry cannot be taught as dancing is. A copiousness of words, a knowledge of metrical laws, the regulation of the pauses, and the various *mechanical* departments of the poet, may be acquired by the dull and the tasteless; nay, more, it is possible, that these characters may, by dint of extensive reading, and an acquaintance with the bards of Greece, Rome, and their own country, produce two or three hundred lines of versification, flowing with melody, containing elegant words and labored superfluities—but there will be no ideas, no sparkling fancy, original thought, or chaste and delightful imagery. A man of poetical genius is undoubtedly a man worth envying; he is of the highest rank, for genius placed him there. But, are we all to be poets? It is an honor to be one, but no disgrace not to be one. If every body thought so, we should have *fewer*, but far *greater*, poets than we now possess. *Nature*, not *art*, would appoint them.

"*Nil intentatum nostri liquère poetæ.*"

We may safely apply this to the host of minor poets, whose

scraps and abortive volumes are for ever attracting the eye. The greater number of them are convinced that something novel will be striking; a style of their *own* will stand a chance of immortality—perhaps for its very ridiculousness. The ancients had their schools of philosophers, we have our schools of poets into the bargain. It would take a great deal more time and paper than we can conveniently spare, to examine the productions of half a hundred of “these smaller fry;” we content ourselves with averring, that fifty years hence their names and volumes will be in the fellow custody of oblivion. They write for the day, share the day’s applause, and then the bubble bursts. Some, perhaps, will call us supercilious when we remark, that, in our estimation, “The Deserted Village,” by Goldsmith, is worth all, (with a few exceptions, such as Byron, Scott, &c. &c.) that has been written for the last forty or fifty years, including even Southey’s with it. Speaking of Southey, we may as well touch on the *two schools*—the Lakist and the Millman, *alias frantic*: Wordsworth is the leading spirit of the Lakists, a man whose fitful genius, mighty as it is, cannot excuse his mawkish puerilities and insensate simplicity. Coleridge is a deep thinker, and a profound metaphysician: his poetry is, *at times*, wildly beautiful, but mostly ridiculously obscure, and infected with the *water* of the Cumberland Lakes. Southey is certainly the most artificial of the “nampy-pamby” fraternity. He has written enough, prose and poetry, to fill a library; of the former, we have nothing to say at present; of the latter, very little. Mr. Southey’s poetry is *rarely* sublime, frequently mediocre, and sometimes very twaddling. His verse flows so easily, that he finds it difficult to preserve it from insipidity. Southey’s powers have abated much. His Tale of Paraguay was little more than pathetic drivel; and yet, in Mr. Southey’s opinion, Campbell, and other exalted names, are *far, far* beneath him!—Mr. S. has written several Epics, the highest efforts of genius, if none but the author read them.

Mr. Milman, supported as he is by the Professorship, and versed in the most beautiful specimens of ancient poetry, with the advantage of much studious toil and elegant scholarship, has not yet produced any work that has outlived the bustling, spacious fame of the worth of its publication. He is pompous without grandeur, and lofty without sublimity; and when attempting to be pathetic, he is mostly either drawling or ranting, in fact, he has endeavoured to constrain the muse. His powers are like stiff and stately buildings, abounding with external ornament, but cold and ungarnished within; they are dazzling, but wipe away the gloss, and you will find nothing. It is very evident, Mr. Milman imagines himself the founder of a new school—heaven forbid that he should have many pupils! We grant that both Milman and Southey have *some* splendid passages. Would it not be very lamentable if, out of some twenty thousand lives, there were not an occasional half-dozen good ones? Give a bedlamite a pen, and ’tis chance if he do not write something worth reading amid his ravings. The question is, does the poem contain

sufficient merit to counteract the faults? Milman, we are assured, will himself deny this.

Superfluous praise is often more injurious than moderate contempt; it makes conscientious admirers suspicious, and increases the vigilancy of detractors. We give Mr. Jerdan every credit for the purest, most generous motives, in patronising L. E. L. Placed as he is, at the head of a critical Gazette, whose criticisms are seen every where, and believed no where (where intellect or talent preside), master of his own venal quill, and left supreme arbiter over the fates of new books, it was very laudable and courteous of him to introduce his protégée, and recommend her genius, we mean talent. There is every thing to acquire an adventitious fame for Miss Laudon. She is young—youth is always interesting—she is a lady. How could Mr. Jerdan criticize her? And lastly, she is very amiable in private life. Had Mr. Jerdan but have condescended to the level of plain sense in his praises; had he just attended to a few distinctions, and evinced a little discernment amid his ridiculousness, he might perhaps have been an important prop to Miss L. E. L.'s poetical fame. We all know the very *modest* specimen of eulogium he presented the public with a few weeks since!—What does Mr. Jerdan mean by asserting, that Lord Byron's poems scarcely created "nine days sensation?" We suspect he forgot the *proper word*, when he wrote this wretched piece of perversity. Lord Byron's poems, he may be assured, will create nine hundred and ninety-nine *years* sensation, while we are capable of enjoying poesy in all its freshness and purity. Where will Mr. Jerdan and L. E. L. be by that time? We could not refrain from alluding to Mr. Jerdan in this place; he is too important a personage to be omitted, as relates to the *puffing* department.

We are aware, that many may consider our remarks on L. E. L. as invidiously intended, proceeding from a wish of severity, rather than a just and generous opinion. This is not so: we have read L. E. L.'s poetry in the best mood for enjoying it, and with the readiest wish to admire it. In the following observation, we shall state what we really believe to be true; and after all, the admirers of L. E. L. are at liberty to disagree with us!!

Miss Laudon rhymes with the greatest freedom; her eight syllable lines seem all *extempore*. It is for this reason that there is so much monotony or (to use Byron's words;) "fatal facility." She thinks of her subject, has several pretty ideas floating in her imagination, takes her pen, and writes on while the subject is capable of being spun out:—but for fifty lines, perhaps, there will be nothing approaching to originality—nothing resembling *inspiration*. Her poetry is by far the least original of the day; it certainly contains no abrupt or vulgar faults; no startling inelegancies or extravagances in diction; her words flow easily and musically; the frequency of vowels and tender diminutives give an artificial sweetness to her pieces—but withall, how little is there she can claim for her own? We do not for a moment accuse her of *wilful* piracy, although her poems are replete with them; we do not say she *purposely* borrows or imitates,

and yet most of her ideas may be seen elsewhere. Miss Laudon has all Tom Moore's trifling, without his taste and imagination; all his fine and sparkling words, without his loftier imagery and powerful conceptions:—she writes too fast and too much to write for posterity. Her fugitive pieces are read; and some are heard (and justly too) to exclaim, "how pretty!"—but nobody remembers a line of them next week. We know not if Miss Laudon has been disappointed in love; at any rate, her poems are quite sickening by her eternal allusions to Cupid, quivers, sighs and eyes, lips and frowns, and all the rest of the dalliant phraseology. It appears to us, that Miss Laudon has a certain peculiar vocabulary which she cannot dispense with? We do not recollect a piece of her's without some part of the body being named, and two or three dozen sighs heaving through every twenty lines:—she could scarcely write without a "blushing cheek," a "brow," a "glance," a "hue," a "beauty," a "deliciousness of sighs," and "eyes" of all colors. This monotonous phraseology is really tiresome;—few admire cheeks ripe with beauty, and eyes lit with love, more than ourselves; still there are times when we can dispense with them, particularly in the speciousness of description. This repetition of words, naturally occasions a repetition of metaphor. We remember in her "Troubadour" she metaphorised the innocent "rainbow" no less than thirty times!!—After so much endurance, was it likely there would be much *vividness* left in its *hues*? There is the same frequent introduction of like imagery in the "Golden Violet." We will not assert that her *imagery* is BAD, but it is too *light* to bear such working. Another great and important fault in Miss Laudon's poetry is, the confused length of her periods; some of them are complete labyrinths; we are puzzled in a maze of words. She has always numerous sweet, harmonious, ding-dong words ready, and therefore pours them forth till they die away in absurdity. As to the *feeling* displayed in Miss L.'s writings, we consider it more *frequently* ARTIFICIAL than *real*; it appears to arise from every spring but the soul; whether the worn out qualities of her subjects, or the glittering tinsel of her language, cause this, we know not. In short, in every sense, Miss Laudon's poetry is built on fragile materials. We should sum up our general opinion of her as a poet thus:—she is rarely above mediocrity; abounding in sentimental nonsense, though often beautifully tender; too light and specious to make a lasting impression; too much adorned with flowery epithets and flimsy facilities to move the heart or warm the imagination:—her poems are read with languor, praised for their prettiness, admired for glimpses of fanciful thought, laughed at for their futile tenderness, removed to the bookcase, and then forgotten!

Miss Laudon's warmest admirers ought to regret the publication of the "Golden Violet;" it has the appearance of being written in the "last stage of a galloping CONSUMPTION." We take credit to ourselves for the stoicism we have displayed in perusing the volume. It is by no means equal to the "Improvisatrice;" in that there was something like a muse presiding---and the descriptive sketches at the

end were superior to any thing she has ever written. In this last volume the only thing worth reading is "Erinna," part of which we have extracted; this will be found to contain some good passages; though even here, if we mistake not, there are many of the best imitated from Wordsworth. We had marked many parts of the "Golden Violet," which we intended to extract, and point out their *mystic nonsense, affected perversions, and metaphoric medleys of flowing superficialities*—but our review has extended beyond the usual length. The "Golden Violet" is *altogether* the most faulty and *superficial* of all Miss L. E. L.'s poems. We doubt if Jerdan's praise will save it from its proper fate. It is sincerely to be wished, that Miss Landon would endeavour to *concentrate* her talents; to apply them seriously ---think more, and write less.

ERINNA.

" My hand is on the lyre, which never more
With its sweet commerce, like a bosom friend,
Will share the deeper thoughts which I could trust
Only to music and to solitude.
It is the very grove, the olive grove,
Where first I laid my laurel crown aside,
And bathed my fever'd brow in the cold stream ;
As if that I could wash away the fire
Which from that moment kindled in my heart.
I well remember how I sung myself,
Like a young goddess, on a purple cloud
Of light and odour---the rich violets
Were so ethereal in bloom and breath :
And I,---I felt immortal, for my brain
Was drunk and mad with its first draught of fame.
'Tis strange there was one only cypress tree,
And then, as now, I lay beneath its shade.
The night had seen me pace my lonely room,
Clasping the lyre I had no heart to wake,
Impatient for the day : yet its first dawn
Came cold as death ; for every pulse sank down,
Until the very presence of my hope
Became to me a fear. The sun rose up ;
I stood alone mid thousands : but I felt
Mine inspiration ; and, as the last sweep
Of my song died away, amid the hills,
My heart reverberates the shout which bore
To the blue mountains, and the distant heaven
ERINNA's name, and on my bended knee,
Olympus, I received thy laurel crown.

And twice new birth of violets have sprung
Since they were first my pillow, since I sought
In the deep silence of the olive grove
The dreamy happiness which solitude
Brings to the soul o'erfill'd with its delight :
For I was like some young and sudden heir
Of a rich palace heap'd with gems and gold,
Whose pleasure doubles as he sums his wealth,
And forms a thousand plans of festival ;
Such were my myriad visions of delight.
The lute, which hitherto in Delphian shades

Had been my twilight's solitary joy,
 Would henceforth be a sweet and breathing bond
 Between me and my kind. Orphan unloved,
 I had been lonely from my childhood's hour,
 Childhood whose very happiness is love :
 But that was over now ; my lyre would be
 My own heart's true interpreter, and those
 To whom my song was dear, would they not bless
 The hand that waken'd it ? I should be loved
 For the so gentle sake of those soft cords
 Which mingled others' feelings with mine own.

Vow'd I that song to meek and gentle thoughts,
 To tales that told of sorrow and of love,
 To all our nature's finest touches, all
 That wakens sympathy : and I should be
 Alone no longer ; every wind that bore,
 And every lip that breath'd one strain of mine,
 Henceforth partake in all my joy and grief.
 Oh ! glorious is the gifted poet's lot,
 And touching more than glorious : 'tis to be
 Companion of the heart's least earthly hour ;
 The voice of love and sadness, calling forth
 Tears from their silent fountain : 'tis to have
 Share in all nature's loveliness ; giving flowers
 A life as sweet, more lasting than their own ;
 And catching from green wood and lofty pine
 Language mysterious as musical ;
 Making the thoughts, which else had only been
 Like colours on the morning's earliest hour,
 Immortal, and worth immortality ;
 Yielding the hero that eternal name
 For which he fought ; making the patriot's deed
 A stirring record for long after time ;
 Cherishing tender thoughts, which else had pass'd
 Away like tears ; and saving the loved dead
 From Death's worst part---its deep forgetfulness.

From the first moment when a falling leaf,
 Or opening bud, or streak of rose-touch'd sky,
 Waken'd in me the flush and flow of song,
 I gave my soul entire unto the gift
 I deem'd mine own, direct from heaven ; it was
 The hope, the bliss, the energy of life ;
 I had no hope that dwelt not with my lyre,
 No bliss whose being grew not from my lyre,
 No energy undevoted to my lyre.
 It was my other self, that had a power ;
 Mine, but o'er which I had not a control.
 At times it was not with me, and I felt
 A wonder how it ever had been mine :
 And then a word, a look of loveliness,
 A tone of Music, call'd it into life ;
 And song came gushing, like the natural tears,
 To check whose current does not rest with us.

Had I lived ever in the savage woods,
 Or in some distant island, which the sea

To hear the melancholy sounds decay,
 And think (for thoughts are life's great human links).
 With wind and wave guards in deep loneliness:
 Had my eye never on the beauty dwelt
 Of human face, and my ear never drank
 The music of a human voice; I feel
 My spirit would have pour'd itself in song,
 Have learn'd a language from the rustling leaves,
 The singing of the birds, and of the tide.
 Perchance, then, happy had I never known
 Another thought could be attach'd to song
 Than of its own delight. Oh! let me pause
 Over this earlier period, when my heart
 Mingled its being with its pleasures, fill'd
 With rich enthusiasm, which once flung
 Its purple colouring o'er all things of earth,
 And without which our utmost power of thought
 But sharpens arrows that will drink our blood.
 Like woman's soothing influence o'er man,
 Enthusiasm is upon the mind;
 Softening and beautifying that which is
 Too harsh and sullen in itself. How much
 I loved the painter's glorious art, which forms
 A world like, but more beautiful, than this;
 Just catching nature in her happiest mood!
 How drank I in fine poetry, which makes
 The hearing passionate, fill'd with memories
 Which steal from out the past like rays from clouds!
 And then the sweet songs of my native vale,
 Whose sweetness and whose softness call'd to mind
 The perfume of the flowers, the purity
 Of the blue sky; oh, how they stir'd my soul!—
 Amid the many golden gifts which heaven
 Has left, like portions of its light, on earth,
 None hath such influence as music hath.
 The painter's hues stand visible before us
 In power and beauty; we can trace the thoughts
 Which are the workings of the poet's mind:
 But music is a mystery, and viewless
 Even when present, and is less man's act,
 And less within his order; for the hand
 That can call forth the tones, yet cannot tell
 Whither they go, or if they live or die,
 When floated once beyond his feeble ear;
 And then, as if it were an unreal thing,
 The wind will sweep from the neglected strings
 As rich a swell as ever minstrel drew.

A poet's word, a painter's touch, will reach
 The innermost recesses of the heart,
 Making the pulses throb in unison
 With joy or grief, which we can analyze;
 There is the cause for pleasure and for pain:
 But music moves us, and we know not why;
 We feel the tears, but cannot trace their source.
 Is it the language of some other state,
 Born of its memory? For what can wake
 The soul's strong instinct of another world,
 Like Music? Well with sadness doth it suit,

And mingle with our feelings, even so
Will the heart's widest pulses sink to rest,

How have I loved, when the red evening fill'd
Our temple with its glory, first, to gaze
On the strange contrast of the crimson air,
Lighted as if with passion, and flung back,
From silver vase and tripod rich with gems,
To the pale statues round, where human life
Was not, but beauty was, which seemed to have
Apart existence from humanity :
Then, to go forth where the tall waving pines
Seem'd as behind them roll'd a golden sea,
Immortal and eternal; and the boughs,
That darkly swept between me and its light,
Were fitting emblems of the worldly cares
That are the boundary between us and heaven ;
Meanwhile, the wind, a wilful messenger
Lingering amid the flowers on his way,
At intervals swept past in melody,
The lutes and voices of the choral hymn
Contending with the rose-breath on his wing !
Perhaps it is these pleasures' chiefest charm,
They are so indefinable, so vague.
From earliest childhood all too well aware
Of the uncertain nature of our joys,
It is delicious to enjoy, yet know
No after consequence will be to weep.
Pride misers with enjoyment, when we have
Delight in things that are but of the mind :
But half humility when we partake
Pleasures that are half wants, the spirit pines
And struggles in its fetters, and disdains
The low base clay to which it is allied.
But here our rapture raises us : we feel
What glorious power is given to man, and find
Our nature's nobleness and attributes,
Whose heaven is intellect; and we are proud
To think how we can love those things of earth
Which are least earthly; and the soul grows pure
In this high communing, and more divine.

This time of dreaming happiness pass'd by,
Another spirit was within my heart;
I drank the maddening cup of praise, which grew
Henceforth the fountain of my life; I lived
Only in others' breath; a word, a look,
Were of all influence on my destiny :
If praise they spoke, 'twas sunlight to my soul ;
Or censure, it was like the scorpion's sting."

Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons, interspersed with Anecdotes of Authors and Actors. By James Bouden, Esq. London: Colburn.

If we were to look at this work merely in a literary point of view, we should say that a more contemptible production in point of style, description, reasoning or judgment, never issued from the press. The author's defects are glaring in themselves, and are rendered more offensive by the self-conceit which pervades the whole. His mode of stringing sentences together, seem to be formed on the model of the "Biographical Memoir of the late Ackerstone Bownscourt "Pip," inserted in one of the recent numbers of the New Monthly Magazine. Take the following as an example:—

"Davies's countenance was Garrick's, with all its fire quenched. His countenance was placid and genteel, and in my youth, I used to call in upon him, and enjoy his kind and communicative spirit, in the small parlour behind his shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden."

His description of the actors whom he criticizes, are equally involved, and considerably more obscure, so as almost to deprive this, the best portion of the work, of its little merit.

The book, however, will be read for the sake of the individual whose memoirs it purposes to contain; and low as our opinion is of the abilities of the compiler, we are ready to admit, that it is not unamusing from the glimpses it affords us of the manners, and persons, and merits, of the by-gone heroes and heroines of the Drama, and from the notice of plays long since gone "to the tomb of all the Capulets." If any one expects to find in it an account of Mrs. Siddons's life, with any private anecdotes not generally known, or even a sound and critical examination of her merits, he will be mistaken. Mr. Bouden forgets his heroine in himself; and the work, from the manner in which it is conducted, should have been entitled, "James Bouden's Recollections of the Drama, and Dramatic Authors and Performers, interspersed with allusions to Mrs. Siddons." We really must quit the attempt to review his work, for we find, that the influence of his style communicates itself to us, and makes us dull and bewildered. We shall leave the reader to judge from a few extracts of the merits and demerits.

"My friend John Bannister gave me the following accurate detail of his own reception by Garrick; and even in the narrative veneration of the actor, the reader may indulge a smile at the vanity of the manager.

"I was," says the admirable comedian, "a Student of Painting in the Royal Academy, when I was introduced to Mr. Garrick—under whose superior genius the British Stage then flourished beyond all former example.

"One morning I was shewn into his dressing-room, when he was before the glass preparing to shave—a white night-cap covered his forehead—his chin and cheeks were enveloped in soap-suds—a razor-cloth was placed upon his left shoulder, and he turned and smoothed the shining blade with so much dexterity, that I longed for a beard, to imitate his incomparable method of handling the razor.

"Eh! well—what, young man—so—eh! You are still for the stage? Well, now, what character do you, should you like to—eh?"

"I should like to attempt Hamlet, Sir."

"Eh! what, Hamlet the Dane? Zounds! that's a bold—a—Have you studied

the part?' 'I have, Sir.' 'Well, don't mind my shaving. Speak your speech, the speech to the Ghost---I can hear you. Come, let's have a roll and a tumble.' (A phrase of his often used to express a probationary specimen.)

"After a few hums and haws, and a disposing of my hair, so that it might stand on end, 'like quills upon the fretful porcupine,' I supposed my father's ghost before me, arm'd cap à pié,' and off I started."

'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd!
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell!
Thou com'st at in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet!
King, Father, Royal Dane!--O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance.'

(He wiped the razor.

(He strapped it.

(He shaved on.

(He lathered again.

I concluded with the usual

'Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?'

but still continued in my attitude, expecting the praise due to an exhibition, which I was booby enough to fancy was only to be equalled by himself. But, to my eternal mortification, he turned quick upon me, brandished the razor in his hand, and thrusting his half-shaved face close up to mine, he made such *horrible mouths* at me, that I thought he was seized with insanity, and I shewed more natural symptoms of being frightened at him, than at my father's Ghost. 'Angels and ministers! yaw! whaw! maw!' However, I soon perceived my vanity by his ridicule. He finished shaving, put on his wig, and, with a smile of good-nature, he took me by the hand. 'Come,' said he, 'young gentleman,---eh, let us see now what we can do.' He spoke the speech---*how* he spoke it, those who have heard him never can forget. 'There,' said he, 'young gentleman; and when you try that speech again, give it more *passion*, and less *mowth*.'

"Bannister's reverence for his great master might not lead him to inquire how often this scene had been played in the same place *before*? But he could hardly fail to perceive that the tutor on the present occasion was at least as fond of exhibition as the pupil."

The following is a favorable specimen of his criticism, in which we entirely coincide, and which we wish managers and actors would attend to:—

"We are so fond of this fancied *Academy* of ours, the play-house, that we have begun to invest the player himself with a sort of philosophic dignity; from one extreme we have passed to another, and as Johnson deemed a player too low to be honourable even with *gratitude* for the good he had done,* so we seem to think him morally too high to be endured in the common disorders of his species. In the case of an actor, whose habits of life were long known to us---when his profligacy could surprise no one, and the other parties were none of the purest, a critic of the new school turns round upon the luckless peripatetic (*stroller*), and demands in a voice of thunder, how he dares to be a culprit, with the moral sentiments of Shakspeare nightly flowing from his lips? But if the reader will attentively peruse the CLIIId sonnet of Shakspeare, and refer its subject to the feelings of some persons alive when he wrote it, he will see that he might turn in this way upon the great moral teacher *himself*, and ask how he *dared* to display unblemished purity to the admiration and study of the world?

He who like Shakspeare embraced the sum of life, and wrote in a manner little artificial and systematic, supplies not the formal but the *just* demands of every occasion; he cannot therefore but abound in beauties both *moral* and *descriptive*; some of these, dragged from their proper places, become the favourites of the superficial, and pass as a common coin in conversation. They give an appearance of reading to idleness, and of taste to 'coarse complexions.' Their recitation is usually attended by a seeming rush of sensibility, and forms one of the grateful triumphs of affectation over the laborious and unlettered.

"Even on the stage these beauties sometimes produce a ludicrous effect---ludicrous I mean from the disproportion as to the cause. That part of the audience which has had

* He justified Savage, because he thought him forsooth a nobleman, for not recording his obligations to Mrs. Oldfield's bounty.

its taste formed by one of the popular *selections*, in the performance of a play, is most attentive to what it best knows, *thé fine things* extracted. A slight whisper is heard in the house just before the admired passage is delivered, followed by immense applause when it is concluded. The actor, always disposed to refer this to *himself*, learns to humour this tendency in the audience by an awful preparation and more sonorous declamation. Let the reader remember the *baseless fabric* of Prospero,---the *seven ages* of Jacques,---the *quality of mercy* of Portia,---the *patience on a monument* of Viola; and consider how false a delivery of them on the stage has resulted from the particular expectation thus excited.

"But Heraclitus himself would laugh at the instance I am going to commemorate in Othello. There is in this play a very civil, modest, silent gentlewoman, who is the wife of Othello's Ensign, and who has the honour to *attend* upon the great Captain's Captain, the virtuous Desdemona. The *christian* name of this lady, (for by the baptismal name only either she or her husband is known through the play,) is *Emilia*. Now, after this lady is once introduced to us in the acted play, she says nothing of the slightest moment, and does but one thing of any consequence, namely, to *steal* the handkerchief upon which her lady set so great a value. We look at the actress who personates this character, and soon find that she entertains a very different notion of its importance. Kept unwillingly in the back ground, longing to break forth, and shew the wonders of her *voies* and the energy of her *action*, she contrives by out-dressing her lady, and the aid of a rich plume of *feathers*, to do almost nothing through *four* tedious acts, but waves her *promiss* to the spectators, that, at last, their patience shall be repaid. The happy moment *arrives*; Othello throws off all reserve, abuses his wife in the grossest language, and leaves her as much amazed as grieved.---Iago enters to comfort her. Then comes Emilia's turn, and forth she rushes to pronounce the following *favourite* morceau.

- 'Emil.---I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,
Some busy and insinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.
'Iago.---Fie, there is no such man; it is impossible.
'Des.---If any such there be, heaven pardon him!
'Emil.---A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What time? what place? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by some outrageous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:
Oh, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascal naked through the world!"

Here taking her ground upon the *virtuous* indignation of the audience, the actress becomes a perfect fury: and as if she waved the brand of Tisiphone, or rather the *whip* of the *beadle*, parades herself to the lamps in a semi-circle, and speaks thunder to the Gods themselves. Those generous deities, scorning to be outdone in noise, send down a roar to 'tear hell's concave.' The actress in consequence has to boast through life *how* she used to get *six rounds* of applause in the part: and *how* she beat the gentle Desdemona (perhaps Mrs. Siddons) to a dead *stand still*, by this over-strained and vulgar violence*.

"Of late years it has been even worse; for measuring, I suppose, the efficacy of the chastisement by the vigour of the arm, if they have fortunately, in the company of either theatre, a lady of the *heroic* frame, 'and more than common tall,' *she* is always the representative of *Emilia*: and should any timid daughter of Melpomene make her *début* in the part of Desdemona, the amazon, like another Glumdalclitch, immediately assumes the *care* of her, struts by her *side*, or overshadows her in the *rear*, until the proper moment arrives of stifling all her puny exertions as above, and the Moor succeeds to *smother* her altogether."

* That Shakspeare himself repressed, with all his might, the tendency to such display, is obvious, by the few words which close the speech---

"Even from the east to the west."

But the corrective on the stage is judiciously omitted.

The description of Miss Satchell in the following extract is interesting :—

" Among the memorables of the season, were a performance of *Lady Randolph*, by Mrs. Crawford. A farce called *Fire and Water*, by Andrews, remembered only for the younger Colman's jest--- it made a *Miss*. Mrs. Cargill's appearance there as *Euphrasyne*, in *Comus*, and Miss Satchell's first appearance in *Polly*. It was the *apothecosis* of *Polly*, but her own *martyrdom*. The stage never in my time exhibited so pure, so interesting a candidate as Miss Satchell---her modest timidity---her innocence---the tenderness of her tones, and the unaffected alarm that sat upon her countenance---altogether won for her at once a high place in the public regard, which she cultivated long and extended under the appellation---Mrs. Stephen Kemble. This young lady carried into a family abounding in talent, powers of so peculiar a kind, so perfect, so unapproachable, that, if they were inferior as to their class, they shared a kindred pre-eminence. No one ever like her presented the charm of unsuspecting fondness, or that rustic simplicity, which removed immeasurably from vulgarity, betrays nothing of the world's refinement, and is superior to its cunning. *Double entendre* in her presence had nothing beyond the single sense that might meet the ear of modesty. I have often listened to the miserable counterfeits of what she was, and would preserve, if language could but do it, her lovely impersonation of artless truth. But it may be gathered critically in its abstract, by the negative assistance of many of its modish imitations. The FANCY may restore her, or be contented at least with its own creation. That of Steele, in one of its softest inspirations, first saw her about the year 1674, on the continent of America, fondly bending over a young European, whom she had preserved from her barbarous countrymen; she was banquetting him with delicious fruits, and playing with his hair. He called the vision. Yarrico Chateaubriand, a century after, beheld it with additional charms, and named it *Atala*.*

We should be glad to be able to give some readable extract relative to Mrs. Siddons herself, but the author's notices of her are so mixed up with digressive twaddle of his own upon the plays which she performed in, that a selection is difficult. The following is an account of her performance in 1782, when she had returned to London after her temporary failure, and with this we must close our extracts from the first volume :—

" Let us, however, avoid decision upon this question, and examine what she displayed in 1782, as the representative of Southern's enchanting Isabella. Time had bestowed the tender dignity of the mother upon her beauty. As she came upon the stage with her son followed by Villeroy, though desirous to avoid his suit, her step was considerate, and her head declined slightly, her eye resting upon her son. The first impression having been deeply made by her exterior, the audience was soon struck by the melancholy sweetness with which the following exquisite passage came upon the ear---referring to Byron---

" ' O, I have heard all this;
But must no more : the charmer is no more.
My buried husband rises in the face
Of my dear boy, and chides me for my stay.
Can'st thou forgive me, child ?'

and her fair admirers were in tears as she questioned her son. No art ever surpassed the perfect cadence of the next allusion to him :

" ' Sorrow will overtake thy steps TOO SOON;
I should not hasten it.'

* " On remarquoit sur son visage je ne sais quoi de vertueux et de passionné, dont l'attrait étoit irresistible. Elle joignoit à cela des grâces plus tendres : une extrême sensibilité unie à une mélancolie profonde, respiroit dans ses regards : son sourire étoit céleste."

The passing bitterness of reflection upon her own state, produced, as it subsided, a moral sympathy with others. As she knocks at the door of her father-in-law, the following general remark reproves the degeneracy of the heart---

'Where is the charity that us'd to stand,
In our forefathers' hospitable days,
At great men's doors,
Like the good angel of the family,
With open arms taking the needy in,
To feed and clothe, to comfort and relieve them?'

Southern had read Shakspeare, with a soul perhaps as tender as his own;---Lear in the same way, in his own miseries, remembers the sufferings of others---

'Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of the pitiless storm,' &c.

'Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel.'

The interview with Count Baldwin, that *chalky* sideling personage, old Packer, was a good deal hurt by his insipid manner; but when he consents to provide for the child, on the condition that his mother never visits him, Mrs. Siddons burst forth with the peculiar *wildness* of a mother's impatience, and the whole house told her that she was irresistible.

'WHAT! take him FROM me?
No, we must never part; I LIVE but in my child.'

"The second act of *Isabella*, is a masterpiece of growing interest. *Isabella*, hopeless as to relief, discovered ruminating upon her fate, and her child at play, unconscious of the pang which he excites. The two servants who had given her access to Baldwin, sent to diminish her resources, or rather to starve with her---creditors pressing for payment---Villeroy generously engaging to satisfy their demands---the villain, Carlos, urging her obligations to Villeroy, and working her ruin through her gratitude---the melancholy consent to take a second husband---altogether compose an act so thoroughly in nature, and so powerfully written, that if Dryden, in his old age, really felt that truth in the drama, which he had himself in vain attempted through life, he must have placed Southern as the poet of the heart, greatly before all his contemporaries.* The scenes of trifling comedy by which he had disgraced his play, were expunged by Mr. Garrick in the year 1756, and so easily were they removed from all the noble interest, that they resembled a series of miserable and ludicrous prints, placed by a child in some work of genius, and shaken out by the first reader who discovers the pollution. Southern, when he addressed his patron, Hammond, told him that the comedy in it was *not essential*; that it was against his own opinion, and merely complied with the taste of the town; for, said he, 'I think every reasonable man will, and ought to, govern in the pleasures he pays for.' The results of such a principle we are now enjoying to an extent that only accuses the *reasonable* quality of the public. At its first appearance, through three acts of the play, the gaiety of Mrs. Bracegirdle might divide the house with Mrs. Barry. Betterton was her *Villeroy*, not her Biron. To return, however, to an *Isabella* greater than Mrs. Barry.

"* On the authority of Mr. Fox, I call this power the highest excellence. But if it be, as I think it is, a position extended truly to the *epic* poet,---as to the *DRAMATIC*, there can be no doubt whatever; it is the *heart* of his mystery; and even *character* is less essential than *pathos* in the composition of tragedy. Mr. Fox thus expresses himself in a letter to G. Wakefield, dated 13th of April, 1801: 'The verses you refer to in the 5th *Æneid*, are indeed delightful; indeed I think that sort of pathetic is Virgil's great excellence in the *Æneid*, and that in that way he surpasses all other poets of every age and nation, except, perhaps, (and only perhaps), Shakspeare. It is on that account that I rank him so very high; for *surely to excel in that style which speaks to the heart, is the GREATEST of ALL EXCELLENCE.*'

"Mr. Fox's politics I must leave to his party. But his mind had a *purity*, a *tenderness*, a *taste* beyond all such feeling; they ennobled the species, and were loved wherever they were known.

"When I said that the second act of this play was perfect, I apply the term beyond the composition to the actress ;---she threw infinite variety into its hurry of emotions. I remember the following passages with delight :---"

'To find out HOPS, and only meet despair,
His *little sports* have taken up his thoughts.'

Who besides her ever so spoke of play in the accents of wretchedness ?

'Thinking will make me mad : why must I think,
When no thought brings me comfort ?'

On the arrival of the creditors, the answer to the nurse's earnest inquiry---'What wilt you do, Madam ?'

'DO ! NOTHING !'

And, on the noise increasing---

'Hark, they are coming ! Let the torrent ROAR ;
It can but *overwhelm* me in its fall.'

"He who remembers that word NOTHING, as *Laertes* has it, 'so much more than master,' and recollects the position her eye-brows assumed, the action of her right arm, and the energy of her tone in the passage, 'Let the torrent roar,' may be assured that the greatest of tragedians then stood before him.

"But less obtrusive, and yet of equal excellence, was the delicate *alarm*, lest her devoted attachment to Biron should be undermined by virtues so essential to her safety ; and even in her *consent* to become the wife of Villeroy, entering a sort of protest against his best hopes ; all this was given in so *nothing* a strain ;---the *glance* at the child to determine the sacrifice, and the final ratification with its graceful *compliment*, demanded and received every human accomplishment, to do justice to the poet :

'I give you ALL,---
My hand ; and would I had a HEART to give !
But, if it *ever* can return *again*,
'Tis WHOLLY YOURS.'

The reader sees from the simplicity of the terms used, the common parlance of life, how essential it was that they should be sustained by a measured dignity of utterance, and a languid sensibility in deportment and expression.

"The third act is a weak one---for Isabella has nothing to do in it---but to sit and hear the epithalamium, at an entertainment given by her husband in the exultation of his heart. In the second act, Isabella had conditioned that she should not change the *colour* of her apparel. Villeroy gratefully perceives that she is in *white* when she enters the saloon---

'Isa---Black might be *ominous* ;
I would not bring ILL-LUCK along with me.'

Mrs. Siddons spoke this so as to conceal the absolute vulgarity of the notion, and the expression of it. She affected this by calling upon that heaviness of the heart, which could not be dispelled by any external change. Unlike *Iphigenia*, she seemed a *conscious* sacrifice.

"In this scene of mere dumb shew, her deportment was inimitable. She closed the act with a melancholy foreboding that hung like night about her. A melancholy which she calls sudden, 'bakes her blood,'---and as *Shakspeare* continues, makes it *heavy*, thick,---her 'mind, her harass'd mind, is weary.'

"Man is always striving to anticipate the future, and selects his indications sometimes from external nature, sometimes from the peculiar sadness or hilarity of his present feeling. *Shakspeare*, the interpreter of his kind, has given us both. In *Romeo*, a deceiving spirit 'lifts him above the earth,' on the eve of his greatest disaster,---unwonted gloom precedes the anguish of Isabella.

"With the fourth act of the play, Biron arrives from his captivity. There is a beautiful use made by Southern of the tokens interchanged by lovers. The importance of a ring is heightened with wonderful dexterity. In her greatest poverty, Isabella pulls from her finger one that Biron had given to her ; it is all that remains of value in her

possession, and she parts with it to sustain *life*, which only can be dearer. Her husband arriving late, sends up to her the corresponding token, which cannot fail on every ground to excite the strongest emotion. It operates like a spell upon her.

'*Isa.*—I've heard of witches,' &c.
'Now I believe all possible. This ring,
This *LITTLE* ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears;
Conjur'd the sense of honor, and of love,
Into *SUCH* shapes,—they fright me from myself.'

The diminutive becoming mighty, as *SHE* gave the word *little*; followed by *SUCH* shapes spoken with horrors seeming in the fancy, made the hearer start with an undefined perturbation.

'Biron died,---
Died to my loss at Candy; there's my *SURF*.---
O, do I live to *hope* that he died there.'

"This jealousy of affection, plunged into circumstances so disastrous, even as to a sentiment that dishonors the ruling passion, was delivered by Mrs. Siddons as it was written by the author, with pathos that will never be excelled.

"I wish it were in the power of the painter to fix every change of that *living* picture upon the canvas!---the courtesy while she *cautiously examined* the supposed stranger---the *joy* to observe no trace of Biron---the *recognition* of him---the *stupor* that weighed upon her countenance, while she sobbed out the *mysterious* communications previous to his retiring. The manner in which she occupied the stage during that dreadful soliloquy---Biron's return---the still more alarming exclamations of his wife, till she leaves him in despair.

"Every thing here had a truth of *tone*, and *look*, and *gesture*, to which all that I have ever seen in female art bore no comparison whatever. But until then, so noble a figure, and a countenance so expressive, never stood before me.

"The last act has some admirable contrivances of the poet. Isabella's distraction---attempt upon the life of Biron---Villero's return---the death of Biron---the full detection of Carlos---the raving of Isabella and her death. But the *LAUGH*, when she plunges the dagger into her bosom, seemed to electrify the audience; and literally the greater part of the spectators were too *ill themselves* to use their hands in her applause. It was perfectly clear to those who had seen this great woman at Bath, that she came to London, as Garrick's enemy, Quin, expressed himself, to found a new religion; and she came with the full inspiration of the muse. She struck even prejudice with astonishment, from the number of her requisites. So full a measure had never yet fallen to the lot of any one daughter of the stage. Mrs. Yates was majestic, Mrs. Crawford pathetic, Miss Younge enthusiastic; the voice of the first was melodious, that of the second harsh, that of the third tremulous. As to features, Mrs. Yates was after the antique, but she had little flexibility; Mrs. Crawford was even handsome, but the expression of her countenance was rather satirical. Of Miss Younge, the features wanted prominence and relief, and the eye had little colour. Yet sensibility impressed her countenance, and lifted plainness into consequence and interest. In the style of action they differed considerably---Mrs. Yates studied to be graceful---Mrs. Crawford was vehement, and threw her arms out from side to side---struck the bosom with violence in the bursts of passion, and took all *fair* advantages of her personal attractions. Miss Younge had acquired the temperance in action which Shakspeare recommends, and in every motion was correct and refined, delicate and persuasive. Their rival had all that was valuable in their respective requisites, and *more* than all; her mental power seemed to be of a firmer texture, her studies had been deeper, and partaking less of what may be termed professional habits. The eye of Mrs. Siddons was an inestimable distinction, no rival could pretend to *look* like her.

"It is much to possess such an artist in any department of art. The public at large is refined by it. In the present case, a *fashion* was excited that drew the attention of our higher orders particularly to the stage. As we are so constituted as to be purified by terror and by pity, a great moral object was gained by stealing through even their amusements, upon the hearts of the fairest portion of the species; and there where affluence had rendered many of the cares of life no subject of either burden or thought, to

banish the apathy engendered by pride, and bring the first fruits of the virtues from the sympathy with fictitious sorrow. I think that this deep impression was then made in the female bosom, and that it was no delusion that led me to notice in the loveliest faces in the world a strongly marked *sensibility*, derived from the enjoyment of this fascinating actress. What our great observer had noticed in the case of Percy, was now repeated. Mrs. Siddons became the glass 'in which our noble youth did dress themselves;' and those who frequented her exhibitions, became *related* to her look, to her deportment, and her utterance; the lowest point of imitation, that of the dress, was early and wisely too adopted; for it was at all times the praise of Mrs. Siddons to be exquisitely chaste and dignified in her exterior—SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS.

Our extracts from the second volume will be short, for it really contains scarcely a passage which would bear transplanting. There is in it plenty of gossip, which might entertain the sworn lovers of the drama, but which would not excite the smallest interest in the general reader, neither does it at all relate to Mrs. Siddons. We shall give out the following anecdote, introduced in reference to the general insufficiency of the representatives of confidantes of the English Drama to support the heroines,---and another which relates to our late Monarch:—

"How is the *moppet* of some loose man of fashion, whose little power is smothered in the waste fertility of her personal attractions, and who therefore is all prettiness, and affectation, and constraint,---how is such a one to catch the key-note, and continue the harmonious elocution of a great actress? still farther, as Shakspeare strongly expresses it, how is she to---

" 'Tend her in the eyes, and make her bends adornings?'

"But the great La Clairon shall herself teach us the importance of a confidante. 'I remember,' she writes, 'being exceedingly unwell at a time when I had to act Ariane (*Ariadne*); and fearing that I should not be able to go through the fatigue of the character, I had caused an easy chair to be placed upon the stage, to sustain me, in case I should require it. In fact, during the fifth act, while expressing my despair at the flight of Phedra and Theseus, my strength did fail me, and I sunk almost senseless into the chair. The *intelligence* of Mademoiselle Brilland, who played my confidante, suggested to her the occupation of the scene at this moment by the most interesting attentions about me. She threw herself at my feet, took one of my hands, and bathed it with her tears. In the speech she had to deliver, her words were slowly articulated, and interrupted by her sobs. She thus gave me time to recover myself. Her look, her action, affected me deeply; I threw myself into her arms, and the public, in tears, acknowledged this intelligence by the loudest applause.' After this tribute of the Siddons of the French stage to Mademoiselle Brilland, nothing is wanting but the actual speech, broken so judiciously by her sobs, and graced by her expressive attentions, and that is with great certainty supplied by the page of Corneille. Thus it stands:---

NERINE.

" 'Calmez-cette douleur;---ou vous emporto---t'elle?---
Madame,---songez---vous---que tous---ces vains projets---
Par l'eclat---de vous cris---s'entendent---au palais?'

"The French critic cannot fail to see how admirably the address of the actress is seconded by the language of Corneille; and I am not at all sure that this accidental heightening of the scene should not pass into a custom, and the invention of Mademoiselle Brilland, *brille à jamais dans la tragedie d'Ariane*!

"I have many reasons for wishing to press this event upon the English actress. It is true, in general, that little attention is paid to the inferior characters, and such *intelligence* might often be thrown away upon our noisy audiences; but, if the effort strike one true admirer of the stage, it will not be lost; nor will the imitator of Mademoiselle Brilland remain long in obscurity. The quickness and adroitness of the French confidante, I do not quite expect, however, from my fair countrywomen."

"In the early part of the summer of 1788, an event occurred of the deepest moment to the nation. I allude to the late King's alarming indisposition, of which the first symptoms indicated nothing beyond bilious fever; and accordingly Sir George Baker was inclined to keep his Majesty from the hurry to which he would be exposed by going to town, and recommended that he should remain at Kew, until the complaint was quite removed. His Majesty's physicians, however, thought it advisable to try the effect of the mineral waters at Cheltenham: the King unfortunately derived little or no benefit from the springs, and returned on the 16th of August to Windsor. Soon after this, symptoms of mental aberration appeared, which called for the solemn attention of the legislature of the country.

"The reason for noticing that event in this place is, that the subject of these Memoirs became among the very earliest to perceive that the royal mind was somewhat unsettled. The attention paid by his Majesty to the great actress was not confined to the public exhibition of her talents—he was a professed admirer of her manners in private life, and the royal family saw her frequently at Buckingham-House and at Windsor.

"His Majesty's conversation always expressed the gracious feeling of his mind, and his wish to promote the interests of herself and her family. However, on one occasion, the King put into her hands a sheet of paper, merely subscribed with his name, intended, it may be presumed, to afford the opportunity to Mrs. Siddons of pledging the royal signature to any provision of a pecuniary nature, which might be most agreeable to the actress herself. This paper, with the discretion that was suited to the circumstance itself, and which was so characteristic of Mrs. Siddons, she, I was assured, delivered into the hand of the Queen; upon whom conduct so delicate and dignified was not likely to be lost."

Here, with many a yawn, we bid farewell to Mr. Boaden.

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES OF THE MONTH.

LITERARY AND POLITICAL CHIT CHAT.

The people of England have this month been startled by the rumour of war.—In other parts of our pages will be found the Debate on the subject, which will exonerate us from giving any further details respecting it here. We merely express our concurrence in the opinion of our Diarist—"that there will be no fight."

A splendid engraving, executed by Martin from one of his own designs, has just been published by Mr. Moon, of Threadneedle Street. The genius of the painter is above all praise of ours—he has created a style peculiarly his own—blending the actual forms and appearances of nature and art, in their grandest and most beautiful combinations, with the suggestions of an imagination teeming with brilliancy, even to a faulty excess. In this engraving, which represents the Paphian bower, in which the Graces found the young God of Love, the artist's faults and beauties are equally apparent; but it is impossible to gaze upon it without feeling the soul expand with the ideas that swarm upon it, from the contemplation of the infinity of space, apparently comprised by the magic of the pencil within limits really so small,—extending from a rich and lovely foreground, adorned with the trees, flowers, and brooks of the abode of Venus, and leading the eye onward over a succession of landscapes, variegated with the majestic temples of antiquity, receding into a distance of cloud-capped mountains, whose sublime peaks blending with the heavens, form an appropriate termination to a picture deriving the idea of the principal personages from that Power, which is almost solitary in the grand, if indefinite, emotions it conveys to the heart of eternity. It is a noble work, and should have an article devoted to it if we had time.—Other artists make us yawn, but Martin always makes us feel.

"Jamaica papers have been received to the 22d of October; but they contain no marine or political intelligence."

This extract, from the Times of the 26th of December, shows the manner in which the Colonial Interests are neglected. These papers contain important information as to

the progress of opinion in the West India Islands, notices of the measures in active operation for the diffusion of religious and moral instruction among the Negroes, various able arguments and authentic statements, showing the danger of hasty measures tending to emancipation; but these topics, through design or negligence, never reach the attention of the British public, who are, however, sure to be presented with flaming exaggerations of every fact which may be recorded to the prejudice of the Planters. The English public have thus seen only one side of the picture for many years; we hope opportunities will soon be afforded by them of seeing the other.

LITERARY NOTICE.—Preparing for the Press:—A Popular Exposition of the Epistle to the Romans. By Robert Wilson, A. M., Author of a "Treatise on the Divine "Sovereignty," &c.

On the announcement of the new novel of "Almacks," we had anticipated the pleasure we should derive from showing our superior virtue and independence in the severe chastisement we determined to give to a work which, we supposed, would be full of scandal, immorality, and pretences to fashion. How were we deceived,—the book is as innocent as a new born kitten of any malevolence of execution; and as to its delineations of fashionable life, they are just as correct and elegant as might be furnished by any lady's waiting-maid. It contains neither plot, description, character, incident, wit, eloquence, or sentiment; and, but for the egregious puffing which it has received, would never have obtained even a month's notoriety. We strongly advise the Ladies Foley, Campbell, Blessington, &c., who have been severally named as the authoress, to bring actions against the proprietors of the newspapers which have so calumniated them. It is a much severer libel than any that has lately been punished by imprisonment or heavy damages.

If our readers want to see a candid, an impartial account of literary works, we would recommend them never to look at any of the established reviews, always excepting our own. The Quarterly and Edinburgh, have long ceased to be any thing more than collections of political essays. The New Monthly, London, and Blackwood's Magazines, are avowedly under the control of the Booksellers who publish them, and are moreover mostly under a strong political bias. They have great merits, but that of impartial criticism is not one. The Literary Gazette is really beneath contempt; it has neither judgment, discrimination, nor common sense, we could almost say common honesty. It has praised "Almacks," an offence which has prevented it from all hope of ever redeeming its character—that was a crime unpardonable. It is to the Newspapers that the inquirer should look for fair notices of new publications. Those of the Old Times, are excellent in every particular—in strong and manly English sense, and feeling they are unrivalled. We have now among others in our recollection the Review of Ouvrard's Memoirs, and those of the Princess Lamballe, which will, we are sure, corroborate our assertions. As we are opposed to the principles, or rather no principles, of this paper as to politics, our testimony will be less suspected. In point of firmness and apparent independence of Booksellers, the reviews of The Atlas are also valuable, and are written with great talent and acuteness. This is besides an admirable paper in every respect, and by far the best Sunday Journal that was ever published.

Mr. JOSEPH HUME'S PUN.—The most noxious animal that breathes is a punster and a professed joker. We notice him in the Inspector only to denounce him. Mr. Hume has lately taken to punning, which was to be expected from his dabbling in the Greek scrip. A man who puns will pick a pocket, and a man who picks pockets will commit a pun. Our writing could not make him refund the Greek Scrip—we hope we may yet prevent him from falling into a confirmed habit of punning. Perhaps the mere statement of the following awful offence in this way may suffice for the present. Joseph was endeavouring to make Brougham understand one of his calculations, in which, as usual, he did not succeed: "Why," said Joseph, peevishly, "it is as plain as your operative." "Operative!" said Brougham, "what do you mean?" "Your nose, to be sure," said Joseph, "which every body is aware belongs to the *working classes*." Imagine the frown of the offended lawyer—he turned indignantly away, and recommended Joseph to the care of Mr. Warburton.—We hope he will follow his advice—when he has left off punning, there may be some hopes of his refunding the Greek Loans.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

BETWEEN THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE WEST INDIANS.

[We have received permission from the author of the subjoined letters to insert them in "The Inspector." They are intended to comprise the essence of all that has been said on both sides of this much debated question; and the ability with which this contention has been fulfilled with regard to the first portion of the subject, viz. that which relates to Free or Slave Labor, makes us believe that the series, when completed, will form the most valuable work that has yet been published relative to the points at issue between the Abolitionists and the West Indians. The author has so clearly stated his own views, that any further preliminary remark is unnecessary, except to recommend these letters to the earnest attention of the country at large, and particularly of the Members of the British Legislatures.]

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—Notwithstanding the prominent part which the West India Question has occupied in the public councils of the country for these few years past, there are already indications manifested, that the discussion will be continued with unabated pertinacity and warmth in the Session of Parliament which is approaching. Viewing the numerous publications on this theme with which the public have been surfeited, an ordinary observer would conceive that nothing further could now be said, and that every person in the nation must have made up his decided opinion on the subject. But the truth is, that this very load of testimony has obstructed the progress of reason. The gratuitous dissemination of publications of every description has palled the taste of the public for this controversy; and a vast majority of men have turned away in disgust, thinking that no useful information could be gained in perusing the lucubrations of interested disputants. The lover of his country must deplore this disgust or indifference, no matter how naturally it may have been excited.

Close and laborious investigation is necessary on all public occasions, though it is difficult to allure the public to the task; still, firmly believing that the intelligent portion of the community, who ultimately give the tone to the whole, would be eager to acquire an accurate and impartial opinion on West India subjects, provided they could be relieved from needless irksomeness in its pursuit, I propose, in a brief and explicit manner, to remedy the objection through the medium of your columns.

Most of your readers are acquainted with Franklin's "Moral Algebra,"—putting the *pros* of a question on one side, the *cons* on the other—striking out symbolically those arguments where there appeared perfect parity of reasoning—summing up those that remained on each side respectively, according to their specific weight, and striking the balance in favor of that side, which, taken collectively with all contingent relations, showed a preponderance in amount. Let us adopt this mode with the West India Question. The case is then simplified, and accommodated to every comprehension.

In the following analysis, the charge of the Abolitionist appears on one side, the reply of the West Indian on the other; and both given upon authorities, quoted from those held most in repute by the respective parties. Your readers, generally, will thus be enabled to form an unbiassed opinion, without the labor of wading through the mass of dry and voluminous publications, to which the discussion has given birth. Members of the Legislature will have an index to direct them to information and details on those particular points, which their own views may lead them to consider as most essential, without delay or unnecessary perusal of irrelevant matter. The disputants themselves, perceiving how their arguments collide with, and stand opposed to, each other, must gradually renounce untenable positions; and thus, as contention and clamor subside, we may in time look for dispassionate and definite discussion.

Studying the common good alone, I wish to observe the strictest impartiality. Through the medium of your widely circulating Journal, I address myself to every quarter of the Empire for arguments on either side, in case I should appear guilty of omission or *ex-parte* statement; and I pledge myself to give to such communication the fullest and fairest notice.

The West India Question divides itself into three distinct heads—the interests of the Negroes, of the Planters, of the Country. For perspicuity, I shall follow these in the order here placed, avoiding as far as possible the liability to mix up with one branch what more appropriately belongs to another.

FIRST—OF THE INTERESTS OF THE NEGROES.

ABOLITIONIST.

The very name of slavery, existing under our dominion, is a foul stain upon the British name. There are, at present, upwards of 800,000 human beings in that degraded condition in our Colonies; and it behoves England, from her station amid surrounding nations, from her high character for humanity, more ennobling than all her warlike triumphs, to resolve and to accomplish its extinction.—*Vide Willerforce's Appeal, Stephen's Pamphlets, and African Instit. Reports, passim.*

You rest upon the monstrous doctrine of expediency; you venture to substitute might for right. Do you audaciously maintain, that national advantage should ever preponderate over the eternal and imprescriptible obligation of a great moral principle?—*Stephen's Slavery of the West Indies, pref., Edinburgh Review, No. 82, Art. ix.*

You mean justice all on one side. You are always ready to bawl out for the miserable pelf advanced by a few adventurers

WEST INDIAN.

A state of freedom is, undoubtedly, far preferable to a state of slavery; but your own fellow subjects, living within the bosom of the State, have immense properties invested, which demand protection. The Negroes are unprepared for freedom; and, besides, the commercial prosperity of the country prompts to caution, lest, by surrendering advantages ourselves, we throw them into the hands of foreigners.—*Vide Speeches of Lords Liverpool and Bathurst, March 7, 1826, and of Mr. Canning, May 15, 1823.*

We reject the imputation of expediency. We meet you on your moral principle. JUSTICE constitutes our main reliance, the chief element in morals, and superior to the claims of humanity itself.—*McDonnell's Considerations on Negro Slavery, chap. i. and xiii.*

In claiming justice, we demand it for all. You must not lift up a degraded class at our sole expense. It was by the whole of the

ABOLITIONIST.

in speculation, but you forget the hundreds of thousands suffering on the opposite side. Does not justice cry out on behalf of the poor Negroes, pining under the most terrible degradation that man can endure?—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 82, and *Stephen's England enslaved by her own Slave Colonies*.

Our argument is simply this, that the claims of the Negro are weightier than those of the West India Proprietor; and, where two principles clash, the lesser must give way to the greater.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 82.

A British Statesman's glory should be, to adhere rigidly to the spirit, as well as the letter, of those institutions under which he lives; and slavery in any shape is hostile to the genius of the British Constitution.—*Lord Lansdowne's Speech*, March 7, 1826.

If commercial cupidity blinded the faculties of men then, it is no reason why it should continue to do so now. Error, sanctioned by names however great, is still error; and we appeal to the common feelings of the British public if, calling themselves a free people, they conceive it right that Slavery should exist under encouragement of their arms.—*Anti-Slavery Reports*, Nos. 2 and 3. *Lord Lansdowne's Speech*, March 7, 1826.

WEST INDIAN.

British nation that Slavery was encouraged, and it is the whole nation that must bear the loss of doing it away. If, nationally, you sacrifice us, your first act was a fraud, your second will be a robbery.—*Vide Barham's Abolition of Negro Slavery*, p. 26. *M'Donnell's Considerations*, &c. chap. i. *Quarterly Review*, No. 64, Art. ix.

If you bring forward your moral principle, you must adhere to it closely and without deviation, not vaguely and indefinitely. There is no lesser or greater principle in a question of justice. It cannot be modified or altered; and if you neglect to consider it in regard to the proprietor, and still persist in haranguing about Negro freedom, you are chargeable with idle declamation, if not gross absurdity. If, admitting the applicability of the principle to all parties, you consider not the how, the when, and the where, as regards the proceedings of the nation in coming forward with adequate indemnification, you neither argue the question like a British Statesman, nor as a practical moralist.—*M'Donnell's Considerations*, &c. *Mr. Canning's Speech*, May 15, 1823.

The Slave Trade was principally sanctioned, fostered, nay, stimulated, under the reign of William III. Not content with supplying our own Colonies, the British Government contracted, by the *Asiento Treaty*, to supply certain foreign settlements, at the rate of 4,800 slaves a year, to the amount of 144,000. The Ministers who counselled these measures, were the same great and generous spirits who settled the present dynasty upon the throne, and framed the Bill of Rights. It is a bold assertion to pronounce the acts of such men hostile to the genius of the British Constitution.—*See Barham's Abolition*, &c. p. 28. *M'Donnell's Considerations*, chap. i., on Property. *Lord Chancellor's Speech*, March 7, 1826.

You re-assert what all allow, that freedom is preferable to slavery. The sanction of my Lord Somers and his coadjutors, is only adduced to show the presumption of any would-be Statesmen, who first pronounce an unqualified denunciation, and would then rush upon the abolition of a system planted and nurtured by the greatest Statesmen, the staunchest friends of liberty, which this country has ever boasted.—*Lords' Report*, 1789. *Lord Chancellor*, March 7, 1826.

But, independently of our call, on the

Were this, indeed, the fact, not an hour,

ABOLITIONIST.

ground of civil rights, we have a higher obligation; our holy religion demands the extinction of slavery.---*Wilberforce's Appeal*, *passim*.

What! do you deny that the Christian religion asserts an equality of rights; that its meek spirit stands emphatically opposed to the continued subjection of our fellow men in bondage; and that, to obey its mandates, we are perpetually called on to succour and protect the poor and the oppressed?---*African Institution*, and *Anti-Slavery Reports*, *passim*.

Your argument may apply to rude barbarians prior to their reception of the Christian faith; but you have granted that, when introduced, that faith must exercise a meliorating influence over the mind; and we merely call for the fruits of that influence, in exhorting you no longer to detain your fellow-men in hereditary servitude---men equal to yourselves in the eye of your common Creator.---*Wilberforce's Appeal*.

An isolated case can never form a principle. Passages of holy writ, enjoining us to succour the oppressed of all classes, outnumber the quotations favouring your argument in the proportion of a thousand to one.---*Stephen's England Enslaved*, &c.

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not a moment, should be lost in exterminating the system, but your statement is historically false.---*Bailey's House of Bondage*, p. 29.

It is the boast of the Christian Religion, that it interferes not with any of the temporal distinctions of society. It pursues the more exalted aim of placing before men the means of their salvation hereafter. It had its origin amid scenes of turbulence, depravity, and oppression. Its benign influence gradually gained dominion over the mind; but should we have beheld, as now, the glorious consummation of its triumph, had it sought to overturn the civil institutions of society?---*Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy*, book iii. part ii. chap. 3.

Whether in barbarism or civilization, the Christian Religion can never be brought, on its own claims, inherently to alter the frame of political society. It is utterly to pervert and to degrade its high attributes, to make it descend to the regulation of concerns belonging only to our sojourn in this world. We have the testimony of holy writ expressly on our side. The Levitical law directly authorises a state of slavery---the New Testament dispensation came to correct the errors of the Old, and it in no instance enumerates slavery amongst the number. St. Paul expressly recognised it, in fact, in the case of Onesimus, who, having run away, the Apostle converted him to Christianity, but sent him back to his master.---*Vide Bailey's House of Bondage. Correspondence between J. Gladstone, Esq. M. P., and Mr. Cropper*, App. p. v.

If you maintain that slavery is expressly forbidden in scripture, we are obliged, in our defence, to make quotations, proving your charge to be erroneous. The variety of opinions held, the expedients, the artifices, which characterize many of your expositors of scripture, prove, *prima facie*, the correctness of Paley's opinion, that "Christianity intermeddles with no civil institutions." For how many ages did learned divines uphold the doctrine of *jura divina*, making of necessity all men slaves to one! Scripture was made subservient to the occasion, an authority which it would have been deemed impious heresy to question. If our sacred religion was thus, for such a time, strained to sanction slavery in its most unqualified sense, does it not establish against you a charge of absurdity, when you maintain that the system now is opposed to

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We never denied that time was required for the establishment of truth; but we insist, that if Christian feelings prevail, flagrant tyranny must terminate. Let religion make progress among the slaves, and among their masters, who so much need it; and the odious institution will soon decay. ---*Wilberforce's Appeal*.

Enlighten the minds of the slaves; and when they comprehend the irreligion and profligacy of their masters, they will at once throw off the ignominious yoke of servitude. ---*Third Anti-Slavery Report*.

Your argument is a contradiction in itself. The very ground you choose, proves the instability of your position. Were you sincere in your plausible desire for instruction, would you not have your properties cultivated by moral agents, that is, free men; and not by mere machines, impelled only by brute force? But, no: you oppress, because you have the power---you cling to tyranny, be it only in virtue of your white skin.---*Edinburgh Review*, No. 82. *Speech of Mr. Brougham at Africa Inst.*

Unparalleled effrontery! Would any person of character assert, that a man, stimulated by hope in his labors, enjoying the fruits of his own exertion, privileged to choose his own employer, deriving additional emolument from extra exertion, possessing legal rights, and claiming redress of injuries---in a word, a freeman, is not likely to be a more efficient laborer than a slave, driven to his loathed task by violence, forced to work solely by the terror of the impending lash, set up for sale like a beast of burden, and liable, at the caprice of an inhuman task-maker, to be scourged and branded?---*Wilberforce's Appeal*.---*Stephen's England Enslaved, &c.*

No inducement is required by a freeman beyond that of security to his earnings. In

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Christianity?---*Speech of Viscount Dudley and Ward*, March 7, 1826.

When we assert that Christianity should not, of itself, prompt men in this country to desire the abolition of slavery, we do not mean to interpose a barrier to its influence in amending the character of the Negro. There is a vast distinction between the spirit of religion prompting you violently to enforce the change, and that same spirit operating upon the slaves themselves, and preparing them for the enjoyment of freedom.---*M'Donnell's Considerations*, chap. viii.

Without condescending to feel angry at your charge, we refer to the reports of both the Bishops lately sent out, which affirm, that the utmost liberality and zeal were manifested by the Colonists to promote religious instruction. These reports prove two facts---1st, That our moral character is not so bad as you represent it. 2dly, That such is our treatment of our people, that we are anxious for their enlightenment, that they may appreciate its humanity.---*Lord Bathurst's Speech*, March 7, 1826.

The having our properties cultivated by slaves, is no proof either of our insincerity, or that we are opposed abstractedly to a free state of Society. Were our properties not cultivated by slaves, they would cease to be cultivated at all.---See *M'Donnell's Considerations*, p. 58. *Major Moody's Second Report*, *passim*.

Your picture is a strange compound of exaggeration, common place, and ignorance. It betrays exaggeration to put forward extreme and solitary cases of cruelty as a general rule, when the simple term coercion would suffice. That a freeman will work more than a slave, is a common place truism; but amazing ignorance is displayed, if you omit to consider the circumstances which induce free men to work, and whether or not those circumstances exist in the West Indies. ---*M'Donnell's Considerations*, pref. and chap. iv.

Men work that they may enjoy, or obtain the means of enjoyment. The object

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some barbarous States the people do not labor—but why ? Because, they have no assurance of enjoying the fruits of industry. But announce to a man living under a civilized Government, “Your earnings belong “inviolably to yourself and your heirs for “ever;” and such is the desire to better our own condition, and that of our offspring, that that man becomes at once stimulated to exertion.—Vide *Adam Smith*, vol. i. 109. vol. ii. 161.—*Locke's Essays*.

The eminent authorities on our side attest, that wherever labor is required, that labor will always be better performed by freemen than by slaves. The artificial habits of a people rise according as the latter are rewarded; and since there is so very active a demand for labor in the West Indies, why should not the same stimulus act there as in this country ? The Negro is not irreclaimably indolent—give him a motive for voluntary exertion, and he will act like other men.—*Stephen's Slavery*, as it exists according to law; Introduction.

The same motive exists as with all laboring men—a moral duty. As men become civilized and instructed, a hatred of sloth arises; and their own consciences prompt them to exertion.—*Stephen's Slavery*, &c.

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is, to purchase something in return for their labor. You are correct in saying that men wish to enjoy: but if you stop here, you halt at the threshold. The question substantially is, at what point does the irksomeness of the pursuit of future enjoyment preponderate against the wish to attain it. A man by working ten hours a day, is enabled to compass a dinner of beef and plum pudding, which he eats off a wooden platter—by working three hours longer, he may afford to eat it off of china. Will he voluntarily toil three additional hours for this, or will he remain content to eat his dinner off the trencher ?—*M'Donnell's Considerations*, p. 63.

Our answer is two-fold. First, your allusion to eminent authorities subjects you to the charge of superficiality. The subject is only treated of incidentally by those writers; and in their conclusions, so far as they go, we cordially agree—namely, that free men, when they do work, will work more than slaves. Secondly, when you talk of a “motive,” let us know what it is. We deny broadly, and without qualification, that any motive exists in the West Indies.—*M'Donnell*, chap. iv.

Then we boldly tell you, your views are theoretically erroneous, and that they are falsified by the history of every nation that has arisen in the world. Man does never, morally speaking, work through a love of working. It is to purchase in exchange something that will gratify his wants. When he has accomplished this end, his next coveted gratification is the PRIVILEGE OF BEING IDLE. All wants are relative: they consist in the articles of food, clothing, and lodging. In the West Indies, food is procurable by the most trivial exertion—the other wants are little known. There is, therefore, no motive for continued labor, and your idea of a free peasantry is futile and preposterous.—*M'Donnell's Considerations*, chap. iv.—*Major Moody's Second Report*.

Here commences the important question of Free Labor, the *pros* and *cons* of which will form a second communication. According as is the decision upon that point, will be, I think, the decision upon the West India Question. If, from the conflict of opinions already exhibited, the disinterested reader should find it difficult to pronounce an unqualified opinion, he should, at least, withhold his suffrage from the appeal of vulgar clamor, and conform to the character of

REMONSTRANCE OF TRUE LOVE, TO L. E. L.

Turn, lady, from the faithless flame
 That mocks me, and usurps my name ;
 Nor feed it with the fragrant sighs
 Whose incense but for me should rise ;
 I must on earth unresting roam,
 If souls like thine are not my home :
 I do not fade the youthful bloom ;
 I send no victims to the tomb ;
 No eyes by me forget to sleep,
 Or learn in bitterness to weep :
 The hearts that love of mine repeat,
 And only at my bidding beat,
 Their fate from him they love receive,
 And only for his sorrows grieve.
 No fears their tranquil thoughts molest,
 No pangs assail, if he be blest ;
 And to the hearts I deign to teach,
 The darkest woes can never reach ;
 No maddening grief that spurns control,
 No torrent that o'erwhelms the soul ;
 I only burn on Virtue's shrine,
 And kindle at her light divine :
 Not Death himself can take from me
 All power to give felicity,
 Since only those inspire my glow
 We cannot mourn with hopeless woe ;
 Those Faith may see, Life's warfare done,
 On happier shores, with guerdon won.

A****H.

LOVE UNDER THE ROSE.

Hidden underneath this flower
 Lies a god of wond'rous power,
 Do not dare that power misprize
 For the darkness of his eyes :
 They are wrapt in this disguise,
 Only that a blooming face,
 Or a form of youthful grace,
 May not win his piteous heart,
 Not to mar such loveliness
 With the anguish of his dart.
 Did he see you, one so fair
 Might defy him ;—but,—beware !
 He is blind and pitiless !

A****H.

HAYDN THE COMPOSER.

The poet Carpani once asked his friend Haydn, "How it happened that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description?" To this Haydn's answer was, "—I cannot make it otherwise: I write according to the thoughts which I feel: when I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be easily forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Alemanni, who died in the year 1660, thus addresses the Republic of Venice:—"If thou dost not become of another mind, thy freedom, which is already on the wing, will not survive a century after a thousand years from its birth."

It will be found on examination, that the era of Venetian liberty may be dated from the year 697, when the first Doge was elected. The literal meaning of the poet's prophecy is, "thy liberty will not survive above 1100 years;" which time, computed from the first Doge's election, would expire in 1797.

Every one is aware that Venice lost her freedom in the 5th year of the French Republic, or in 1796; so that it is scarcely possible to find on record a prophecy more defined in expression, or more literally accomplished.

ROYAL AMUSEMENTS.

Wenceslaus, King of Bohemia, showed as pretty a disposition to rascality as ever adorned the accomplished tyrants of Rome or Hindostan. His cook having, upon one occasion, spoiled his dinner, he had him impaled upon the spit, and roasted before his kitchen fire. Another time, he commanded the executioner of the metropolis to come to him, and told him he wished to know how men felt who were going to be beheaded. He, therefore, bared his neck, blinded his eyes, knelt down, and commanded his "father," as he used to call the executioner, to strike off his head. The poor man resisted for a long time, and at length urged by reiterated menaces, gently touched the monarch's neck with the axe. The king immediately rose, made the executioner kneel in his turn, and with one blow severed his head from his body.

Hunting in a forest, he met a monk, whom he immediately pierced with his hunting spear, and shouted out to his attendants that he had slain a wild beast. The astonished guards replied, that it was not a wild beast, but a monk, whom he had slain: "You are wrong," replied the king, "for monks belong to the cloisters, and not to the woods."

An indignant citizen wrote opposite his palace walls:

"Wenceslaus alius Nero."

"In Wenceslaus another Nero see."

To which Wenceslaus added with his own hands:

"Si non sum adhuc ero."

"If not a Nero yet, I soon will be."

、LATEST INTELLIGENCE FROM THE MOON.

BY DANIEL O'ROURKE.*

"By heaven methinks it were an easie leap,
 "To pluck bright honor from the pale fac'd moon."

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

For breaking the head of an exciseman, emptying a thimble-full of whiskey, or handling a shillelagh, go from Lough Swilly to Cape Clear, and you would not meet with a likelier lad than Daniel O'Rourke. Not a christening, wake, or wedding, but what bore witness to Dan's prowess in all these indispensable qualifications of a polite Irishman; and woe to the head or barrel (no matter which) of him who disputed either. Dan was, indeed, a prince of a fellow, or, as the girls swore, "a jontleman every inch of him;" but it is a melancholy fact, that human nature and perfection are far from being synonymous, and that the wisest and best of us have our faults (even the priest of Ballymaclaghnan is not without his), and Dan had a trifling one. The fact was, that Dan, if the truth must be known, loved a drop of mountain-dew to his life; a bottle of whiskey, and every thing to him has the same meaning. He drank it in the morning to keep the wind out of his stomach, at noon to make him drunk, and going to bed to make him sober. In the winter he "took to the kratur" to make him warm, and in the summer he found it equally efficacious in keeping him cool. In the hour of woe, it was his bodily and spiritual comforter, and heightened the enjoyment of his festive moments; in a word, it was his panacea. We must not omit to mention, that Dan was a "nate one" at shaking a loose leg at a neighbour's wedding, and there was none like him at brown paper and vinegar in binding up the sconce of a fallen comrade; for Dan, in the true spirit of Irish friendship, would split his last drop with you one minute, and, "all for love," as he would consolingly tell you, split your head in the next.

The tenor of a man of Cork's life, in general, runs smooth enough. Eating, drinking, fighting, and kissing, are its component parts, and as long as he leaves the Orangemen and White Boys alone, he has a safe chance of keeping sorrow at a respectful distance. Dan had very few troubles of his own; but, as he would occasionally feelingly observe, he had a wife to compensate him for their loss; and sometimes he would feel rather pensive at the sight of the bottom of his cask, but his only care was how to get it filled again, and at whose expense. To be sure, when he had been indulging too freely, Mrs. O'Rourke was apt to remind him of it, in a way rather unpleasant to his

* Daniel O'Rourke's flight to the moon has been the subject of various legends and tales: that of Mr. Croker's, in his "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," appears to be the greatest favorite; and to which, the author of the above bagatelle is indebted for his information of Dan's introduction to the eagle in the earlier part of the narrative.

feelings; but Dan took it in good part, and devil of a bit did he relish his potatoe the worse for the scolding which accompanied it: though it must be owned that Dan would rather have encountered half a dozen boys from Tipperary, any day in the week, than a little member which occasionally showed itself between the teeth of his darling Biddy; and, although probably no reader of Kit Marlowe, comforted himself with the assurance of that ancient dramatist—

“All women's tongues are tortures unto men.”

Death had just laid low O'Rourke's old comrade, Teddy O'Toologan, than whom, as he upon hearing of the sad event, with his usual propriety of diction, declared, “there was not, in the county of Cork, “another better behaved boy, alive and kicking.” Was it possible, therefore, that he could refuse an invitation which the afflicted Mrs. O'Toologan gave him, to make one at the defunct's wake? Thither he bent his pensive steps, and in the Irish jig and the Irish howl, no one went before him. So great was our hero's affliction, that he could not demonstrate it better than by getting most devoutly drunk; which he did, to the unequivocal satisfaction of every gentle soul present.

It was a dreary long way that O'Rourke had to go home, through bog, bramble, and mire. And the first puddle he came to told him that his heels were considerably cooler than his head; but, patting his best leg foremost, he defied in genuine Irish (for fear he should be overheard) Death, the Devil, and the Exciseman.

“Now be easy, can't you?” said Dan to himself, as one of his legs sank knee deep into a bog, and the other made instant preparation to follow its example. “Is it for the leg of a respectable Irish gentleman to get drunk after this rate?” as he gave the refractory limb a good-humored tap with his shillelagh. “Oh you baste, what will “the illigant Mrs. O'Rourke say, when you walk home with me in “the morning?” The thought of his wife very naturally carried with it a sedative effect, and Dan, sinking a little deeper into the bog, began to nod

“At the winking stars.”

His slumbers were long before the dawn awakened by a huge rustling of feathers under his nose, and upon opening one of his eyes (for the other his loving cousin Dennis Flatheray had closed by an affectionate application of his fist at parting), he beheld by his side a reverend eagle of a particularly grave and gentleman-like demeanour.

“The top of the morning to your aygleship,” was the first salutation of Dan, who, in his polite waggery, forgot it was barely midnight.

“A fine evening, Mr. O'Rourke,” replied the eagle, in very excellent Irish; “I hope Mrs. O'R. and all the little ones are well.”

“Fait, an' is it yourself that would spake, and in as proper as “English as ever was spoken in Ireland?”

The eagle politely inclined his beak, and continued, “Excuse my “freedom, but you appear to have taken a drop too much, you are “really in a devil of a pickle.”

"The same to you, sir, and all your family," cried Dan in return, too much fuddled to wonder at even an eagle's banter.

"Hark ye, my worthy friend, would you not like to be safely lodged in your comfortable cabin?" "Ah! your honor knows my secret thoughts." "Well, well, Daniel, all you have to do, is to get safe on my back, and merrily, cherrily we'll go."

"An' sure enough, would it be a dacent thing for a respectable man like Daniel O'Rourke, who goes to mass as rig'lar as clock work, never makes a baste of himself (a slight hiccup *en-passant*), to be seen riding home on a Sunday morning on a rip of a bird like yourself?"

"Pooh, pooh, Daniel, never mind what the world says, put your left hand between my wings, and cock one of your legs across the middle of my back, and we shall soon be above it; never mind my feathers being rough, my d——d rascal never curried me this morning; I'll pluck his feathers when I get back, with a vengeance."

As the eagle appeared such a civil spoken bird, upon his extending one of his claws to help him out of the bog, Dan made no more ado, but immediately mounted. He either got up on his blind side or tailor fashion, for hardly had his kind friend spread his wings, ere he found out that he had taken his seat the wrong way, with his face towards the eagle's tail; upon which that bird good-naturedly observed, "Excuse me, but can you make it convenient to get a little lower down? your legs are quite in the way of my wings; just shift yourself to a spot delicacy forbids me to mention, and you will be amazed to find how comfortable you will ride." Dan did as he was bade, and seizing hold of the ample tail, in less than a second, found he was scowering through the air, at the rate of twenty miles a minute.

"Here we go up, up,"

Merrily chaunted the eagle,

"And here we go down, down,"

half hiccupped, and half quavered, O'Rourke; for what with the liquor he had drank, and the fluctuating course of his ride, his senses began strongly to wander. The city of Cork he declared to his companion had got drunk, for it appeared to reel in a vastly odd manner; lakes, mountains, bogs, and plains, seemed to be enjoying a family jig, for all appeared dancing and tumbling about in the oddest and most heterogeneous manner possible.

The king of the air, who probably was a better judge of these matters than his rider, hollowed in rather an imperious tone, "Seize fast hold of my tail, or I shall drop you as dead as a herring into Dungarvon Bay." Poor O'Rourke, too much frightened to do any thing but obey, seized fast of the feathered extremity, while one of his legs reposed on his patron's back, and the other dangled in the air, as if both were on contrary scents. They had now arrived at a considerable height, and the pureness of the air, in some degree, blew off the clouds of mystification which darkened our voyager's brain. He now, to his wonder, saw every thing as through a microscope. The mighty Glendeeloch looked not much larger than a

thimble; the ancient pile of Carrigaphooka resembled more than any thing else a diminutive mouse trap; it would have been a difficult matter to have drowned a respectable rat in Bantry Bay; and even Thouldeeshig's plain was not capacious enough for a select party of the "good people" to play a game of skittles on.

"Arrah, my sowl, if it is'nt your honor getting on at a queer rate; what the devil is to become of poor Daniel O'Rourke, should the baste—I beg your honor's pardon, I meant yourself, should make a false step?"

"Why, my good friend, I calculate you would, at this elevation, have a fall of five thousand, seven hundred feet," coolly replied the eagle, at the same time taking a pinch of snuff from a pouch under his left wing.

"The divil burn me"—"Hush, hush," said the eagle; "no swearing on my back, if you please; we are now hovering over Cape Finisterre, in a few seconds we shall pass the Straits of Gibraltar, into which, you may rely upon it, you shall tumble, without you keep a guard over your discourse: no more of your filthy, low Irish, I beg of you; I hate brogue as I do a musket ball."

Dan, who upon his first getting out of the bog, it being a clear frosty December night, had felt rather cold and stiff, upon passing the tropic of Cancer began most bitterly to grumble with the heat; the eagle, upon this, for so pacific a bird, swore a most tremendous oath, and declared he would drop him into the Red Sea, or else unceremoniously leave him on the top of Ararat, by way of tooling him. Poor O'Rourke found he was so completely in the gentleman's power, that the best thing he could do, was to keep his tongue between his teeth; so civilly enquiring of the bird of Jove, when it was his honor's intention to breakfast, he was comforted with the assurance, that as soon as they reached the Andes, which were only a thousand leagues distant, it was his intention to stop, having to stand god-father to a young eaglet, and a family party waiting till he had arrived, for a jollification. As Dan knew the value of his accomplishments in this intellectual amusement, he felt his spirits get up a hundred per cent. "Saint Patrick, forsake me," gaily cried he, as he tightly squeezed the eagle's tail, "if they give me but a drap o' the kratur, if I don't dance an Irish jig, or shake a shillelugh, with all your rev'rences, uncles, and cousins, I'll be ——" "No profane swearing," once more exclaimed the Olympian bird.

To make short of a terrible long journey, the travellers arrived at the Cordilleras, the bleak air of which blew over their summits, and made Dan cuddle himself as comfortably as he could in his companion's feathers, till the latter graciously signified his intention of alighting on the nearest mountain, which happened to be Chimboraza. He had scarcely touched the surface of the snow-clad apex, ere he quietly disengaged himself from O'Rourke, and lodged him gently

in a bed of snow, gaily exclaiming, " Good morrow, Mr. O'Rourke, " you see I have provided you with a lodging, and a soft bed in the " bargain. You must excuse my taking you with me to breakfast; " ours is quite a family party--sorry, 'pon honor, I can't introduce."

" Arrah! the divil and all the other holy saints, you big baste, " and is this the way you would serve a respectable gentleman of the " county of Cork? bad luck to you, you good for nothing varment, " and all your hook-nosed uncles and cousins."

Luckily for Dan, he had not long to meditate over his forlorn condition, compared to which even the tongue of Mrs. O'Rourke was a bagatelle, ere he beheld his cruel tormentor returning from his morning call, sailing majestically over the head* of the mighty Chimborozza. As the king of the air made a full swoop upon the luckless bog-trotter, a grin of the most unamiable description widened his beak. " Plase your rev'rence, show a little marsy upon a poor " turf-cutter, who you took warm and snug from a comfortable bog an " hour and a half ago, and left on this here undacent mountain top." The ill-natured wretch, however, approached him only for the sake of indulging in a satirical laugh, and again spread his wings and soared towards the clouds, which seemed bending towards them. " Fire and " potheer!" thundered out Dan; " if I am to be done after a fashion " like this by an ugly son of your mother:" and making a vigorous spring, he rendered apparent to the eagle his acknowledged reputation of being " a cute lad," by catching hold of one of the gentleman's legs; who, after making a desperate attempt to shake him off, soared away, Dan keeping his hold, and hanging from the leg of the bird like the supernumerary jacket of a Hussar officer. Away they go; soon they sever through clouds, which were but a few moments before suspended above them; rushing through the curtains of heaven with the daring freedom of an acknowledged guest, earth is lost to their ken, and all above, beneath, and around them is one vast and illimitable chaos. Here and there some solitary luminary, wasting its pale and silvery light, revolved like a fall of pure flame on its invisible axis, beds of stars like streams of light, and rivers of molten silver, run through the gauzy furniture of the skies, reflecting from their unfathomable abysses, the certainties of wonderous and countless worlds. O'Rourke, the most meditative part of whose life was the getting over of the effects of a previous night's debauch, had, as it may be suspected, but a very limited taste for the sublime and beautiful. All the wonders by which he was surrounded, only drew from him the remark, " By my fait, only " half an hour ago, it was night, then it gets morning, and now, och, " by my sowl of my mother, it is night again." Higher and higher mounted the eagle, and tighter and tighter grasped the Hibernian, till a full and powerful light so dazzled his one eye, that it speedily imitated its brother in misfortune, by closing its fringed curtains; and whither

* Our chronicles will not bear us out in asserting that it was during the time the gallant Captain Head was exploring the summit of this " monarch of mountains," compared to which, Mont Blanc is no more to be compared, than " Hyperion" to a satyr, or Snowdon to Primrose Hill.

the flapping wings of the eagle were going, he remained in the most innocent and unconscious ignorance.

Upon exerting his circumscribed power of vision, he found himself surrounded by what appeared one vast ocean of light, frozen into a dazzling and splendid substance. "My good friend," said the eagle, being the first civil words he had spoken for the last hour, "we are arrived at the moon, and here, if you enquire for the Rising Sun, you will meet with very excellent accommodation; the morning air, I have no doubt, has given you a glorious appetite for breakfast." With this parting advice, and wrenching his leg with an undeniable force from the despairing energy of the unlucky bog-trotter, downwards he sailed, and soon looked a respectable earwig in his sight.

Dan being left to himself, found he was rolling away with a prodigious velocity, on a slippery surface, which appeared like the exterior of an immense globe, keeping continually revolving. Over and over he rolled, till he found himself tumbling from an immense height, and as he fell, his sides assured him that he was grazing against a rocky mountain. Falling, falling, he at last seemed to dash through a sky light, and ere he could ascertain the fact, to his utter amazement, he found himself plumped into a dish of warm liquor, round which a circle of grotesque looking beings were saying grace, as if about to take their morning repast.

It need scarcely be said, that the surprise of both parties was equal, when O'Rourke feeling what appeared to be a three-prong fork stuck into his sides, started up out of the breakfast material in which he had been so unexpectedly soused, and as the liquid streamed from his twisted locks, saluted them in a genuine brogue with,

"By the powers, you ugly childer of the devil's own mother, and is this your way of giving *pot luck* to a benighted traveller, who has just dropped in by accident?"

"A miracle, a miracle!" cried a reverend-looking gentleman, having an owl's head with asses ears, and cloven feet, whom Daniel subsequently discovered to be an ecclesiastical dignitary.

"An action of trespass—*quare id clausum-fregit—vi et armis*—*contra pacem*, will lie with special damage for breaking the sky-light," followed an equally grave animal, with a hawk's beak and a ferret's eye, and an appendage hanging from a black robe like a fox's tail, which he wagged with unequivocal satisfaction.

"An incident, an incident!" roared a blue looking wretch, in the form of a weazel; "what a charming situation for my next series of *Tales of the Hideous and the Horrible!*"

Poor O'Rourke, in the ignorance of the language in which these observations were made, from the greedy looks which the half human and half brutal party cast upon him, imagined that he was about to be cut up to pieces by way of a relish for their respective breakfasts. With this dueful foreboding, he begun to repeat his *pater noster* most manfully, beginning in his consternation at the wrong end. His fears seemed realized, and he felt perfectly convinced it was all over

with him, when he beheld a very large beast with bristles in his face, and having an handsome pair of horns branching out of his head, (who he afterwards discovered to be an alderman) distend his jaws to such an extraordinary compass as to threaten instant destruction. However, it pleased the worshipful brute only to signify the state of his mind by a long and continued grunt, and to make a response to the grace which had been so abruptly terminated on O'Rourke's sudden appearance, the words of which, no doubt, were the old, and for its brevity much approved, supplication; "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful."

The alarm of the morning visitor, and the amazement of his beholders, having partly diminished, he got as well as he could out of the breakfast bowl, and began to shake himself with the coolness and deliberation of a water spaniel after a good ducking. This ceremony had scarcely been concluded, when an animal of the appearance of an overgrown calf, though with the addition of an immense wig, a professor's gown, and a pair of spectacles, advanced to our adventurous friend, and in a language which the latter felt "certain" was all moonshine, politely bowed and said, "May I be allowed to examine your bumps?" Without further ceremony, many of O'Rourke's superfluous locks were severed from his battered skull, upon which the professor's paw was exceedingly busy making discoveries.

"Benevolence! Benevolence!" were his first delighted accents, as he pointed to a bump, which our hero had received in part payment of a score of ditto, paid on the cranium of an outrageous orangeman at the last Clonekilty Fair.

"Amativeness and conjugal love!" was the result of an elevation caused by a poker, which the gentle Mrs. O'Rourke occasionally exercised, in upholding the dignity of her sex. "Color!" as he passed his hoof under the eye that had received the affectionate token of Mr. Dennis Flaherty. "Adhesiveness!" as he felt a lump of the bog, which had taken up its quarters on Dan's crown. "Inhabitiveness!" shrieked a female voice, as the professor retreated a few steps backward, as he proceeded a little further with his discoveries.

O'Rourke, who never showed his teeth, till he knew what sort of customers he had to deal with, had remained tolerably passive during this curious examination; but even an Irishman's patience may become exhausted, and he began to whistle with an alarming vehemence, "Moll Roe in the morning;" when the inspector shouted, "destruction!" as he placed his forefoot under our hero's ear, and without waiting for another syllable, the whole party took to their legs and wings. The weazel crept between the legs of the parson, who was the first to fly; the lawyer sneaked off, and the professor caught fast hold of his tail; while the poor alderman, in a vain attempt to waddle to the door, fell prostrate at the threshold, and over his unfortunate carcase the whole of the enlightened assembly, cackling, lowing, screaming, hooting, and bellowing, passed, leaving their newly avowed visitor to form the best opinion he could of them.

In explanation of this wonderful scene it need scarcely be said, that the man of Cork had dropped into another world—that of the moon. The odd-looking beings he found to be, subsequently, the inhabitants, the forms of whose bodies were indebted to those parts of the brutal creation which they most resembled in mind; differing from the human creation of a planet with which he was more intimately acquainted in external appearance only—the mixture of man and brute unfortunately, by whose nature being not so readily distinguished by sight.

Had any other traveller but O'Rourke the opportunity here afforded him, the world (we mean our own) would have been enlightened by a brace of quartos, entitled, "Notes of a Journey to, and a temporary Residence in, the Moon; containing a Full Account of the Laws, Manners, and Customs of that most interesting World." But unlucky Dan was invariably brief in his descriptions; he only remembered sufficient to tell his wondering hearers, upon his return, that he had been taught the dozen languages of the moon, by a professor of the Hamiltonian system, who took upon himself the whole merit of the discovery, by declaring that the new mode was first taught in the moon; and that it was impossible it could be successful anywhere else.

His accounts of the classification of the different inhabitants were unfortunately very confused; and being strict admirers of veracity, we have rejected those portions of his narrative which appear visionary or imaginative. The population appeared principally to consist of a motley groupe of birds, beasts, and fish: for instance, he detected politicians by the different attributes of a spaniel and vulture: lawyers bore a family likeness to sharks: priests had the benevolent and meek form of sheep, although Dan could not help remarking they had many black-legs among them. He was astonished at finding the strong resemblance which many of the nobility bore to the first-born of Judy, his favorite three-year-old short-horn; and upon making enquiries of a pensive looking dromedary, whether there were such beings as Mrs. O'Rourke in the world, he felt considerably surprised at being referred to a large flock of geese, which were cackling on a common, near the principal city. The military portion of the inhabitants he found remarkable for nothing, saving the extraordinary length of their ears.

His only visit to the courts of law, was during an important trial brought by a carrion crow against a magpie, for calling him "black-legs and gallows bird." Upon the verdict being given, with enormous damages to the plaintiff, for the wound which his feelings and reputation had received, O'Rourke enquired the best plan of leaving a world, which, bad as his own undoubtedly was, he did not think altogether any better; being referred to a newly-established joint-stock company, he found the safest and most expeditious manner of travelling, was to be rammed into a mortar, and shot through a moveable tunnel, by means of a fourteen pounder, the last invention of a member of the Lunarian "Mechanics' Institute."

From the style of our voyager's arrival at this wonderful globe, it may be expected that he was not over delicate in his enquiries respecting the safety of his return. A learned society having fixed the relative position which Dan's cabin, at Ballynarooga, in the county of Cork, bore to his present situation in the moon, fixed the spot where the tunnel was to be placed, and by a gentle application of steam, the mortar was instantaneously charged with our hero and his leaden companion; both of whom, in three quarters of an hour, five minutes, and twenty seconds, were shot upon the dear little dung-hill, opposite his own cabin door.

As it was not yet sun-rise, Dan, with all the delicate sensibility of a husband and a father, disliked disturbing his family at so early an hour, and therefore determined to finish his nap where he was. In the course of his slumbers, the gabbling of the geese still appeared to ring upon his ears; but upon opening his eyes, how great was his satisfaction to find all that he had heard was nothing more than the morning salutation of Mrs. Daniel O'Rourke. Y.

ITALY.

"Rotta è l'alta Colonna, e'l verde Lauro."---*Petrarch*, S. 229.

A beautiful victim, whose bosom is torn
 And left bare by the hands of Oppression and Scorn;
 Stricken deer of the nations, who never may lie
 On one plant* which a balm to her wounds would supply;
 The flower of the earth, whose shrunk leaves are the token
 Of death---the world's gem, in its diadem broken,
 Is Italy. Glowing the minds that once sprang
 To life in her fair clime, and battled and sang
 With the voice of the free---with the arm of the brave,
 And triumphed---the lords of the land and the wave!
 But now, her fallen children are servile and tame;
 And tho' wild thoughts assail them, and feelings of flame,
 They are quickly subdued by corruption and wrong,
 Nor dash to expression in deed, or in song---
 As the streams that from Yemen's far mountains roll free,
 By sand-deserts absorb'd, never rush to the sea.

Rome, the ocean of Empires, engulfing the world
 Into one mighty realm---with her dread thunders, hurl'd

* The deer, when wounded, has been supposed to effect its own cure, by lying on a species of sanative plant. (*Lancas. Asphodil.*)

From shore unto shore, made the shock'd nations wring—
 Till, dove-like, they crouch'd to the proud eagle's wing!
 And what is she now?—She hath shrunk to a name,
 And ruins the pride of her Cæsar's proclaim;
 Where great hearts scarce bow'd to a conqueror's sway,
 A grey dotard commands, and drone bigots obey!

But grandeur anew hail'd Italia's clime:
 For there, where of giant Rome's glories sublime
 The strong Tuscan pillar lay shatter'd by foes,
 The Corinthian column of Adria's rose:
 And Florence the fair, with her poets divine,
 Plac'd the bright camp of Genius on Liberty's shrine;
 The Nine and the Three left their heaven once more,
 To breathe their enchantment o'er Italy's shore:
 Until wo heap'd on wo, like cloud pillar'd on cloud,
 Arose, shading their beauteous—debasing the proud;
 And patricide foes, and the Austrian and Gaul,
 Have conspired, as the demons of death, to her fall:
 Vile asps, fraught with poisonous sting, they have curl'd
 Round the breast of the loveliest land of the world!
 They have rifled the charms that had fairest repute,
 As the summer-birds prey on the sweetest of fruit;—
 Her laurel of glory is mantled by weeds,
 Which dying, ten thousand spring fresh from their seeds.

She is daily devour'd—what the palmer-worm leaves,
 The locust of bloom and of verdure bereaves;
 The canker-worm follows the locust's repast,
 And the lean caterpillar crawls forth at the last*:
 Her remnant of beauty in thralldom expires,
 And no prophet rekindles her heavenly fires†,
 And nought it avails that with gorgeous array
 Are impos'd the base fetters that load her decay.
 The draught that is bitter no sweeter is made,
 Tho' golden the chalice in which 'tis convey'd.

T. W.

* Joel, Chap. i. verse 4.

† See the notes to the 3d. chapter of Sale's translation of the Koran.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

BY THE "LITTLE UNKNOWN."

No. II.—ON WAISTS.

—"Things run to waste." SHAKESPEARE.

—"There is a medium in all things." OLD PROVERB.

Though it occurs but once in the Dictionary, there is no word in more general acceptance, I believe, than that of *Fashion*. Hence we may justly suppose that every genteel individual, between the ages of eighteen and eighty, who considers himself as one of the world, must, in some measure, be acquainted with its meaning. We all know this—that it originates with the higher classes, and is "an article," as Mr. Huskisson would say, "occasionally of home manufacture, but more frequently of foreign importation." We all know, too, that by an established graduated scale in society, the fashion descends from superior to inferior, through all the intermediate shades and classes, till it ultimately affects the whole body polite; which is a refutation of the old opinion, that "fashion rises." Fashion is always descending. We all know, too, that everybody now-a-days, who wears linen, belongs to a parish, and has had education sufficient to distinguish between a shilling and sixpence, considers himself a gentleman; and we know, that every gentleman necessarily subjects himself to the domination of fashion, to a more or less degree, in his habits, manners, pleasures, and desires. We are justified, therefore, in supposing that that portion of our metropolitan mankind, who consider themselves genteel, from the possession of qualifications not inferior to those above-mentioned, must be aware of the signification of the term—fashion.

Under this impression, it has certainly surprised me to hear asserted, by several shrewd people, that the contrary was the case, and that, in fact, that portion of the world living in fashionable subjection, were, of all others, the most ignorant of the power which subjected them. Fashion, they averred, being capricious, was therefore indefinable, (like the character of a stock-broker, for instance;) and being despotical, (as we may say of the sublime Porte, or Justice Park, or Mr. Price, the Yankee manager,) was unreasonable and compulsive; from which causes, it exercised an influence over its subjects, to be respected, rather than questioned, and to be obeyed, whether comprehended or not. In addition to this, an ingenious juvenile, of my acquaintance, who occasionally perpetrates funnyisms on the deaf side of his maiden aunt, remarked to me, that fashion reminded him of the story of the "Indian Philosopher" "*and his Tongue*," who, go where he would, found it in everybody's mouth, but could get nobody to tell him what it was made of.—Now on the receipt of the reasoning above-mentioned, (the joke I pass

over,) I confess I was puzzled to understand it; it seemed to me too serious to laugh at, and yet too improbable to believe. It did not convince me; and, as Dr. Owen justly said to one of his church-wardens at St. Olaves, "I comprehended no more of the matter than "a beadle's mace."

Fashion being Protean, and existing under a variety of forms, has thereby given rise to a variety of opinions; but these opinions bearing merely on its form---such as the character of a hat, the position of a tie, the complexion of a glove, the longitude of a watch-ribbon, the latitude of a whisker, &c., &c., were by no means questions on its nature.

What is fashion? If my reader should unluckily be ignorant on this point, I will attempt the instructive, and give the best definition of it in my power.---Fashion may be considered worldly religion; and with people of breeding signifies the *temporal* faith, in contradistinction to the *spiritual*. Every gentleman puts his trust in it, therefore, either in the proportion of the gentility of his education, or the strength of his finances. Fashion has its high priests; these are professionally termed, Exclusives; and in conducting the rites and ceremonies of its worship, are found to be generally men well adapted to their office from birth and education, in their peculiar propensities, appropriate acquirements, long course of study and experience, and sometimes genius. It must be said of these people, that they are more practical than many priests, for they do not expound the faith so much to the "world" by words, as they inculcate admirable lessons in their actions and appearances. Fashion has its places of assembly in town, such as the Opera, Almack's, and the Park in particular, and some others in general. Fashion, like other faiths, has also its seasons of the year for the meeting and dispersing of its votaries, as also for sending them abroad on a pilgrimage, or rustivating them at home on a penance. London is their point of concentration. Any reader, that is at all imaginative, may carry the simile on in his "mind's eye," and suggest a comparison with Mecca, Jerusalem, &c., &c. Mankind, with respect to fashion, are divided, I consider, as with all other *faiths*, into two great classes, which may be thus denominated---orthodox, or fashionable; heterodox, or anti-fashionable. The orthodox are sub-divided into numerous sects, agreeing on general principles, but at variance on particular points: these may be designed, firstly, the supreme, or ultras; secondly, the medium, or respectables; thirdly, and lastly, the subordinate, or people in business. The heterodox may also be distinguished into three species, very different from each other, namely, sceptical malcontents, schismatic odd-bodies, and heretical vulgarians; to each of which fashion awards a proportionate punishment, for their crime; as, for instance---to the first, the pains of indifference; to the second, the tortures of ridicule; and to the last, the signal doom of excommunication.

Having thus given a concise but sufficient outline of what is generally signified by the term, fashion, to enter into a minute de-

tail, or to enlarge further on what I have said, would be uninteresting, and apart from my purpose.—Now in my character, as an observer of society, and one whose avowed intention, moreover, it is to publish his observations for the benefit of his fellow-creatures, it certainly is an important point to the public, that before I promulgate my opinions to the world at large respecting them, I should first declare my principles of fashionable belief. My reader, therefore, may with justice demand of me, “Are you, sir, ‘Little Unknown’ orthodox, “or heterodox?”—To this, to reply candidly, I must say heterodox; for though possessing from nature a pure orthodoxical inclination, yet having derived from education, a style of thinking and judging, somewhat at variance with the “true belief,” this occasions a daily contention of my wishes and my judgment, and I am unluckily thrown back into the anti-fashionable class, from the mastery which the latter is in the habit of getting over the former. Yet being neither a heretical vulgarian, nor a schismatic odd-body, my character perhaps approaches closer to that of a sceptical malcontent; but as that sounds too invidious for an agreeable and well-disposed personage like myself, I beg rather to assume the more appropriate title of a *free-thinker*. My reader will perceive the advantage in this, for as I have an admiration feelingly alive to all that is meritorious in fashion, so I have a few vulgar prejudices mingled with it, in the same mind, that are equally observant of all that is extravagant and extraordinary. With this explanation of my principles regarding society, my reader will be better able to judge of me correctly, when I afford to the future pages of the Inspector, my monthly contribution of *Metropolitan Sketches*.

And now for my observation of the world in the year 1827.—Fashion, it is said, is fond of proceeding to extremes; as in the present day, for instance, to the head and feet, a great deal of interesting conversation is engrossed daily upon subjects relating to them; for the first, namely, butterboat hats, bear’s grease, phrenology, semicircular noses, and quadrangular whiskers; in the latter respect I may designate such as the best blacking, clogs, corn-plasters, and the difference of public effect in a pointed or square toe. The observation above-mentioned is a just one, for when taking hold of a very medium object indeed, namely, the *waist*, fashion cannot help running into extremes with it. Most people are inclined to consider the *waist* as a less important part, or rather as occupying a less honorable situation in the human anatomy, than either *head* or *heels*, for the mere reason, I believe, because it comes less frequently into use or assistance; this may negative its utility, but, in my opinion, does not derogate from its consequence. The waist is certainly but part of a machine which is governed by one, and moved about by the other of the before-mentioned extremities; and yet what would be the utility of either head or heels without it, if it was not for the isthmus of the *waist*, which connects the continent of the body to a pair of peninsular legs? Now, in the opinion of a mathematician, the *waist* must certainly be considered the most honorable part of the

body, being the centre, and the position, therefore, from which he would take a definition of the same, and ascertain the exact diameter and circumference of the person, with the number of superficial inches it affords; nay, I am induced to think that if the truth were known, Dame Nature, in our formation, begins at the middle, and works away to the extremities, clapping on a head to the animal trunk at one end, and fitting him (by way of appendage) with a pair of perambulatory instruments at the other. Having thus spoken of the waist in a light of honor and utility, I will maintain it in another, where its claims to attention will be even more attractive—that of beauty. In what does the whole beauty of the human form concentrate but the waist? It is the standard by which personal symmetry is determined. I question whether as clever a man as *Canova* could have carved a good looking man or woman without one. The women are aware of its beauty in themselves, else there never would have been such an invention as *stays*: and we are aware of its beauty in them as well, for though fine eyes are with me indispensable in a female, yet I must confess, that with my arm encircling a very pretty waist, I should *overlook thick ankles* altogether. Now, in my opinion, were there many such human Mammoths as Mrs. Million in existence (the periphery of whose waist, I have it from a most authentic source, exceeds that of a noble duke's shoulders), the ladies, from very shame and vexation of heart, would pine away and be buried, and ultimately occasion a scarcity of an article, that from Adam, or rather Eve, downwards, to use a trade term, has never yet "failed its supply." But, as respects the gentlemen, with whom my pages are on this occasion more particularly concerned: Supposing it had pleased Divine Providence to have afflicted the earth with a race of such satires on humanity as the deceased Jack Johnson, whose waist was of an even thickness with his chest, and respecting whose figure Sir Joseph Banks once remarked, that "if a person were to measure across his shoulders and hips, and then the distance from his hip joints to his shoulder blades, he would describe an excellent *oblong*"—I say, that if the order of nature could be so outraged as to admit the existence of a race of such unchristianlike animals, that any man under such circumstances, who at all held the dignity and fair proportion of the human form in estimation, might at such time covet death with propriety, and strap his razors. On the three points, therefore, of beauty, honor, and utility, I should think that it must now be as apparent to my reader as myself, that the waist is a proper object of regard; and if so, he has at once my reason, why in my present view of society I have selected it as the subject of the few ensuing observations.

To a spectator of the world like myself, and a lover of consistency, or to a man of small wardrobe, and "not much of monies" otherwise unappropriated," as they say in Parliament, it has been both surprising and painful to contemplate within this last twelvemonth the very great lengths to which gentlemen go in their waists; more recently indicated in the persons of several individuals returned from

the French capital, and daily to be observed in those of the "Arcadians" who perambulate that delightful passage from Oxford Street to Burlington Street every afternoon, either in want of an appetite, or in want of a dinner, say between the hours of four and five. Now it must be remembered, that about five years ago it was the fashion to have the waist extremely concise (brevity rather than extension then being in vogue), the buttons at the upper orifices of the pockets being very little below the lower extremity of the shoulder blade. Now as mutation is the characteristic of fashion, we were not to expect that things would always remain at that altitude; and indeed we wished not, as a correct admirer of the human anatomy had a special objection to it, inasmuch as it did away in appearance with the generally accredited fact, that a man had a *middle*. But then, as christians and lovers of consistency, we were not to anticipate that such a revulsion would take place in the system of dress as to drop the waist immediately down to its present extremity. On this occasion, well might that so so genius, Mr. Stultz, have jumped up on his shopboard, and brandishing a yard gracefully as he looked down upon a surrounding band of the knights of the needle, have exclaimed in fine tone and gesture, "Oh what a fall was there, my brethren!"

Now in the Roman times, Horace observing similar inconsistencies no doubt in style, very justly has observed, *est modus in rebus*—all things are to be measured—*sunt certi denique fines*—nothing ought to be too long—*quos ultra citraque*—either above or below—*nequit consistere rectum*—if you wish to be right. Which language, as it is in direct reference to the point at issue, is a strong confirmation of my own opinion, particularly when we consider that Horace was the Chesterfield of the Augustan age; and that his advice above quoted is sufficiently technical for any tailor of the present day to understand.

Now I am no such enemy to change as was Peruvian Rolla; but, on the contrary, am of opinion that in many cases change is both salutary and commendable. As, for instance, change of air for the sick, change of manners for the dissolute, change of faith for unbelievers, change of names for single ladies, and change of sides for politicians. It is a pleasing change for a worm to become a butterfly, and for a Radical to turn placeman, and during the late pecuniary commotion to turn paper into gold; but, as regards the point in question, I must confess that the change has displeased me from its improper expedition, and it certainly appears to me both a novel and a poor way to remedy one evil, by running into another, although I admit that this is the *inferior* evil of the two.

It is the chief value of old pictures that they convey to posterity the fashionable history of their times, whether for the purpose of being imitated or avoided. Every body knows the long prim formal garments in which we are accustomed to behold the portraits of our ancestry. Now with the filial reverence which we entertain towards our departed sires, we mingle one unconsciously to the garb that

enclothed them, and the long-waisted coat, the peculiar mark of past ages, is held sacred in this respect in the eyes of all honest men. Such, therefore, is the beautiful reverence one is led to attach to this fashion of antiquity, that I am surprised any man could dare (*except on the stage*, where Socrates himself was calumniated) think of violating decorum so far, as to appear in public, in the present day, in one of those patriarchal dresses. Doomed as we are never more to gaze on our departed ancestry, and accustomed to associate their appearance with the worth and intelligence which so eminently distinguished them, I must own that it offends me to be reminded of them in so palpable a manner by the degenerate moderns.

The present fashion, therefore, consists in "*reviving, with alterations and additions*," to use the theatrical phraseology, the long-waisted coats, that peculiar characteristic of times long past. Now could we, upon any principle of justice, do away with the reverence already mentioned, one is necessitated to entertain towards the longitudinal proportion of that garment—could we, I say, upon any plea of taste or suggestion of comfort, be authorized in resuscitating that mode, still I think that to effect so important a revolution in style, a proper time should be taken.

It was a theory of Mr. Hume's, and one that merits attention from its applicability to the point at issue, that every thing in this world connected with the affairs of men, had its point of exaltation and depression, and that, as every thing is in a constant state of motion, the system of human things is to keep working up to its point of exaltation; which having touched, it returned and gradually degraded as it rose, till it reached its nethermost limit, the *point of depression*, when a re-action took place upwards again, and so on. Now, as regards the waist, the *point of exaltation* must be considered the *armpits*, and the *point of depression* the *hips*. Therefore it is plain, that if in the year 1720, the fashion existed with our ancestors to wear the long-waisted coats, when the waist lay at *nadir*, the *hips*, and if it took a full century in its motion upwards to reach its *zenith*, the *shoulders*, in the year 1820, that, in the slight lapse of six years, it should have effected its retrograde movement, and regained the point of depression, or *nadir*, where it at present rests, is a fact that entirely subverts every rule and principle of that system of *order* which Pope so beautifully describes in his "*Essay on Man*," as applying to *man* and his *concerns in particular*, and all things *in general*.

EPIGRAM

ON THE DEATH OF ONE OF THE FAMILY OF VITULÆ (ANGLICE, CALF) WHO WAS NOT REMARKABLE FOR HIS ABILITIES.

O Deus Omnipotens! Vitulæ miserere Johannis,
Quem mors præveniens non sinit esse Bovem.

STANZAS.

BY ZOE.

And shall I always feel the same,
 And really never cease to sigh ?
 Will Time, that changes all on earth,
 Pass me alone unheeded by ?

Shall I be true to one who ne'er
 Has breathed one sigh of love to me ?
 And pass those years that should be glad
 In hopeless tears and misery ?

We shall not meet on earth again ;
 A happier love will soon be thine ;
 And absence and neglect have oft
 Chilled hearts that once were warm as mine.

A ring upon my mother's hand
 Oft, as a child, I did admire ;
 She said it was the gift of one
 Who loved her ere she knew my sire.

I've seen her gaze upon that ring ;
 That pledge of early hope and truth ;
 And scarcely grant a passing sigh
 Unto the love of her youth.

Yet she would say : " I loved him once ;
 " But he at last proved false to me ;
 " He sought a wealthier bride ; " shall I
 So coldly learn to speak of thee ?

And will they be forgotten too ;
 Those friends, whom now I love so well ;
 Or but remembered as a dream
 In waking hours ? I scarce can tell.

I do not think I shall forget ;
 And yet, without a hope we part ;
 I see so many change around,
 I hardly dare to trust my heart.

But now, much rather would I chuse
 To pass my life in wretchedness ;
 O more than all the wrath of fate,
 I dread such heartless fickleness !

ZOE.

A WORD MORE ON THE GAME LAWS.

We consider that one of the most distinguishing advantages of a periodical press, is the opportunity which is afforded of repeatedly bringing any weighty question before the public, and presenting it from time to time, for consideration, with such additional remarks as may best serve to awaken and to keep alive attention. We are not impressed with the idea of being very new or original in any thing we may have to urge upon the subject of the Game Laws. Their justice and policy have so often been discussed, and with such distinguished ability, by the advocates for a vital alteration, that we only purpose to reiterate some of the most forcible arguments which have been already urged at various times, and to call solemnly upon the public to unite in *demanding* from our knights of the shot belt, some change, if it be only an experimental one, to be made in the present terrible and demoralizing system.

There is no reflecting man who ever opens a daily newspaper, who has not been very lately horror struck with the reports of the frequent and terrible conflicts; the unnumbered committals; the degrading and nationally disgraceful effects of the present sanguinary, yet ineffectual, code of game legislation. Turn over the papers for a few days past:—Eleven men committed for trial (several severely wounded), for shooting at the Hon. Mr. Edwards, near Norwich. Lord Roseberry's gamekeeper shot. The gamekeeper of Mr. Bryan Cooke, near Doncaster, shot dead. A great fight on Mr. Whitbread's estate at Southhill. A second Waterloo between twelve poachers and the keepers at Claughton Hall, Lancashire; no returns of killed or wounded. To say nothing of all the minor offences, and the extent of which may be gathered from the fact of county papers making a weekly return of the numbers committed, balancing so many score more or less than the last! Every body who indulges one patriotic thought, asks, when and where are these horrors to end? Can nothing be done? Can no experiment be made that will afford us hope of checking this monstrous evil; this systematic school for robbery and murder; and yet preserve inviolate the rights of the landholders?

The advocates for the perpetuity of the present system, as in many other instances, have met with very efficient supporters from weak and unthinking adversaries. Many, who clearly see the evils of the present system, have mixed so many weak and unsound arguments with those that have been really powerful and convincing, that the weight and efficacy of the latter have been frequently rendered neutral and unavailing. Multitudes of well-meaning men, for example, will talk of game being *feræ naturæ*; that it is the property of any one and of every one; of the injury to the farmers; of the oppressiveness and tyranny of claiming a right to wild animals; and other drivelling of a similar nature. The whole of this we pronounce to be the merest twaddle from first to last; and if the landowners are

to effect a change for no other reasons, and upon no other principles, all hope of change must be for ever abandoned.

The landlords *have* a right to game bred and fattened on their land; an undoubted right to rear and preserve as great a quantity of it as they may think fit. It is the most vulgar and repulsive form of ignorance to treat as a hardship the fact of a landowner rearing speckled wild fowl on his own land, at his own cost, and then saying to a second person who never was a farthing the worse for it, this game is mine. When the case of birds which cost the landlords twenty shillings a-head is in dispute, it is nauseous folly to slobber about the rights of all men to pursue wild animals. And as to injury to the farmers, every body who ever saw a farm, knows very intimately, that the *whole* of the loss falls directly upon the landlord. A game farm is not unfrequently the most profitable one to the farmer, who in driving a bargain is so clamorous and pathetic about the game, that he almost invariably gets the farm at full 25 per cent. less than it is honestly worth.

The landowners have, in a word, a full right, that is, a legal and warranted right, to every power over game which they now enjoy. The game is theirs by every title which can constitute ownership, and he must be a most furious innovator, or a most raw and callow cockney, who can bring himself to doubt of this. But let us ask, let the landlords themselves ask, do the present laws effectually *preserve* our game? Are our ends fully answered under the multiplied rigors of our game convictions, our shootings, and our transportings? On the contrary, we see that the whole moral aspect of the country is being gradually changed, an internecine war between landlords and laborers is enkindled, and slaughterings and hangings about wild fowl, are every day occurrences, at once the pastime and parlor study of our country gentlemen.

Gracious Heaven! to think of the changes which are daily working in our farm laborers, by the indescribable horrors of the system. Of what character, but a very few years ago, were our villagers? Timid, industrious, regular and sober in their habits, abhorring the idea of blood and danger—domestic—viewing a night tramp as a man devoid of natural affections, a traitor, and an atheist; looking upon their landlords with feelings of mingled awe and affection, as though it was by his bounty and forbearance they held the breath of their nostrils. What now are the thoughts and habits of tens of thousands of these self same men? Incited by the miserable system to gain a desperate livelihood by habitual misdemeanour, they have become fierce, idle, reckless of blood; familiarized with drunkenness and irregularity of all kinds, they have become collegued and identified with felons and murderers; by gradual progress in their career of vicious irregularity, they view the landowner as their most oppressive enemy, as a tyrannous usurper of their rights, and at last seek, as we have had instances, opportunities of sealing their hatred by his blood.

Is there any one will now come forward and say, that there is

any hope in a multiplication of penalties and an increase of severity? These have been so accumulated on our statute book, that the game lords themselves, not remarkable for their modesty on the subject, are almost ashamed of publicly allowing their full extent. Increase of punishments, extension of powers to magistrates, above all, transportation for being out at night with the *intention* of killing game. These have been the medicines by which our amateurs of powder and patent shot have hitherto dreamed of curing the evil. Every fresh accumulation of punishment has proved the source of an accumulation of guilt. A poacher who has the fear of transportation before his eyes, very naturally argues it worth a struggle, he fires with the phantasma of Botany Bay before his intellectual vision—it is not increase of hatred to the keeper, but overwhelming dread of the hulks; and he adds to this the knowledge, that his punishment cannot be greatly increased by this, his last, effort of guilt and despair.

It is quite worthy of notice, that such is the indescribable absurdity and inconsistency of the whole hare and bird code, that they who have made these laws, they who most loudly *halloo* for their continuance and necessity, are themselves continually in the habit of breaking through them, or encouraging the breach of them by others. We have sometimes been amused in reading the accounts of the great days of St. Bartholomew among cocks and hens, the accounts of which were expressly inserted to raise the wonder and enmity of rival poulterers; we have been edified to observe, that half the names of these disciples of lead and sulphur themselves, were those of *unqualified* persons, men whom the law prohibits from shooting on any terms. None but a man actually possessing 100*l.* a year freehold, or the *eldest* son of an esquire, or any higher degree, dare to draw a trigger, if he obeys the law. And yet you may any day see Mr. Baring with his friends, the *younger* sons of gentlemen, who are dazzled by money bags, or his friend who may be worth a million in Exchequer Bills, coolly taking the field maugre the game code. Do we think the Ringwood poacher does not observe, in both these cases, this Hampshire autocrat of partridges and per cents. encouraging a direct and palpable breach of the law? With a view of shewing the necessity of a general revision of these ferocious and inapplicable laws, we should wish no better sport than to see Johnson, or any other constitutional and practised informer, with informations in his pocket against many of your most noted unqualified sportsmen. How would your game magistrates act? Oh, day of sorrow for the Honorables! of defeat for the Lancers! of repentance for Doctors of Divinity!

The extravagance of the whole thing may be summed up, when we recollect nothing but an increase of severity against poachers has ever been tried with a view to curing these evils. Men of the first rank and consequence in society, men interested to the very greatest degree in the rights of landowners, nay, more, ministers of state have themselves proposed remedies which, however ably recommended, have been scouted and negated by the dog-whistle party. They

will hear of nothing, try nothing, argue nothing. We would not be uncharitable, but really the conduct of some of the magistrate land and game lords, would bring us to believe that they felt quite as much delight in routing a poacher, as in putting up a hare—quite as much exhilaration of spirits in sending an idle laborer to be tutored to vice in jail, as in bagging a leash of pheasants. Why this obstinate opposition, on this point alone, to the minister? Why this hardened resolution not to try any thing?

The most admirable and effectual alteration proposed by Lord Wharncliffe and Mr. Peel for the two last Sessions, was simply to legalize the sale of game; and no doubt whatever can be reasonably entertained, but this change would go to the root of the mischief. How does the case really stand? People like to have hares and pheasants at their tables, as they like to have geese and house lamb. The former cannot be purchased on any terms, without a direct breach of the law; and the result is, that the moral notions of the great body of the people upon this point, have undoubtedly become much more lax and unprecise than can at all be justified. Respectable poulterers think it no discredit to deal in game by the thousand; men, who in other affairs would scorn a mean or disreputable action, are obliged to commit and encourage felony, and quiet their consciences with the excuse, that they cannot sell, nor their customers eat, game, upon any other terms. Well-bred people, with correct notions upon all other moral topics, but who would inevitably be undone without game at their dinner parties, buy the game, thus illegally gotten and sold, although they would as soon eat a barn door fowl of questionable transfer, as pick the pockets of their guests. We have nothing to do with the right or wrong of these distinctions; they have got abroad, they exist, and the practical legislator must appreciate and consult them.

As the matter stands at present, the poacher enjoys the whole of this profitable traffic. He is only in his vocation. Game must be had, and you cannot get game by any other means. He is in correspondence with Mr. ———, the rich London poulterer, who wants at the least a thousand head of game against Lord Mayor's Day. Can flesh and blood be expected to withstand the temptation? Here goes for a slap at the keepers. Lord Wharncliffe very plainly states, "I like my game, I hate poachers, deal with them as severely as you please, but remove the overwhelming temptation by opening a channel through which honest dealers may come honestly by game, and conscientious epicures satisfy their orthodoxy in eating it. No dealer in venison buys stolen deer, and, except for his own use, we know that a deer stalker had better be in bed—he has no sale, no hope of a market. Many gentlemen of small estates, or large estates and small means, would be glad to supply those whose carnality led them to game; the profits of the poacher would be annihilated; the chief temptation to his crime would be removed; and we should hear no more of him."

Thus wisely and practically reasoned my incipient Lord Wharn-

cliffe, then Mr. Stuart Wortley, and thus Mr. Peel followed on the same side. And how in the name of conscience, and by whom, was this reasoning met and opposed? Not by argument, nor by shewing, that the present system was not a despicably bad one, or that no better could be thought of. No, the objectors contented themselves by dark and mysterious threats of a depopulated country, gloomy hints, that the whole of the ramrod aristocracy must be driven from their estates under any other system than the present. This leading argument was followed by a host of corresponding embellishments. Harassed and opposed, the measure dragged through some of its stages, and was at last lost, we believe, with the consent of the promoters, who saw, that with such alterations as it had undergone, with so many obstructions to impede its operation, the bill in its then condition would only operate as a bar to future amendment. It was well worth observing on the occasion, that *all* admitted the enormous evils at present existing, and that *no one* dared to hint at further severity. Even Mr. Bankes, that great apostle of game pains and penalties, seemed not to wish for any other sessional sport, than that of transporting the Dorsetshire poachers.

We hear loud talking sometimes about libelling the upper classes, about demagogues and levellers attempting to bring their natural superiors into discredit and bad odor—but commend us to any libel that can come up to that which they pronounce on themselves. After the cares of parliaments and operas (which cannot last for ever), they return to their patrimonial estates, and live in princely splendor and independence on their own domains. We have always misunderstood the matter. We, in our simplicity, thought, that gentlemen living in the mansions of their ancestors, was one result of a manly and justifiable pride—that they intended to shed light and civilization among their natural dependents, by the influence of their superior refinement and cultivation—that they loved to perform the duties of active and enlightened magistrates—to superintend the comforts and condition of the poor—to take the abuse of power out of the hands of underlings by personal supervision—all these, and many other good things, we had thought of our country gentlemen.

Sir John Shelley, however, positively assures us to the contrary, it is no such thing, an ignorant and cockney delusion; it is game, and the *present* condition of game laws too, which is the only attraction. Take away this charm, and adieu to your noble and patriotic Squirearchy. Then would arise the lank grass in the court yards, and the owl looking out of the window!

But who ever wanted to abridge the power of the landowners over their game? They would have the same rights, with a much greater certainty of securing them. The owners of small estates, or those who resided away from their property, would very cheerfully avail themselves of the advantage of turning to account the game, which to them at present is worse than useless. But no one need sell his game that did not like it. May not every gentleman, if his taste leads him that way, keep deer in any number to hunt? and how

does it interfere with his amusement, that his neighbour sends the best of his bucks to Mr. Birch the pastry cook, with whom he has opened a profitable account? May not he dally his fly in his own trout stream, without vexing his imagination, whether trout be ten pence or a shilling a pound at the next market? It is not only no abridgment of right to legalize the sale of game, but is obviously the most effectual means of securing the pleasure to those who take pleasure in hunting, and slaying their own feathered tenantry.

Does any body believe that when a regular and allowed traffic was once opened for game, that the poacher would stand any chance of a remunerating market? No respectable victualler buys stolen goods if he knows the fact; and no respectable man, although in bondage to his *succus gastricus*, would eat it under any such idea. Both now do it, do it openly and advisedly, and yet not one owner of a percussion lock can be made to see, that it would be going to the root of the matter, to take away the plea for this. It is not cheapness, not a shilling or sixpence a head, that is looked to by those who eat illicitly gotten game. Have it they must and will; get game honestly if you can, if not, get it. Under a better system of things, under a system which allowed it to be legally procured, where is the man who now eats poached game with serenity, who would then dare to do it?

This measure, that of legalizing the sale of game under proper restrictions, seems to us the only proposal at all applicable, as a remedy for the present aggravated evils of the system. United with a repeal of the transportation clause, which is the sole cause of these *deadly* fights, we have no doubt the country would be freed in a very great degree from the present pest. Both may be effected with perfect security for the sports of gentlemen, who have a passion for such amusements; it would at once annihilate the great temptation to poaching, by taking away the best, and, in short, the only market. We hope Parliament, now about to meet, will take up this matter in a proper spirit; and that the really independent members, who value the happiness of the people more than the vanities of wild fowl, and who form the great majority, will not retire without doing something, and something effectual. We wish not to see the pastimes of any abridged; at the same time it must be allowed, viewing the matter in a national and patriotic light, that sooner than suffer the present state of things to continue, it would be better that the whole race of hares, partridges, and pheasants, their slaughterers, with their keepers, dogs, and double-barrelled Mantons, should be a thousand fathoms below the surges of the Atlantic.

EPIGRAM.

Sulphura cum tedia. JUVENAL.

A match indeed in more than sound
 When Dick and Kate were wed;
 To make this match, she *brimstone* found,
 The *wood* was from Dick's head.

Contributions by Distinguished Contemporaries.

No. II.

MISS L—N.

Yes—I remember when it met my eye;
 And have no worse pang than that memory,
 And I remember who was by my side
 With eye of falcon gaze, and brow of pride;
 But that so haughty brow was then subdued
 To gentleness, unlike its wonted mood;
 And that keen eye was softening with a look,
 Which from lover's gentlest thoughts its lesson took.
 I dream'd I was belov'd; and that the power
 Of lasting happiness embalm'd the hour:
 And I am now awake—to know the truth,
 The wreck Hope's flatteries can make of youth;
 To feel that Love but lends the soul his breath
 Of burning life, to give a fiery death
 To its earth form'd companion, whose young bloom
 And hues and fragrance in the blaze consume.

I looked on the calm and sunbright sea,
 And asked of its stillness: "Is peace with thee?"
 I paused awhile, and the fierce reply,
 In the storm-raised billow met my eye.

I saw a sweet cheek with a blush of rose;
 It bloomed like a bower for Health's repose;
 But the hollow eye told with its fearful shining,
 Of the secret home that Death was mining.

Gentle words on the silence fell;
 Seemed Love with his breath the sounds to swell;
 But the hand was raised of him that spoke,
 And the sword it grasped sunk with Hate's wild stroke.

A fair girl stood in the mirthful dance;
 There were gems on her arm as bright as her glance;
 She bent as to count them; they grew less bright;
 The tears she was shedding had dimmed their light.

And is it not thus with our gayest dreaming?
 Earth has nothing of beauty, and joy, but their seeming;
 They are but pictures that Hope and Love
 Paint by the light of their homes above.

I have taught my lyre's murmurings
 A mournful music to awake,
 My woman's heart has shown the strings
 How to swell with their love and break.

There was a time I wept to see
 How quickly the flowers can decay,
 If I wept now, my tears would be
 That love can quicker fade than they.

O give to love a lasting home,
 And bind him there with chains less strong,
 Yet should he from your bosom roam,
 You'll always find him in my song.

I well remember when I saw it first,
 'Twas in a giddy moment of brief joy,
 And hope as brief—he linger'd by my side,
 And his eye dwelt on my averted face;
 As if he took fond pleasure in the gaze
 That my eye shunn'd, while my heart sprang to meet;
 And when his whisper thrill'd upon mine ear,
 I started—'twas the copy of my thought,
 And I shrunk from him, fearing his next words
 Might be the perfect image of my soul.

A PEEP AT BATH.

"Nullus in orbe sinus BAIIS præluet amœnus
 " — Dixit Divea."

Πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα κόνις,---καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδὲν !!!

Αἰὲν.

Bath, York House, Dec. 1828.

I am aware, my dear coz, that by this time you must consider me unkind and neglectful for my persevering silence. But you will abate, I hope, a little of your harshness, when you remember my innate antipathy to epistolary writing. "I love not you the less; but—pooh! I was commencing a parody, where *you* would think the attempt almost sacrilegious: I mean, that my silence is not an intentional neglect. I am now seated before my writing desk, purposing to write you a history of myself for the last year. I know you are an imaginative being; so I will just give you a picture. Fancy me, then, in a large, handsome apartment, at the end of a

polished mahogany table some yards in length. By the fire-place a grey-haired black leg is "framing wild fancies" among the glowing coals, and bending over a stick with his crossed hands pressed on its golden nob. It is about two o'clock; day somewhat misty. There is a continual rattle of wheels before the windows; and the mingled voices of parting and meeting friends, of coachmen, patrician jehus, porters, and all the *et cætera*, are rather tiresome to the ear. However, I will endeavour to sit calmly to the table (although I am on the look for the Misses B. of the Royal Crescent), and deliver you an honest and goodly epistle.

Of course, you perfectly recollect the afternoon on which it was decided that I should be sent to wander awhile through the country. The accidental pressure of my shoe on my grandfather's gouty toes, occasioned words; words begat more words; and more words brought forth a quarrel. Well! I will say, that I have felt a little penitence for my unruly disposition; and on my return, I shall endeavour to pacify all parties. You can just hint this to certain persons. Previous to going to Bath, I passed a few weeks in Brighton. The season was too early for the full display of fashionable visitants; but the place itself was as charming as ever. There is a sumptuous magnificence in some of the squares and crescents of Brighton: lofty, richly varied with spacious windows, ornamented by bowery virandaux; and being built on an elegant plan, they are sure to attract the eyes of strangers. The theatre will not be insulted by my silence as regards its merits. The circulating libraries of Brighton are numerous; many of them very extensive. But the *summum bonum* of all connected with Brighton, is its sea view from the Steyne: it excels in its spaciousness that of Weymouth and Southampton. At this moment, I remember no watering place that presents so beautiful a view of the sea. Often, my dear coz, have I wished for your amiable society, as I have paraded the pebbly shore on the morning, bathed my brow in the breezes, and drank in their freshness. Here is a sight that will indeed suggest "sublime speculations;"—although there are few, perhaps, who, like Barry Cornwall, will be able to hear the white music of the sea, or fancy its rolling billows to arise from the wriggling of that "serpent of old." You seldom see any vessel here; there being no convenient harbour. But the fishermen's boats dance merrily along the frothing waters, like "things of life;" the bathing machines crowd the strand; and if you will be so intruding, you may catch a glimpse of many a fair female foot dipping its alabaster into the sea on a seasonable morning. Sometimes I stood on the delvy rocks that beetle over the strand, and gazed, till I really fell in love with the scene around me. When the wind is rather tempestuous, the sea foam is borne over the roof of the neighbouring houses, and scattered over the streets. But, I must leave Brighton, and conduct you again to my present residence in Bath.

The Bathonians may justly be proud of the antiquity of their city. The reality and eminence of its ancient king, Bladud, may be

proved from several historical remains. Bladud is supposed to have existed at Bath about 480 years before the birth of Christ. I do not profess myself much of an antiquarian, and therefore shall not detain you by a long exposition of facts easily culled from books; my wish is to give you a hasty sketch of the city, and its inhabitants. Bath is surrounded on one side by the spacious plains of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire; and on the other by the river Severn, which unites with the river Wye, and may be seen from the summit of one of the hills in Bath. The city itself is completely situated in a valley: wherever you turn, the green summits of hills, crowned with woods and foliage, attract your admiring gaze. Let me recommend you, when you pay Bath a visit, to climb up Beeching Cliff, and I promise you a prospect that will never be forgotten. Placed on the meadow that extends behind the embowering wood, you have the whole city lying before you. To the right, is the rocky hill of Claverton, beautifully varied with fields of all hues; on the top is an ancient building, vulgarly denominated *Stam* Castle; there are, I believe, a few superstitious legends connected with this mouldering pile—but they are not worth recording. Nothing can be imagined more calmly picturesque than Claverton, when its sloping expanse is shone upon by the declining sun. The flickering of the tinting sunbeams on the ivied walls of the castle itself; the solitary grandeur of its decaying turrets; and the gleaming roofs of rustic cottages speckling the surrounding scenery, baffle the powers of description. To the left, you can perceive the gentle Avon meandering along its verdant banks, till it gradually winds away among the clustering trees and deep overhanging woods. Fronting your downward gaze, lies the city, in all its sleeping magnificence—for thus it appears, with its myriad roofs and chimnies covered with a thin garment of smoke, that just permits the houses to peep through its mantling dimness. The “Crescent Fields,” “Beacon Hill,” the “Parades,” and many other noted situations, may be discerned from this eminence.

It was night when I entered Bath, from the lower Bristol road: the “Old Bridge” entrance is by no means the best. The bridge itself is in a mouldering state, the neighbouring houses of a muggy appearance, and the vapors steaming from the river, are any thing but refreshing to a visitant. Still, I remember, a feeling of pleasure warmed my mind as the coach wheels rattled briskly over the bridge, and the long tirade of glittering lamps convinced me I was entering the city. Of course, you are not unreasonable enough to imagine, that I shall conduct you in my descriptions through the whole of the city! you must be content with a picture of some of its principal streets, &c. &c.

Like all other places, Bath has vastly increased in size within these fifty years. Each spot of vacant land is readily monopolized by builders: some have been romantic enough to imagine that Bath and Bristol will, ere long, be united! You have, doubtless, heard Bath much admired for its sumptuous buildings—and justly so; for

travel England (I was going to say the world) over, and you will still find them peerless for their regularity, neatness, external grandeur, and internal comfort. Bath enjoys an advantage peculiar to itself: nearly all its houses are constructed with freestone from its own neighbouring quarries. When new, the freestone imparts to them a smiling neatness; when sombered by the crust of age, they still retain an equable kind of majestic appearance. Bath is not like London, remarkable for its single edifices, but for the general beauty of its streets, which are never spoiled by the introduction of shabby contemptible houses among those of a superior order. "The Parades" are no longer what they were in the days of Sheridan, when he wrote the "Rivals;" they are still inhabited by gentility, but comparatively deserted by fashionables: by the bye, you must not forget that Sheridan himself formerly resided in "Kingsmead Street," now the abode of hucksters, and "things of that sort." The abbey is, in itself, a theme for volumes: Britton has lately produced a valuable work to illustrate it. "Union Street," and "Milsom Street," may be compared (in regard to the fashion attached to them) to the Bond Street and Regent Street of London: both are elegantly adorned with shops displaying all that can tempt the purse, and feast the eye. "Queen Square," "Gay Street," &c. &c. &c. &c. are all remarkably handsome. I cannot help thinking, that the ascent of many of the principal streets in Bath, tends to increase the pleasing picture they represent: *vide* several philosophers' writings for an explanation of this mystery. I can only stop to mention two noted resorts in Bath---Pultney Street and the Royal Crescent; who has not heard of these? The only fault in Pultney Street is its shortness; were it double the length, we might fairly pronounce it unrivalled. I remember a friend of mine, Captain A——s, remarking, that a few years ago, he "shot" snipes on the swamp where Pultney Street now stands; who knows what you and I may come to! Well, then, for Pultney Street—viewed from the top, it is really beautiful. The massy importance of its houses, the grand simplicity of their architecture, the spacious width of the road, and smooth expanse of pavement, cannot but gratify the spectator. At the beginning, there is an enclosure surrounded by iron rails, and at the end stands Sydney Gardens—the Vauxhall of Bath. On gala nights, the situation of the Gardens is very effective on the eye; the brilliant star in the centre is vividly attractive at a great distance. Passing through the "Circus" and "Brock Street," you arrive at the Royal Circus: I have been in many cities of England, but have never beheld any building so truly magnificent and imposing. The length is very considerable; this, added to the "*tout ensemble*" of its appearance (I really cannot find a better expression), renders it the subject of every visitor's admiration. The Crescent looks most superb amid the glitter of a summer sunshine: the dazzling gleams of light on the window panes, the twining vines running up the walls, the many pretty faces smiling through the drawing-room windows, and the mixed concourse of Sunday ambulators in the Crescent itself, considerably increase the charms of this

resort. It is here that Sir Francis Burdett resides for part of the year, with his family, not more illustrious than amiable. Mr. Beckford, author of Byron's admired "*Vathek*," has a gorgeous mansion in the "Upper Crescent."

Like Brighton, and other fashionable haunts, Bath may be said to subsist on its season—that is, six months in winter. Many are of opinion, that its fashionable fame is declining. I do not pretend to be a judge, but am disposed to coincide with them for many reasons. Few of the ancient and noble families reside here as formerly, when the lower boxes at the theatre presented a row of nobility rarely matched. The season, at this time, is full; but Bath is far from it. A worse season than the present is scarcely remembered in the annals of the tradesmen and pump-room. I suppose that the late pecuniary embarrassments have ruined the dissipated, and taught prudence to the lavish. In order to give you a picture of Bath in the season, I must draw a brief contrast by its appearance in summer. Perhaps you recollect the dreadful heat of Florence, mentioned in *Madame de Stael's Corinne*—such is the burning fervor of the sun, during the summer at Bath. The walls and stones seem in a perfect glow, and every step you take is an advance to a brain-fever. At this time, Bath may be said to be empty. The pump-room doors are fried by the sun, the theatre is closed, the rooms deserted, the hotels in a melancholy tranquillity, the pastry-cook shops monotonous, and the whole city seems to have taken laudanum. If you crawl out into the streets, you ought, male or female, to carry a parasol. A dandy is rarely to be seen; the tradesmen yawn at their shop doors, and grope their breeches for "want of thought;" beautiful shapes, rustling in beautiful dresses, are now become rare. Perhaps a few old stagers, faithful to Bath all the year round, are to be seen in Milsom Street, lounging round an auctioneer's door, or seated on a bench beneath a "wide spreading" canvass, chewing politics, wiping their brows, and exclaiming, "how d——d hot 'tis!" The very organ men and daily street drummers are now invisible. But to the contrast:—no sooner has jovial December made its dark appearance, than a general smile pervades the town. Now it is that chaises, carriages, and all manner of vehicles, well sprinkled with mud, come dashing by Lambridge, and throw life into the York House, whose ten thousand bells commence their notes like so many mad election bawlers. Often as I have marked the merry countenance of a young stranger whirled into this queen of cities, I have not been able to refrain from wishing, "may you return as happy 'as you have come!'" What a contrast now, to the scene a few months ago! Every thing seems alive—every body in a bustle, and every door in the full use of its hinges; the bills of the theatre tempt your eye at the corners of each street, and lots of "unripped valled wonders" are in the custody of "Quiet Street;" the pump-room displays its motley concourse, and fiddle strings are again inspired. What may be said more particularly to certify the reason, is the morning rap of the Master of the Ceremonies, at the street door of

the "qualified:" 'Pon my soul, coz, the office of Master of Ceremonies at Bath, is as good as any sinecure under Government: you cannot help being a gentleman, you must see good company, and not a peeress in the city will disdain to give you a sign of approbation from one of her features. "*Oh! terque, quaterque beati vos,*" Master of Ceremonies! If you look into the four papers (or one of them perhaps will be enough) you may glance over among "arrivals" the names of the increasing visitors, trace "fashion" glimmering through every page, peruse with divine extacies the first ball and concert, or catch the demi-hint of an about-to-be masquerade, and a most-probable dramatic fete, and bless your lucky stars that you are in Bath. Thus I have given you a sketch of the visible graces of a commencing season, I shall now conduct you a little further into the *arcana*, and then say, vale!

Gaiety, pleasure, and amusement (for these are somewhat essentially different) are particularly attributed to Bath by the world in general. The satirists of the last century never failed to introduce its name as an illustration of a fashionable scene; and Brougham, some few months back, seemed astonished that *Bath* should have a *Mechanics' Institution*! A little consideration will soon explain this:—Those who chiefly support Bath, are invalids of rank and fortune, who resort here to drink its health-inspiring waters: their presence naturally attracts the branches of their different families, and other connections; thus, without remembering the architectural beauty of the city, &c., we may account for the gay assemblage of the ton in Bath. Of course it is for the interest of Bath to produce as many attractions as possible. The manners of the Bath people can only be characterized by viewing them as exhibited in their different orders---the genteel, middling, and low; but surely it is unnecessary for me to dwell here; they are like all others similarly situated. One thing I must not omit, in relation to the sentiments of the Bathonians:---no other city in England contains an equal number of charitable establishments; so that if there be an abundance of folly here, there is, likewise, an abundance of charity; and charity, we all know, "covereth a multitude of sins." The following is the usual method of spending a day, *d-la-mode*, in Bath: we must imagine the day to be fine:---

Turn out from your bed about noon: you must not think of rising before this; better almost break three commandments in the decalogue than sin here. Considering, too, that if in the right train, you are seldom in bed till three or four in the morning; no one need think you a sluggard. Should it be once known in the Crescents, &c., that you were "visible" before twelve, from that moment date your fall in the estimation of the *ton*. Spend the hours from twelve to two in drinking coffee, and self-adjustment; that is, arranging your person for the inspection of the town. At two o'clock leave your lodgings; be every inch Bathish; twist your cane with the *nonchalance* of a gentleman; point your toes well, and march into Milsom Street. Think of fashion, pomposity, lolling vanity, beauty, small waists,

and stumping boots, all *en masse*, and you may imagine the picture Milsom Street presents between two or three o'clock, in the season. It is true, the street is not many yards long; but Diogenes lived glorified in a tub, and you may establish your importance even in these few yards. Let me just caution you to remember the spurs as you lounge through this street; they are frequently usurped by those who never crossed a horse. Do not forget to drop in at Duffields' as you pass; he will do you the amiable; and you will, I am sure, be delighted by the rich exhibitions in his saloon. If you are desirous of being "somebody," (a great many somebodies here are nobodies) forget not to amuse your lips with a few select pies and cakes at Mrs. Mel--- somebody—I don't remember the concluding syllable; however, her shop of condiments is at the end of Milsom Street; enter there, eat, smile, quiz, and be quizzed, and then come out again. Your next place for a morning call, must be at the General News Office, a depot for newspapers, at the top of New Bond Street; here you may turn over fifty journals, without reading one, behold the day's politics in Miss Williams' smile, talk of the war, of periodical literature, flourish your large India silk handkerchief, and leave the door with a strut and a *bienstance* that will linger behind you, like the shadow of a peer.

Union Street is a lounge arising from Milsom Street; it is as much dependant on it, as the aqueduct to the spring for its water: this is a very passable street for a few minutes' loitering and ogling. All the shops display quite a metropolitan kind of show; there is, too, a corridor, some few feet in length, leading out from Union Street, that seems to beseech a little good company, and a little good money; you will hear a fiddle there, whose Orphean tunes almost charm the money from your pocket. But by this time the pump-room assembly must be complete;—there you are coz! did you ever see a finer room? There are a number of associations connected with this lounge; amongst these, two are not the least important—Chesterfield wrote an epigram on its stony Beau Nash; and the late Queen Charlotte took a pinch of snuff here! I need not, I imagine, tell you that this is the *rendezvous* where the waters are drunk. To delight the pump-room ambulators, a very good band is provided; who, seated in a lofty orchestra, make the walls echo with their commingling music. I believe the pump-room was intended (excepting invalids) solely for the *genteel* part of the community; but the doors are remarkably wide, the music remarkably enticing, the pretty faces remarkably numerous; and why should not retired tinkers indulge themselves with a strut there, as well as Lord D. or Lord Any-body-else? But the pump-room has other conveniences;—it is here the balls are decided on, actors criticised, the fates of empires weighed, the qualifications of the present season discussed, flirtations commenced, and quizzers abound. You will be amused to observe the different characters parading;—Yonder mopes along, at a snail-like pace, the gouty remnant of three score and ten;—there is a cluster of "nice young maidens," giggling, tossing their pretty heads, and showering

smiles on every part of the room;—there is a sober matron extracting thoughts from her kid gloves, while near her is a tabby old maid, criticising bonnets, and almost throttling her snarling pug-dog dragged behind her*; besides all these, there are your fops peeping from their collars, snug apprentices oblivious of the counter, natty little red-coats, whose valour is in their whiskers, with a few fifties of grey-headed bachelors, shaking their musical heads, and beating time with their crutches. Let me see;—I have forgot to mention, that the day after your arrival you must deposit your appellative consequence in the “Arrival Book,” kept here; and, as the *finale*, display your ruffles in the *Octagon Chapel* on the Sunday after, and drop your sovereign in the silver plate of charity.

If I remember rightly, you are partial to moonlit scenes:—would that you were with me sometimes!—Bath is enchantingly beautiful when slumbering beneath the mellow moon beams; it appears quite a creation of fancy. I have walked the city at midnight, sought out the most retired spots, looked round me till every feeling softened with the scene, thought on olden times, gazed on the star-gemmed hemisphere above, and—forgive me if I appear vainly romantic—have indeed felt, that when nature is sublime, the soul may feel so, too. It is quite beyond me adequately to describe the serene beauty that mantles over every street, at such an hour. The stony harshness of the buildings seems mellowed away; the gradual elevation of the town is increased in picturesque; the windows gleam like a rippled stream beneath the sun, and the *peculiar* grandeur of the whole town is increased; to use Southey’s words, “it comes on the heart.” I am aware all towns are interesting by moonlight; but Bath, I imagine, is scarcely equalled, in this respect. The banks of the Avon, too, are delightful at this time. The margin verdure of the river, silvered with gleaming dew, the broken moon beams playing beneath the drooping willows, and the placid, whispering current of the stream, all are bewitching, and linger on the memory after years of absence.

It is to be regretted that Bath is far from being well lighted; many of its principal streets are *gas-less*. This deficiency is attributed by the town to the neglect of the corporation, who, owing to many complicated causes, are frowned on by the natives. They, it appears, dislike them, partly, because they are all of the medical profession. But surely gallipots are no hinderance to the distribution of justice. Besides, they cannot fail to be well acquainted with the *body* of the people: “But how do you spend your evenings in “Bath?” I think I hear you ask me. There are the theatre, the concert, and the “rooms;” these constitute the principal night resorts. But, before I conduct you to these, I must mention, that Bath is remarkable for what are denominated “evening parties” and “routes.” If you are any thing approaching to the gentleman, can sing well “Oft in the stilly night,” lisp delicious nothings-round a card table, or gently swim the mazes of a quadrille, you may

* We thought no dogs were admitted in the Bath Pump-room.—EDIT.

always obtain an "evening engagement." People are remarkably sociable here, from the Crescent down to Avon Street. We have no hackney coaches, but a square leather-robed box, known by the name of a *sedan*, in their place. These fly about the town in all directions, and give your whole frame a jolt equally as pleasing as any market woman's grey mare. The Bath theatre is the most elegant one in the kingdom, out of London; for comfort, I prefer it to either of the London ones. Its size is just what it should be, suited to the audience, and effective for the actors. The Bath stage has ever been a genial nurse, as it were, for the metropolitan theatres: it is well known that *here* Mrs. Siddons first glimmered above the horizon of provincial obscurity. The dress boxes, allowing for all degeneracies, generally present a more select company than those in Drury Lane. Sometimes, notwithstanding the Argus-eyed vigilance of the box-keepers, &c. a few greasy tax-gatherers, and *hoc genus omne*, will show their "diminished heads;" but they are marked men by the *Pittres*; the smiling surprise of many a trading acquaintance is a thorn to their would-be importance. As for London, selection there is quite out of the case. Gracious heavens! what a set of low-bred minions will creep into the lower row!—A frowy grocer, scented like a goat, fills up one front seat; a haberdasher's shutter-president fingers his watch chain in another; printers of quartos, with the whole "*posse comitatus*," pour their vulgar colloquies round the whole theatre; and, as if to show the vast stretching powers of consummate impudence, a champagne-puffer, and his furbisher of lying minstrelsy, are seated with the hauteur of monarchs—hear it! in the stage box!!—This is not the case at Bath; and the contrast is somewhat creditable to the sense of the inhabitants. True, ours is a land of freedom; but does it follow, that it must therefore be land of presumption?—Let us pray that it may not be so, at any rate, till Mr. Brougham's philosophy has given the "upper orders a lift from "the toes of their inferiors." I cannot say much in praise of the regular Thespian company here: they are not such as Bath had, when Warde, Conway, &c. &c. &c. played for a season's engagement. We have, occasionally, however, considerable novelties, or stars, if you prefer the expression, from London. That highly-polished actress, Miss Jarman, has been here; her Mary Stuart is an admirable performance. Bartley, from the English Opera, is amusing us at present; his comic powers are great, and totally divested of any *Listonism* in the modification of the features, in the dumb trickery of the body, and crook-backed gawkishness.

Beau Nash, bashlessly puppyish as he was, threw a halo of splendor around the Rooms (*subaudi*, assembly,) that still encircles them. He certainly was one of those mirrors of fashion, and spotless servitors of etiquette, who are born for the exercise of presuming talents devoted to the exaltation of elegant fripperies. His was the philosophy of silk stockings, and ball room dependencies: he was a sort of man milliner for peeresses, and lived at once the idol of the great, and the envied lordling of anxious upstarts. To this day, his laws

are in action ; like Lycurgus, they will " govern the STATE many years " after his death ;"—but enough of Beau Nash. The Bath Assembly Rooms, are " Almack's in miniature ;" the Rooms themselves are superbly fitted up in every respect, and claimed a high compliment from Queen Charlotte : but these Rooms differ in the regulations of admittance from " Almack's." The lady patronesses of the latter, you are aware, look to the pedigree before you enter the precincts of their reign* ; should it be proved that your grandmother's third cousin three centuries back " had an affair with an agreeable footman," *odi profanum vulgus !* Money and style are the keys to unlock the doors of the Bath Assemblies : the Master of the Ceremonies never asks what arms your family quarters. Dress well, look well, strut well, and dance well, and " all's well." And yet there are many of the noblest scions of ancient families occasionally here ; and the whole assembly, " take " it all in all," is a brilliant one. Of course, the congregated fashionables are characterized by the same features as those elsewhere : the ball room is richly illumined with a gorgeous chandelier, the floor circles aptly flowered, the music pours its swelling melody along the company, the Master of Ceremonies directs and procures partners—the meek quadrille conductress arranges the toes of awkwardness, and then the whole room seems to bound with exhilaration : 'tis a glorious room for sympathizing with the feet—it is more amusing to walk about as overseer, than join the dance. What arts and, pooh !—what husbanding-hunting misses and mamma-propensities—what germinating little great men and periwigged dolts, mingled with flirts, prudes, and blue stockings—are now engaged at their diverse operations ! God speed them, say I ! a private party is immeasurably more gratifying : in the one, rivalry puts on a hard constrained etiquette, and sinuous vanity is tortured with its own contrivances : in the other, there is frank good fellowship and a temporary unison of hearts. I have nothing to remark on the concerts—I suppose these must be good, since little but Italian airs are piped at them : it may be want of taste, or want of any thing you please, but I cannot, let me try as I will, feel any associations or kindling raptures in the *bravuras*, &c. of Italy ; they seem to me a maze of rounds only suited to the fine practised ear of a musician : I have much to say on this agreeable topic,—but I hear the impatient ring of the postman, and smell the savoury perfumes of approaching dinner. So, dear coz, farewell. May 1827 bear you joyously through its course, and greet you at its close, as happy as is the sincere wish of, &c. &c.

QUI QUONDA M.

* We don't believe a word of this. (EDIT.)

RETALIATION.

A PROVINCIAL TALE.

BY THE "LITTLE UNKNOWN."

A few years since, at some provincial college,
 (Places which always rhyme, if nothing else, with knowledge)
 A wight was educated, whose discerning,
 When added to an extraordinary mass of learning,
 Distinguished him on every occasion,
 As worthy of a first-rate situation,
 Above his fellow scholars, and his fellow men,
 Thus thought a genius—ergo, he grew lazy,
 Ergo, grew poor—what then?

Prest by privation,
 Ergo, he grew crazy.
 He'd strut about the street sometimes, and speak,
 In English incoherently, 'tis true ;
 But in the learned languages, Latin and Greek,
 His wits were sound again ; and well he knew
 How to interpret them in darkest mood,
 And prove in answering that he understood.
 Thus thro' his madness sometimes shone
 A glance of wit,
 Like light thro' darkness ; and for one,
 Witness the following *hit*.

He had another
 Old academic brother,
 Who tho' well learned, had too much sense
 To think of living by his wits ; and hence
 Set up in business as a seller
 (Industrious feller*)
 Of brittle glasses
 And earthenware,
 With vessels rare,
 Procured from Staffordshire and other places.

One day, while raining fast as it could pour,
 The shopman, standing just within his door,
 Perceived our crazy scholar passing by,
 With not a thread upon him dry.
 Not wet himself—wishing to have some sport,
 And scholar-like retort,
 He hailed him in the Latin tongue,
 And flung
 A query, which, to those who do not know,
 Is rendered into English just below.

2 x 2

* Cockatrice.

Pluit tantum,
Nescio quantum,
Scisne tu?

*That it rains hard I am aware,
How much it rains I cannot swear,
Pray, sir, can you?*

The crazed man turned, and flung a huge stone, dashing
Thro' window panes, producing direful crashing;
And further gave his tit for tat, in
The following doggerel Latin:

Fregi tot,
Nescio quot,
Scisne tu?

*A heap of things are gone to pot,
How many truly I know not,
Pray, sir, do you?*

JOB JELlicOE.

For some years previous to my acquaintance with my very worthy friend Job, I was in the habit of reflecting upon the constitution of society, and the proceedings arising therefrom, but never was able to account for the increase of irritability and astounding decrease of patience, until the appearance of the aforesaid luminary in the hemisphere of my acquaintance. My friend Job, my dear friend Job, whose character and nature do not differ very widely from the idea generally associated with his name, is justly considered a prodigy. Many conjectures are afloat respecting this singular coincidence. Some say he has been christened since his good habits have been formed; but others, less hard of belief, tell us, that his parents were celebrated conjurors, and foresaw from his dawning intellect the dazzling meridian of their son's greatness, and with the assistance of a little predestination, ordained that this their darling should inherit the highest and most valuable of all the Cardinal virtues: others asserted, that his fine Grecian countenance indicated something more than belonged to human nature—yet in the womb of time—yet inexplicable. Others, who were reputed craniologists, or phrenologists, discovered various remarkably prominent bumps, and among the rest, one they designated a "Monopolizer of Stupidity," which so irritated his parents, that a three-legged stool was dispatched at the daring professor's pericranium, who luckily stepped aside, and let it pass to poor Job at the window, when, unfortunately, one of its legs knocked a hole through the glass, while the other two condensed and amalgamated the organs of stupidity and somnambulism, thus forming the character and composition of our patient hero's upper apartments.

However, from what cause or other he was named, I can affirm he has been correctly named, and probably by one either endowed with the spirit of prophecy, or the power of predestination. So

attached is he to the fancy regions into which Morpheus wafts his fancy, that he courts his company much as ever the enraptured Petrarch, "You know the rest," as Byron says, or Poetaster of later days invoked his duller muse.

I have seen him stand in church with a face (according to a late calculation) twice as long as his life—the latter being only one span, and the former two—chaunting a most sublime psalm, in a most enchanting manner; and ere he had reached the end of the third line, fall backwards on his seat, or half into the next pew, under the benign influence of the soothing spirit nourished from its birth. I have seen his head and shoulders go to the tune of "We're a Noddin," while conversing with a lovely female whose voice was music—thrilling music—to our ears, carrying on its wings the balmy sweetness of a self-created Zephyrus. I have seen him at an exhibition of wild beasts hold his hand between the bars of the hyena's den, until pulled away by the force of others—overcome by the same intoxicating power of what he calls "Fate's decrees, or Nature's blunder." And now while I write this line he is before mine eyes in a comfortable arm chair, with his chin in his bosom, pen in his mouth, his hands linked together, and his legs crossed like—I was going to make a comparison, notwithstanding they are considered odious, but cannot find one similar, either in the air, on the earth, or under the earth, for

"None but himself can be his parallel."

As I hinted before, "comparisons are odious," I shall be blamed no doubt for selecting at last the most odious of all—but I cannot help it; the same fate decreed that, as ordained the display of my friend's transcendant genius—the same that predestined the thief to commit felony, and the judge to order his execution for it.

I premised that I had made a discovery of the stock of lost patience, and I verily believe I have; and whoever knows my worthy friend's character and habits, will readily allow that all the lethargy, all the stupidity, all the obstinacy, all the powers of incomprehensibility, and all the patience so long absent, are concentrated in this one piece of luxurious, yet lifeless and inanimate, matter.

MALACHI.

BEN JONSON REDIVIVUS.

CHARACTER OF CÆLIA.

If thou would a wonder see,
Hither come, I'll shew it thee;
A woman, fam'd for wit and sense,
Who to neither makes pretence;
One in whose untutor'd face
Each native beauty thou shalt trace,
Unsuil'd by affected grace;
And if thou search the world around,
A better heart will not be found.
Say, then, canst thou another find
So wise, so good, so fair, so kind?

PROPOSED INSTITUTION FOR GIVING ADVICE.

MR. EDITOR,—In these times, when almost every order of men is affected to a greater or less degree by our commercial and financial embarrassments, I have every reason to believe that the more liberal professions themselves are not exempted. In a season when, putting our hands into empty pockets, we pretend to gaze at each other with the wonder of deluded ninnies round a conjuror's table, prudent people look at a piece of gold with an undisguised sentiment of affection, and part from it, as from a friend who perchance may never return. All professions suffer—hundreds, at such a time, languish under the torments of bad hile and liver complaints, endure any torture, leaving every thing to Nature, merely because she gives advice gratis, and requires no physician's fee.

And then as to the profession of the law, a militia of gentlemen, with good second-hand wigs on their heads, might without impropriety pace the streets, asking for the contributions of the compassionate, and, like frost-bitten horticulturists, hoist a brief on a pole, as an emblem of their distress. It seems, therefore, to entitle any one to the national gratitude, to come forward and propose a new and important institution in society; one which will at once be of the last degree of moral utility, afford a splendid opening for the neglected in other professions, give a character to the age of its invention, and bestow to any conceivable extent glory and gain upon its professors. This is nothing less than a new and accomplished order of men, to be called *PARAINETIKOI*, or *ADVICE GIVERS*.

The life of man has been from the earliest ages represented by poets and moralists, under a great variety of instructive and agreeable types and figures. At one time, life is a journey, by a road intricate in itself, and surrounded by temptations to leave the proper path, and wander to our destination, in a series of trespassings by dark and devious routes. Next, life is a drama, in which we all play a part on some stage or other; and the actor of the clearest reputation is he who deceives all but a very, very few who are behind the scenes, and who inevitably see the tinsel, the rouge, and the rags.

Commend me, however, to life being a journey up hill; that is the figure which best meets the case. We climb *up* the precipice; we can see but little *before* us—a great deal *behind* us. A beacon here and there of those who have gone before us, is our only itinerary. We read a warning inscribed on that rock, an encouragement on that resting place, and now and then hear the voice of caution or tenderness from those a little before us. If we take a retrospective view, the wrecks of individuals, nay, of entire nations, are the main features of the landscape. We see proofs how miserable and benighted was their journey---how agonizing their sufferings---how cruel and ferocious they were to each other. Yet all have passed on. Many tokens of their sorrow and guilt strew the path; few of their cordiality and good fellowship as travellers; and we are left to draw our own conclusions.

What every body wants to see, is the path and adventure higher up the hill. How shall I succeed at the precipices, how endure the dangerous passes, which I hear are before me? I hear a voice of one some way up, cautioning those below against the horrid rocks of marriage—there originated his misery and ruin. A second cries, beware of false friends! Alas! where was there ever one not false? A third, keep straight on, turn neither to left nor right, in spite of the solicitations of your betraying and treacherous guides. We strain our eyeballs to *look forward*; all is uncertainty, darkness, and mist. We nearly lose our footing, and are glad to content ourselves with present safety and security. Beyond all controversy, the up hill figure is the best.

But to which of those voices before us are we to give heed? Their cautions are contradictory and opposed. One advises to marriage—another to shun it; one directs to cultivate a timid prudence in your undertakings—another urges you to boldness and resolution. This brings me to the suicidal fact, which is at present felt by every body, that although plentiful to reflection, there is no such thing as *ADVICE* in worldly matters to be had which is worth one pinch of snuff.

Racked by scepticism and doubt, go to the parson or his curate, and he will settle your faith in theology. Go to the physician if you have chronic hepatitis, and he will do all for your liver that mortal man can do. Go to your lawyer if you are about to be fleeced by a scoundrel, and he will fleece you less perhaps than the first. But where upon the face of the earth or sea are you to go if you want to be advised as to choosing a wife, a profession, or as to getting rid of either, finding them flat and unprofitable? Why, you are absolutely driven to your grandmother, or friend, who suffer a thousand extrinsic motives to sway their judgments; consider, generally intemperately—always selfishly; suffer you to see through their rags of profession, to their folly; and conclude by confirming you by their opposition to take your own course (the only bad one) after all.

If a man entertain scruples of the twenty-first article of the Church of England, would he hasten to his maternal uncle to solve the doubt? If he suspected an inflammation in the lumbar region, would he disclose his case, and consult his grandmother? or, in a case of an action at law, would any man alive refer his enemy to his brother's wife? No: in all these cases, happily, there are professors to consult and advise; men well qualified to judge of the respective cases submitted to them. Parsons, surgeons, and lawyers, take the responsibility, and you gain peace and confidence of mind for a guinea fee. But in most cases of advice-giving out of these professions, we act about as wisely as though we were to neglect their advice for that of women or bystanders. We truly are to abide by the advice of relations, let their sense and experience be what they may. You are going to the devil every way if you hearken not to the counsel of every man and woman within ten degrees of blood or relationship! It is a rule with me, one which I adopted early, and which I do not break on any excuse, never to take the advice of

a relation. Let any one who is perplexed, learn wisdom, and adopt that maxim.

If we go to books and moral disquisitions on the nature of man, and the operations of the passions, they, after all, are of no more practical use than so many of Mr. Hume's amendments. Every case must be made one of separate conditions. No physician would dream of prescribing merely on a general knowledge of physiology and pathology. He must know all the concurrent circumstances and symptoms; learn the habits of life and of the body; and then think what is to be done. A lawyer must see the deeds, learn the title, consider the abstract, before he can pronounce as to the proper and efficient course. And yet advice in other equally important matters is to be given in a moment, without judgment or consideration, and all this on a plea of relationship and meaning well! The condemning fault of book advice is, although entirely disinterested, that books make a general rule of that which can only apply to individual cases---like quack physic, sometimes hitting, more generally missing, the case. No general formulæ for the regulation of the affairs of life can be invented---there must be a particular theorem for each case.

Suppose, for example, in the important affair of marriage (I make this a chief point of observation, because I think the powers of our new profession will be most usefully exercised on that subject), it be stated that marriage is the surest foundation of terrestrial happiness. The quietness and peace of that holy state, represented as best adapted for man, his wants and expectations. This can only be true in particular instances. It may be all very well for Editors, and other men of rank and fortune, to undertake such an expensive, though albeit pleasant and praiseworthy, settlement. But what is to be said of Contributors? Poor devils, who have perhaps more jokes than shirts, both very ragged, whose wit is their only livelihood, and nobody wondering all the time they thrive so ill, seeing they trade on so small a capital! No, depend upon it we want a body of men, of wisdom and cool judgments, to point out the safe course; men who for a moderate fee will remove our doubts; and pronounce on the wisdom or folly of any projected undertaking, coolly and dispassionately telling the truth and shaming the devil.

I think I must already have said enough upon the necessity of establishing our new profession. Every body feels it; no one now places the least confidence in advisers, be they who they may. The whole thing is brought into contempt and disrepute by its abuse. Let any one make the experiment; and in a family circle, where all consider themselves entitled to the privilege of advising, let any body unexpectedly propound the question, Shall I marry a certain young lady? Then comes forth family advice, or every aunt her own physician. Your father sarcastically hopes you can be happy without money; your aunt doubts if she be not somewhat of a flirt; your pretty cousin thinks if beauty be a crime, she has small sin of that kind to answer for; and it is only by accident that an eccentric relative, whom nobody ever thought worth caring for, blunders upon some sense and kindness, and tells you to marry her if you love her. This

is the best advice you get on such an affair. Every body judges for themselves, not one for you; you are to marry, and they to decide, inflamed by all manner of prejudice and pride. How I nauseate such advice,—this it is that has driven thousands to the rope and the river.

I propose, therefore, to establish a new order or profession of men, whose duty shall be to give advice to those who ask and pay for it, who shall be styled *PARAINETIKOI*. No man, since the fall of Adam, but daily feels the want of such an order of men, a body prepared for their duties by education and experience, dispassionate, calm, and, above all, disinterested. The education of the *PARAINETIKOI* is the first thing to be considered. If they are not to be the subjects of a regular and scientific instruction, all confidence will be lost, and men will still be undecided in a case of emergency, in choosing between a *PARAINETIKOS* or their grandmother. I am, therefore, willing entirely to transfer the benefits of my proposed profession to the London University, which being denied the privilege of conferring degrees in any of the established professions, may engross the whole of the influence to be derived from empowering the new licentiates to exercise their profession. What rivalry from old and moss worn establishments need the London University fear, so long as they possess the undoubted privilege of bestowing the honorable rank in society of a *PARAINETIKOS*!

The system of instruction for this profession must bear a very considerable affinity and relationship to that of anatomy and medicine. General principles may be taught by lectures and books; but practice, and absolute intercourse with the world, will be quite as necessary to a student in our new profession, as hospital practice to a physician. For this purpose, I shall recommend to the University to set apart in their new building a kind of moral hospital, where the theoretical studies of the young men may be brought to the test of practice and experience. Give advice to the poor gratis, and let that advice be worth the fetching away; and abundant opportunities will be afforded the students of becoming well acquainted with human nature, the various modifications of passion, and the great principles of human conduct and action.

The practice of the profession would very soon assume a settled and consistent form. Terms of art will be invented, and treatises and elementary books arranged. At first, I should recommend a register of cases to be kept by the University, and an account of the practice in each.

Jan. 10 :---Two cases of confirmed melancholy on account of neglected love---tempers warm and irritable---tendency in a moderate degree to suicide. Ordered---a brisk dose of the decoction of vanity and self-love, with a plaster of hope. The dose operated so sharply, that a little anti-hatred wine was administered---the plaster useless. Both discharged cured.

Jan. 20 :---No less than ten cases of quarrels between man and wife. Seven applications from women, three from men. All these cases arose from morbid conditions of mind, which had constant tendency to inflammatory action, which in the female cases produced a sympathetic excitement of the tongue. Ordered that the cooling

lineament (Lon. Un. Pharm.) of the moral impossibility of their conduct to produce comfort, be generally applied. Three tonic pills of hope of amendment. Eight discharged cured---two still on the books.

Jan. 25 :---Two applications for jealousy---both bad cases; found on the next day that one was the result of jaundice and diseased action of the biliary ducts---transferred him to the medical school. Gave the other into the hands of the University Proctor.

Thus would our profession gradually acquire a solid and scientific figure. Under such a system, think of the advantages with which the students would come into the world, prepared to study and analyze each case with a practised skill and judgment. A strict and regular system of examination must of course be adopted. The gentlemen composing the Council of the University may take upon themselves the office of examination, and each propose in turn some difficult and extreme case, upon which the young ΠΑΡΑΜΕΤΡΙΚΟΣ must give his opinion. Mr. Brougham may state the case of praising Mr. Canning and pleasing the Whigs. Sir James Mackintosh should ask how a man may conduct himself who has talked of publishing a book for twenty years, not a line of which is known to be written; others of greater or less degrees of complication and difficulty.

I remember hearing the case of a young naval lieutenant under examination. The course adopted was to suppose his ship in every possible kind and degree of danger, and he was to explain the course he should take under each of the circumstances. He answered clearly and coolly for a long while; at last a case was proposed of horrid difficulty and danger---a strong gale and lee shore, under very awkward circumstances: he considered a while, and then loudly exclaimed, "She must drive on shore and be---."

Suppose in the examination of a young professor at the University, after answering as well as he was able all the difficult moral cases of Mr. Brougham and Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Hume were to stand up and ask him, how a public man must act in a supposed case of Greek Bonds, to get quit of public odium and contempt? What could his answer be, but that of the young lieutenant, "You must drive on shore and be ---!"

But, sir, I have, if I mistake not, intelligibly disclosed the leading principles of my plan. I have only to beg the favor that you will carefully remember my name, which I communicated to you in confidence, in case Mr. Cox, the Secretary to the Council (Doctor Cox, some people call him; pray *what* is he a doctor of? Is he a cow doctor, or the parish doctor?) should apply to you on behalf of the University, to search me out as the first professor.

I am, Mr. Editor, faithfully yours,

* * *

DRINKING SONG.

Oh! raise the bowl with raptured soul,
 And give to bliss the night,
 Every pleasure is a treasure,
 And wine can yield delight!
 Then swig away, till dawning day
 Hath shown his form of light, my boys!
 Hath shown his form of light!

Oh! toast your last—fill high your glass,
 While tyrant Care's away,
 Every pleasure is a treasure,
 Then snatch it while you may.
 Oh! gaily trowl the sparkling bowl,
 And wake the jovial lay, my boys!
 And wake the jovial lay!

For Life's dull scene hath seldom been
 Illumed by rapture's glow,
 Every pleasure is a treasure
 In this dark vale of woe;
 Then, oh! be gay, 'till sober day
 Bids reeling Bacchus go, my boys!
 Bids reeling Bacchus go!

R.

THE DUEL.

(Continued from page 164.)

"What has happened?" asked I in a whisper, and taking him aside.

"Nothing!" he replied, remarking that the observation of the bye-standers was directed towards him, "I only wished to say to you, that I am going home."

"I will go with you," I rejoined, in order to avoid interruption, and we left the company. As soon as we were in the streets, I asked him the occasion of his disturbance of mind.

"I have challenged him——"

"Whom? Von Hainfels?"

"No, the Captain—the brother of Matilda!"

"Good heavens! and why?"

"He wounded me in the only point where I was vulnerable, and he paid the penalty. Believe me, I have not rashly engaged in an adventure, of which I have not calculated the consequences; I could not bear his arrogance."

He then related to me that the innocent pleasure which Matilda had evinced on dancing with him, had awakened the pride and sus-

pitions of her brother and the Captain, who both, on the other hand, appeared to favor the wish of Von Hainfels; that the Captain had, in the most supercilious manner, made him aware of the superiority of his rank, and at last had indulged in such bitter taunts upon Rosowsky's indigent or mysterious circumstances, as to make a challenge inevitable. What avail words when such transactions have past? I myself, in his situation, could not have acted differently. Nothing remained but to let the affair take its course. The day of the duel was appointed at a week distance, in order to give each an opportunity of making the last necessary arrangements for the disposal of his affairs and property, it being expected that a duel between two such combatants, both of whom were well known to be expert marksmen, must necessarily be fatal. If Rosowsky had had the first shot, I should have been in less anxiety for him; for, at thirty paces he could hit a dollar, and his horse stood fire like a wall. The Captain, however, was a not less renowned shot, nor was it the first time that he had had an opportunity of showing how sternly and how fatally he could aim at an adversary. The circumstance of the duel could not be kept so secret, but that some tidings of it pierced the recesses of his mother-in-law's house. The anguish of his wife may easily be conceived; married to him as she had been, only six months, and fondly indulging in a mother's hopes. Many steps were taken, on the part of the family, to bring about a reconciliation, but all hopes of this were prevented by the Captain's obstinacy. The time drew near; Rosowsky prepared himself with a tranquillity which was conformable to the cheerfulness of his whole existence.

"Here is a letter for my parents," said he to me two days before the duel; "thou wilt protect them when I can no longer do so. My will is made: I have therein entreated the General to allow it to be executed. My old Conrad is to inherit my two horses with their caparisons; the services which he has rendered me, I can neither forget, nor repay. Endeavour to attach him to you; he is true as steel. My debts are all paid; I have retained for my funeral only as much as is necessary to give a soldier a decent funeral. Thou, my friend and second, wilt see that it is properly performed."

I clasped him in my arms, nor am I ashamed to confess, that I wept like a child. "Do not think only of the worst."

"I am thinking of the possible, and have paid my reckoning to life."

On the last evening we supped with our old Lieutenant, who treated us to punch. We had promised to pass one hour in friendly joyousness, without mentioning a syllable of the approaching day. But the bitter expectation of the future hung like a sword over our heads, and in spite of all our efforts to dissipate it, filled us with convulsive shudderings. Rosowsky alone kept his vow and his resolution. "To our next merry-meeting," he cried, seizing his glass, "here or there!" I drank the liquor with a feeling that seemed to turn it cold in my veins. Towards midnight we parted from our old friend, who pressed Rosowsky's hand in silence.

"Sleep well, brother!" said he to me at his departure, and embracing me, "to-morrow, at this time, I may be sleeping my last iron sleep."

I pressed him in silence to my breast.

"To-morrow early, at four o'clock, I expect thee," said he, gently disengaging himself, "good night!"

I came at the appointed hour. Conrad was saddling the horse; his face was pale, and the tears fell silently from his eyes. "Is the Lieutenant risen?" asked I.

"He is loading his pistols," he answered, with a deep but quiet tone.

The duel was to be fought beyond the boundaries. We had yet two good hours before we should reach the field; all was prepared, and we mounted. Our way led us past the Captain's quarters. At the window reclined his wife, looking after the husband, whom perhaps she should never see again. Her aspect at that moment might have penetrated a heart of stone. The tramp of our horses aroused her from her trance, and she immediately disappeared. A servant stood at the door, of whom Rosowsky asked, whether his master was gone?—"Yes," was the reply.

"Brother," said Rosowsky, "ride forwards, I have yet here something to do; or if thou wilt be a witness, dismount with me." In a moment we were out of the saddle. "Lead me to your mistress," continued Rosowsky to the servant. "What art thou about to do?"—"Quiet my conscience."

The servant returned with a message to say, that his "mistress would see nobody."

"By heaven! I must speak to her; my good intentions must excuse my rudeness." He rushed up the steps before the servant could stay him.

We entered. The afflicted wife lay in tears upon a sofa, her whole frame exhibiting the tokens of a sorrow without hope.

"Noble lady!" began Rosowsky, "I come to bring you consolation."

She shook her head, scarcely looking round, waved her hand, and again hid her face in the cushions.

"I entreat you to allow me only one moment's quiet hearing," continued he, "you owe it to yourself, to your family. Will you hear me?"

She raised her eyes, which were completely fatigued with weeping.

"I cannot see Matilda's sister weep," said Rosowsky, deeply affected, "take my word of honor, noble lady, your husband shall return to you uninjured."

A look of despairing astonishment fell upon the speaker, who bowed, and immediately rushed with me from the room.

We sprang to horse in silence, nor did a word escape from either of us. I suspected what he was about to do.

The Captain and his second were already on the ground a cold

salutation took place. The usual formalities of the duel were settled—the weapons were examined—light, wind, and space, fairly divided, and the combatants took stations. The Captain received his pistol with a pale but stern face, and took his aim. Rosowsky, expecting his antagonist with cheerful countenance, stood with his horse as if chained to the spot;—a fearful pause took place—the old attendant trembled in every joint—and anxious as I was, I yet remembered the chattering of his teeth. “God misdirect the bullet,” thought I, as the Captain drew the trigger—in the moment sounded the pistol. Thanks to heaven! Rosowsky was unhurt; the ball whizzed by his ears. He, in his turn, put forth his pistol, aimed, smiled, and fired it in the air.

“What is that?” asked the Captain, starting.

“I shall not fire at you,” said Rosowsky.

“Fire, sir, or I will fire again;” and he wildly snatched the second pistol.

“It is your turn, sir,” replied Rosowsky quietly. “Fire, I have given my word of honor, and will not fire at you.”

“What is that? To whom did you pledge your word?”

“From my own impulses, to a tearful wife, who has no share in our disagreement, who was wringing her hands in anguish for her husband’s life; in short, sir, no person on earth shall compel me to break my word!—You see my pistol is discharged—it is your turn, fire!”

One moment remained the Captain in suspense—his pride contended with better feelings. He flung his pistol on the ground, spurred his horse, and was at his enemy’s side in a moment, with his hand extended.

“Are you satisfied?” said he, grasping the Lieutenant’s hand,—a deep pressure was the reply, and the Captain said, while his frame thrilled with emotion, “You are a noble man, whom I have not known as I should know; let me entreat your friendship.”

An embrace sealed the new compact. We all sprang from our horses, and embraced each other in turn; and even Conrad, who had more than shared his master’s indignation, clapped his hands in joy at the happy result.

“Now away, Captain,” said Rosowsky, “carry to your wife the best consolation of your presence.”

We galloped back to the town; at the door, Rosowsky would have gone, but the Captain cried, “Without thee, my friend, I will not see her; my Amelia shall not be ignorant with what an enemy I have had to do;” and in spite of remonstrances, he forced us to enter.

The lady stood at the window with her hands clasped, and her eyes wildly fixed upon the entrance;—she caught the sight, rushed from the window, and in a moment was in her husband’s arms. Behind her followed Matilda, in all her splendor of beauty, her joy streaming in rays of light through her yet glistening eyes, and one look of gratitude towards Rosowsky, warmed his hand, and shook him like an aspen.—The sequel is soon told. Rosowsky obtained a

promise of Matilda's hand after his first campaign; he fought his way to rapid promotion—married his lovely bride---lived with her through six years of a soldier's stormy life, and closed one of the most envied of existences on the bloody ridges of St. Jean, leading on his regiment to the avenging charge which redeemed the slaughters of Ligny. His wife mourned him with all the ardent tenderness of a woman, but resisted the overwhelming pressure of her griefs with the better firmness of a Christian; and as a mother, in the education of two noble boys, proved herself worthy to have loved and mourned a warrior like Rosowsky.

AILEEN ASTORE.

TO THE EDITOR.

" Dear Sir,

Trinity College, Dublin, Jan. 9, 1827.

" What will become of poor Ireland?" asks a writer in this month's *Blackwood*, in a tone in which the malice of the monk, and the vehement acrimony of the renegade, struggle with alternate success for the mastery. A senator, Sir Joseph Yorke, has furnished a ready answer to the question---"put her under "water for twenty-four hours." This certainly would be a Lethæan remedy for her misfortunes. Would that its sapient promulgator would apply it. What a saving of ink! What a saving of paper! What repose to our eyes and ears! Why have not the Westminster Reviewers advocated it? or the Edinburgh, or the Quarterly? Surely it possesses at least the merit of being, to use their own "philosophical" language, "a physical check upon superabundant "population." Perhaps they think it not very practicable. Can the march of a few miles of water be a matter of difficulty to the leaders and great mechanists of the "March of mind?" or perhaps they think that, as in other inundations, the worthless straws only would float and be saved, while the solid and the valuable would sink irrecoverably to the bottom. A great moral deluge, an Alpheic torrent over the "sister isle," is indeed devoutly to be wished for; such an one as by sweeping away the Augean filth of centuries of misrule, of legalized plunder, of all-pervading corruption, of the effect of deep-rooted superstition and persecuting fanaticism, and of the remorseless and unpunishable oppression of the powerful, might silence the offensive blurtings of mushroom Catholic demagogues, and the demoniac yellings of Orange harpies over their cannibal prey, for ever.

Attached as I am from feeling and conviction to our own excellent Protestant form of religion, I need not, while stigmatizing an article that disgraces its truly "talented" (an ungrammatical phrase of *Ebony's* own) vehicle, deprecate the idea of my opinions of Ireland's diseases, their cause and remedy being identical with those of either of the parties that distract this unhappy country. By no means, my sole end would be to awaken the attention of the people of England to the real condition of Ireland, and to caution them against adopting the interested assertions of either party without inquiring into their validity. I am sure, did they once possess a per-

fect knowledge of the real state of the case, the proper and most healing remedy would be speedily forthcoming. Policy and justice demonstrate the necessity of that remedy emanating from England, if it meant to make Ireland virtually an integral portion of the empire. Every true patriot here wishes it to thus emanate, and hails with delight the unequivocal symptoms of the attention of the English people being earnestly directed towards the condition of their Irish brethren, feeling sanguine as to its beneficial consequences.

I have been led away, like most of my countrymen, into the hot-bed of politics, from my immediate object, the communicating a simple and true story, interesting, as I take it, in itself, and in some degree illustrative of the Irish character, at least of one feature of it---its devotion to the fair sex. I leave it to wiser heads to explore the philosophy of the connection of the Roman Catholic religion with chivalry and deification of female excellence, and content myself with remarking, that the two most essentially chivalrous people in Europe are Roman Catholics---the Spaniards, and their reputed descendants, the Irish. Both are admittedly courageous to rashness, adventurous, patient of fatigue and hunger, punctilious of honor, apt to take offence, and quick to avenge it: but in no respect do they more resemble each other, or surpass either nations, than in their idolatry of the female sex, that first and finest qualification of a true knight-errant. We degenerate moderns may ridicule the excess of this latter feeling, yet we cannot but view it a romance of the heart, in which the wisest perhaps might love to wander. When we see with what deep awe and rapturous affection the Irish peasant almost kneels before the living shrine of beauty, as if a superior being were smiling upon his loneliness, with what silent veneration he listens to her behests, and with what recklessness of danger, privation, life itself, he endeavours to perform them, it is enough to make us ashamed of that cold, unchivalrous, gross sense of the beautiful, which teaches us civilized people to see nothing in the perfection of a lovely woman, but incentives to voluptuous passion; which far, far wide of the enthusiastic feeling that reigns in the conterrned peasant's bosom, inclines us to debase her to a mere animal, rather than exalt her into a still diviner creature.

Aileen Astore, i. e. "darling Ellen," was the last descendant of a long line of Milesian princes, and the niece of the last occupant of an old castle, whose ruins are still in existence near my native village. Oftentimes when a boy, have I stood gazing at the "Crow's Castle," with that undefined sense of terror and wonder, and melancholy, so inimitably described by the author of the *Sketch Book*. These emotions were much more painful whenever I ventured into a little glen that lies near the castle, called, in the vernacular tongue, Glen-a-oude, i. e. the "Glen of the Grave," from its having been the burial place of Aileen. It is a beautiful valley, and has been considered as holy ground since the remains of the lovely maiden have been deposited in it. The peasantry never enter it, but upon the anniversary of her death, when a procession of their most beautiful virgins visit the grave, and deck it with all the shortest-lived flowers they can get, hanging white garlands upon the willow, and placing a

bunch of vale lily upon the head-stone, emblems of the purity and shortness of her life. The stoutest boy of the village would not visit Glen-a-oude alone; and whenever my school-fellows and I ventured into its still solitude, not a sound—not even a whisper, escaped from our lips, and we moved slowly along with the gravity of mutes at a funeral pageant. Her spirit, we firmly believed, to haunt the place she loved to wander in when living, and we held it a kind of sacrilege to intrude on its privacy, except for the purpose of beseeching its protection, or paying it honor. She is still supposed by the peasantry of the district to watch over their interests with her former solicitude; and her memory is as dear to them, as if her influence had made them as really prosperous, as they are truly miserable. One of their common sayings will best illustrate their belief of her presence and power amongst them. Whenever they wish a person the height of good luck, they exclaim—"the shadow of Aileen Astore be night and day upon you;" and though no happy result follows the wish, it is ascribed to the unworthiness of either the wisher or the object, and never to the impotency of the invoked spirit. My grandmother was a contemporary and near relative of Aileen; and I have heard my nurse ascribe the beauty, kindness of disposition, and sweetness of manners, for which my venerable relative was proverbially remarkable, to the circumstance of her having had "Aileen Astore's kiss on her forehead," and never to any moral or personal endowments.

Aileen was but seventeen, when, without a friend in the wide world to whose protection she could repair, she was left the sole mistress of her solitary castle and its surrounding barren acres. Defenceless as was her condition, the blessed virgin herself was not more secure from rapine and outrage, for she was born of an ancient race, and was beautiful and good. Her security lay in the respect and love of the peasantry around her: she was their petty queen, their saint, their guardian angel, their paragon of excellence, the very idol of their soul and affections, their morning prayer, and their nightly blessing. They adored, they worshipped her; they swore in her name. They would have surrendered every thing they had or hoped for in this world, to purchase her a moment's comfort. In her case, Burke's celebrated metaphor would have been tame prose; for her poor tenantry and neighbours would have her happy, proudly-gloriously happy, to die at her feet in defending her. And yet she was far from able to make any of them richer or happier, and could neither assist them in poverty, or protect them in danger; and there is not a single act of her's, traditional or otherwise, that I could ever get the remotest glimpse of, by which she can be said to have rendered their condition a whit more favorable than if they never had enjoyed her patronage. Whence then this extraordinary devotion in her favor! The source of all this enthusiasm, the origin of her surname, and the secret of her deification, would seem at this distance of time, to consist in nothing more than two very simple qualities, which she had the good fortune to possess—beauty and goodness—

to which may be added, her ancestral claims upon their respect and affection. To all my enquiries after what she was, what she did, or how she merited such love and veneration, the only answer was, that she was very good, and very young, and very lovely, and very beautiful. However little satisfactory this may appear to you an Englishman, it is considered as fully sufficient by her warm hearted and fanciful Milesian countrymen.

The remainder of this young creature's life, which was that of a voluntary recluse, I shall give in the words of a poetical friend, who, about two years ago, visited the scene in my company, and who has since favored the world with an account of,* as it somewhat appeared to him, this strange other Wild Irish Girl.—“Whether from a natural melancholy of disposition, the delicacy of her health, or the retired mode of existence to which she had been so long accustomed, Aileen was seldom to be found beyond the precincts of her own immediate demesne. She had either forgotten the world, or feared to enter it alone and unprotected. The narrator of her history boldly asserted, however, that it was her disdain of society, the very best of which in the island was beneath her dignity as a princess (for such he considered her) to consort with, that kept her in retirement. He had often seen her in his youth, and if his eulogies on her person and manners did not hundred-fold her deserts, queens were certainly alone fit to be her companions. Her complexion was more delicate than the bloom of the apple blossom, her skin was whiter than the feathers under the wing of a dove, her hair was long and dark like the train of a storm, and her eyes were as mildly bright as the lover's star; such were a few of the images by which he endeavoured to convey some faint idea of Aileen Astore's beauty. Then her voice was as sweet as the music of a running stream, and when she touched her harp, the notes were as fine as arose from the mermaid's lyre when she goes smoothly sounding along the waves of a summer sea; not a bird would attempt to sing when she was speaking, but the wild thrush has been heard in his leafy bower imitating her voice after she had stopped, and vainly striving to equal its melody. Our narrator's encomiums on her kindness of manner, and benevolence of disposition, though uttered with no less enthusiasm, seemed to partake somewhat more of truth, and to flow less from his imagination than his heart. So that, upon the whole, it was not difficult to collect from his description, after all due allowance had been made, that Aileen was probably a very beautiful girl, and certainly a very amiable one.

After her uncle's death, she became more reserved than before. The walks were now confined to the green and little glen (before mentioned), in which she spent most of her time. The glen became a sacred retreat, into which no other person dared to intrude, and over which no one dared to look. From this circumstance it was

* Aileen Astore is the subject and title of one of the tales of the “Labors of Idle-ness; or, Seven Nights' Entertainments, by Guy Penseval,” a work which bears even on its defects the impress of high poetical genius, and which contains more fancy, feeling, nerve, and sense, than is to be met with in any similar publication we have for a long time read.

impossible to know how she amused herself so long there. Some persons thought that she was employed in communing with the spirits who were under her influence; but as this favored too much of the forbidden arts, it was at length concluded that her hours were devoted to prayer and intercessions for the people. Whatever it was that engaged her, it seemed to be an office of much difficulty to so tender a frame; she was observed always to return more wearied in spirit, more pensive and drooping. Her countenance, however, still retained its placid, though uncheerful, smile; her manners were as gentle as ever; and her accents grew even sweeter and sweeter as they became more feeble. She was evidently waning into a spirit; and the light coffin, which was borne to the grave in the glen by four slender girls of her own years, told how little of earth was about her when she died.

It was remarkable that, although no person had entered the glen but herself till her bier was carried thither, the grotto was found ready prepared for her interment, a grave having been scraped out, a small head-stone provided, the willow planted, and the lilies sown. (All these are described in a preceding part of the narrative.) The two domestics, an old man and his wife, had received orders where and how she was to be buried; the ground had been once dedicated to a chapel, where some of the ancient possessors of the castle had been deposited, though their tombs were then scarcely visible, and the place for some centuries back had been disused for that purpose. But Aileen, with a passion for solitude, which pursued her even to death, had fixed upon that spot to shelter her remains for the very reasons that her predecessors had deserted it, because it was remote, secluded, and undisturbed. There is something, beyond doubt, against which the sensitive mind revolts, and which must have been especially disagreeable to a girl of Aileen's refinement of feeling, in the common practice of crowding a small space of ground with tombs and tomb-stones, where, instead of a peaceful retreat after the voyage of life, your dust is exposed to the profane hoof of every unmannerly clown who chooses to trample upon it; and your birth, death, and character, to the gaze of a whole village every holiday. There seems to have been a peculiar delicacy in Aileen's choice of a burial-place so lonely and sequestered; perhaps she dreaded that, at some future time, if interred in an orthodox parish church-yard, when the area was full, and a space wanted for some unwieldy corpse, her little coffin would be violated, and her slender bones rudely scattered about, for any vile hand to touch, or any inquisitive eye to examine. Considering it philosophically, the dread is ridiculous; a modern Cicero would adduce ten thousand arguments to prove it so. But considering it as Aileen, who was no philosopher, but a timid girl, most probably did, it is expressive of an innate modesty, which no lover of the sex would wish to see replaced by a more Stoical contempt for posthumous exposure."

Aileen's request was complied with to the letter. Four young girls bore her to the grave, all clad in virgin white, and strewing flowers before them. The whole peasantry of the neighbourhood, those who had owned her a mistress or acknowledged her as a friend, followed, in tears and silence, her remains to the grave. They laid

her gently on the bosom of her mother earth, closed the sod over her, and many a sigh, and many a sob, but not a single exclamation, burst from their full hearts as they took their last lingering leave of the sepulchre which concealed her from their view for ever. No dirge was sung, no wail was heard; silent they came, and silent they departed; but their grief was as deep as it was dumb, it choked their voice, and a stranger might have thought they felt no sorrow because they expressed none. Yet half a century has not worn her image from their hearts, nor blotted her name from their prayers.

She wrote her own epitaph. The following is Mr. Penseval's version of it. It has all the chaste simplicity, without the graphic force, of the original.

" Here in a little cave,
 " the prettiest nook of this most grassy vale,
 " all amid lilies pale,
 " that turn
 " their heads into my little vault and mourn—
 " stranger, I have made my grave.
 " I am not all forgot,
 " a small hoarse stream murmurs close by my pillow,
 " and o'er me a green willow
 " doth weep.
 " still questioning the air, ' Why doth she sleep,
 " ' the girl in this cold spot ?'
 " Even the very winds
 " come to my cave and sigh : they often bring
 " rose leaves upon their wing
 " to strew
 " o'er my earth ; and leaves of violet blue,
 " in sooth, leaves of all kinds.
 " Fresh is my mossy bed :
 " the frequent pity of the rock falls here,
 " a sweet, cold, silent tear ;
 " I've heard,
 " sometime, a wild and melancholy bird
 " warble at my grave head.
 " Read this small tablet o'er,
 " that holds mine epitaph upon its cheek of pearl ;
 " ' here lies a simple girl,
 " ' who died
 " ' like a pale flower nipt in its sweet spring tide
 " ' ere it had bloomed :—No more."

DIARY OF AN M. P.

January 4.

_____ Park, _____

Paradoxical as it may sound, I believe illness and matrimony are most intimately connected—at least I am sure, robust health is but a feeble opponent to Malthus-ism, and that the demand for "special licenses" is not ultimately lessened by break-neck escapes like this collar-bone fracture of mine. 'Tis only on the bed of sickness, that the lords of the creation learn the

true yet humiliating sense of our own helplessness, and that we *feel* how imperfect is that happiness which is not based on domestic affection. 'Tis then woman reigns indisputably triumphant, and that the "ministering angel thou!" of her nature is seen in all its loveliness: and 'tis then the peculiarly tender and melting tones of female solicitude, like the music of heaven, smoothing the brow of anguish, and allaying the irritation of feverish excitement, glide insensibly to the heart, and make you devotedly theirs, no less from gratitude than admiration of their unearthly virtues. This excitement, I know, has been oftentimes repeated: it has never been more deeply felt than by me at this moment, though it is but five days since my horse fell under me, and two since I was permitted to leave my bed. My dear Sister, and my if possible dearer —, if ever I forget this kindness,—may I forget myself!

Some advantages may accrue to me from this confinement. It will enable me to wade through a few unread, and probably under other circumstances, unreadable volumes, and to make myself up on the Corn Laws. But for a few brushes of illness, I never would have been an optime man at Cambridge. By the way, how silly the last prize questions of the senate: "the Greek of the Latin word 'fenus,' and its Shakespeare English?" How can the silly answer of this silly question improve even a gyp? Every thing is in extreme on the Cam: the mathematical problem would pose me, not to talk of a junior sophister. But for my illness, I would send a solution of it to ——. Talking of illness—how many great works is the world indebted to ill-health for; how many wars have sprung from intestine disturbance of the liver; how many splendid passages of heart-stirring oratory have been the result of a fit of the gout! Lord Chatham's eloquence illustrates this last proposition; Canning's is a living commentary upon it. John Bull well knows when Mr. Canning, or my Lord Liverpool, or the other senatorial Tom Crib, are stated to be confined from an *eau de medicinale* regimen, that state policy fermentations are going on; and that loud, frequent, and exciting *viva voce* appeals will be the inevitable consequence. What shall I read; the magazines, Normanby's books, and some half dozen pamphlets on the Corn Laws? Normanby is a shrewd observer, and a clever writer; but he is affected: Cam Hobhouse, I understand, is to puff him in the Westminster Review. I wonder at that, for Normanby is almost offensively aristocratic in his opinions and sentiments. I don't like *L'Amoroso*, though I heard it was the best tale in the "English in Italy;" it is merely an attenuated second edition of "Matilda." The *Politico* is something better, but out of date. The *Zingari* is only fit for Italian governments. Was it not Goldsmith that said M'Pherson wrote *up* one poet (Ossian,) and wrote *down* another (Homer) by the force of his own style? For the writing-down, commend me to the New Monthly Magazine. Had Dr. Parr all the genius and real knowledge I am sure he wanted, he would not now recover the accounts given of him in that journal by his "friends" and "pupils." Another "friend,"

(God protect me from my friends,) has in this month's *New Monthly* assailed the fame of Paley: his works alone can save him. How any man could report such stuff, unless as the ideal of silly nonsense, or rather why any editor would allow it to be printed—is beyond the solution of even Paley's own *Moral Philosophy*. The writer boasts that he is a convert to popery—this perhaps will account for his able showing off of the Protestant divine's character. His first anecdote, which is moreover given as the best, will serve as a taste of the reminiscence's quality. It occurred at a dinner. The lady of the house, loquitor: "Pray, Mr. Sub-Dean, what will you please to eat?" a very interesting and sensible question. "Eat, Madam," replied Paley, "eat every thing from the top of the table to the bottom,—from the beginning of the first dish to the end of the second." Then putting on a look of great doubt and deliberation. "There are those 'pork ~~stanks~~ (a la my Lord Lauderdale), I meant to proceed regularly and systematically through the ham and fowls to the beef, but those 'pork ~~stanks~~ stagger my system: Mr. (the new papist) what shall I eat?" (a most awful question, as it would appear from the words of the reminiscence, who says,) "as I had to answer the first question proposed to me by the great Paley, I endeavoured to use choice and correct phraseology. I said; that when the *end was the same, and the means equally innocent, it was indifferent.*" Paley (who must have possessed great control over his risibles not to have laughed in the fool's face,) "had a quick and ready tact on all occasions: whether he understood the *preciseness* of my sentence, as in jest, or earnest, I know not, but without allowing me to finish, he cried out, 'Ay, I see you are for the pork stanks, give me some of that dish,'—namely, neither pork steaks, nor ham or fowls." This is the leading article of the January *New Monthly Magazine*,—and is gravely headed "Recollections of Paley." I wonder has the writer's mother any more of him, as it would be a sad calamity if the breed died with him!

I will read the Corn Law pamphlets in couples, a *pro* and a *con*; Stanhope's and Whitmore's for a beginning. The Stanhopes are a very eccentric family. But for Lady Hester—the last woman in the world I would marry;—I might have been robbed and murdered by her friends the Bedouins. I have said my say of her elsewhere. The late earl was an extraordinary character; but I take it a little N.N.W. in the attic. He was educated by another crazy genius, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and was so mad a democrat, that he apprenticed my friend, the present earl, to a blacksmith, declaring, "that the trade of a lord would soon be over, and that of a blacksmith more profitable." I am surprised the Westminster Reviewers have not a likeness of him on their covers, and do not take his levelling declaration for their motto. Mr. Pitt, who was warmly attached to his matrimonial relatives, felt a deep interest in our young Vulcan's education, the bad effects of which he endeavoured to counteract as far as it was in his power. Whether it be to that, or to the antidotal extremity of his father's folly, the present lord's aristocratic feelings are owing, I know not; but the father was not more zealously enamoured of, than the son is opposed to, democracy. It in fact gives an

asperity to his sentiments that is foreign from his heart, and imparts a party declamatory tone to his writings, which detracts from their usefulness. Lord Stanhope is one of the most generally informed men in either House of Parliament, and exceedingly eloquent in conversation, and yet is an inefficient public speaker. He *bellows* too much with his voice, and *hammers* too violently with his arms (both the consequence of his operative studies) to be persuasive. He is rather parsimonious in his habits: Chevening is by no means noted for its hospitality. His dress, address, and appearance, are exactly those of a methodist parson; in voice and feelings, I am happy to say, he is very different. I have a sincere regard for him.

I never saw a bailiff, except on the stage, but I've taken it into my head, I know not why, that William Whitmore is the cut of one. He has such an unintellectual yet meaningful leer, and wears his hair so knowingly sleek. And then his white cravat and red waistcoat, worn like a servant out of place; and, above all, his doubling-a-corner gait. I remember, when at Harrow, to have accompanied my uncle to Whitmore's banking-house, and to have seen "our author" perched on a stool, with a pen behind his ears, like *lia Porte* in the face of the Lottery Ticket. I never saw or thought of him for years after; but instantly recognized him in Brookes', writing a letter: the attitude, the look, was the same; and I actually was disappointed when I saw him lay the pen on the stand, and not behind his ear. His voice—the test of aristocracy—is nasal, and smacks of the conventicle. Why do not parents and teachers attend more to the tone of the voice? In this particular, Harrow surpasses all other schools or colleges. I never met a Harrow-man that did not speak with the manly accent of a gentleman, except Peel, who is too mincing by half,—I hope he will take the hint and mend. Whitmore seems to be a modest, intelligent man, and were his reasoning faculties more mathematically cultivated, that is, were he more logical in his statements, he would bear authority on his side of the question. He and Stanhope are as opposite to each other in their premises and conclusions as day is from night; in fact, their pamphlets form a perfect antithesis. Whitmore sees nothing but ruin where his lordship sees prosperity; and the disease of the one is the infallible remedy of the other. The honorable member for Bridgenorth ascribes the general distress and dearth of trade to the Corn Laws, and its revival to their abolition; while, on the other hand, Lord Stanhope proclaims that a free trade in corn would be the destruction of the empire, and that the welfare of all classes is dependant upon the degree in which the prohibitive system is applied to our foreign grain commerce. Mr. Whitmore says, "If I have laboured with some degree of assiduity in this cause, it is because I am convinced of the necessity of the change; it is because the interests of agriculture, as well as all other interests, in my judgment, require it; it is because our present law does not agree with, but totally differs from, the ancient policy of the country; it is because experience has demonstrated the advantage of a more free intercourse with foreign countries, with respect to agri-

"cultural produce; it is because a re-establishment of this branch of commerce is absolutely essential to enable Great Britain to continue to hold the prominent station she now occupies amongst the manufacturing and commercial nations of the world." (Letter, p. 6) Reverse the noble writer writes: "It is undoubtedly true, and the proprietors ought at present to be re-echoed in a voice of thunder throughout the country, that the measure would entirely ruin all the nobility, and all the other landed proprietors, and not them alone, but also the tenants and the labourers. When, by a great reduction of prices, the cultivation of land becomes unprofitable, and is therefore abandoned, it can yield no rent to the landlord, and also no profit to the farmer, and can give no employment to the labourer. Innumerable multitudes of those who are engaged in the cultivation of the soil would be deprived of subsistence, and would be driven to seek a scanty and degrading relief from the poor's-rates. In many cases the poor's-rates could not be collected, as they are levied solely on the occupiers of land, who, far from being able to support others, would, under such circumstances, be unable to provide for their own subsistence, and who, instead of paying poor's-rates, would be under the necessity of receiving them." (Letter, pp. 38, 39.) Facts and experience prove the soundness of Lord Stanhope's inferences, though his general theory is more founded in feeling than in reasoning. After all that has been said and written on the nature and tendency of the Corn Laws, it appears to me that no one has taken an entire or correct view of all their bearings. The abstract perfection of free trade per se constitutes all that is sound in the doctrine of the abolitionists; the evils, the felt evils, of a low price of corn, is the only argument advanced on the side of the anti-repealers. Were it not for this ex-parte investigation, so many absurdities would not abound in the conclusions of the one, nor would so many errors be admitted into the premises of the other. The question of the Corn Laws, nevertheless, lies in a nut-shell.—

1. Is it the interest of a country to support its own population with the produce of its own soil?
2. Is the produce of Great Britain and Ireland equal to the support of their inhabitants?
3. From the necessity of taking into cultivation inferior soils, and from the immense taxation (particularly heavy on the land-holders) of the country, must not the British agriculturist receive a high price for his produce, else no profitable return for his capital?
4. Can he receive that high remunerating price, if the produce of richer soils and a much less taxed country be admitted free into the British market?
5. Is not a high price of corn at once a cause, and the symptoms and consequence, of the progress of a country in wealth and civilization; and vice versa?
6. Can the taxes be paid? can faith be kept with the public creditor, without such an amount of currency, as in itself must raise the price of corn above the level of other countries? Can then these taxes be paid with a lower price of corn?
7. Is not the rent of land the consequence, and not the cause of a high price of corn? and would not corn be of a high price though the landlords of the country had agreed to charge no rent?
8. Is the prosperity of

the agriculturists incompatible with that of the manufacturing and commercial interests? 9. Is not the former class the base and prop of the latter? 10. Is it not absurd to say that the Corn Laws put thirty or forty millions sterling, annually, into the landlords' pockets, when the whole rental of England is not twenty-five millions? 11. Supposing the rent of land were reduced one third throughout the kingdom, could the "operatives," on that account, save more than 1½d. a day each, at the highest calculation? 12. Do not the wages of labour depend on the ratio which demand (capital) bears to the supply (population), and therefore, would not the wages of labour, *cæteris paribus*, fall with the price of necessaries, and would not his command over those necessaries, from the increased ratio of price and profits, be lessened more than the proportion of his money wages? 13. Would not the admission of cheap foreign grain throw all, or a great portion, of the inferior soils of the empire out of cultivation, and would not, consequently, thousands of agricultural labourers be thrown out of employment? 14. Would these thousands obtain employment from the manufacturers; that is, (leaving out of account that the employment of machinery is but little above its minimum,) would the foreign grain suppliers take so much British wares in return as not only to equal the amount formerly consumed by the home agriculturists, but also require for its production the additional thousands of labourers thrown out of their usual employment? 15. Is not all capital applied to poor soils completely absorbed by that soil; that is, is not the only means of a return for that capital dependant upon those poor soils being continued in cultivation; and consequently is not that capital totally lost, if those poor soils be thrown out of cultivation; and consequently, is it not absurd and grossly ignorant to say, (with the Mill- and Torrens-ites,) that the capital formerly employed in the cultivation of poor soils might be withdrawn, and used in other channels of production?

16. Is the race of English Country Gentlemen, of English Farmers, and English Yeomen, worth preserving?

17. Are they inferior in all the honourable attributes of humanity to their successors—pampered avaricious capitalists, and half starved operatives?

18. Is not the landed interest the heaviest taxed in the community; and therefore do not justice and policy require that it should be the most protected?

19. Is not the free admission of foreign grain into this country a bounty to foreigners to extend their agriculture at our expence; and, as agriculture is the basis of national greatness, is it not a premium on foreign rivalry—perhaps pre-eminence?

20. Do not, in a word, wisdom, justice, and policy, urge the necessity of protecting native tillage, and consequently of discouraging the importation of foreign corn?

A tyro in political economy might answer all these questions except the 5th, 6th, and 11th, which I will to-morrow, or the next day, endeavour to make evident to the "humblest capacity." Then

I think I will not have said too much—that the arguments lie in a nut-shell. My head-aches terribly. Three-fourths of the disputes of political economists are nothing but wars of words; were mathematical precision of language more adhered to, we would not hear so much jargon about capital, and value, and profits, &c.

7th. Spent a most sleepless night—had strange dreams—thought first I fell down the crater of Vesuvius, and was almost stifled from the volume of flame and sulphureous ashes; on reaching the bottom, thought I entered Dante's, I believe it is, hell of cold, and that my veins became knitted and frozen, and my heart solid and immoveable. At a distance I perceived a veil, then a dove, then an angel, then my dear—then the Speaker and the House full, and Whitmore speaking on the Corn Laws. I endeavoured to reply to him; but could not utter a syllable. The embarrassment awoke me. How different are the manners of medical men in town and country. In London, a physician or surgeon, Sir H. Hallford or Sir A. Cooper for instance, will talk of any thing but his profession; the country practitioner can speak of nothing else. I have been exactly one hour and forty minutes bored with simple and compound fractures, and clavicles, and points of ossification, and deltoid muscles, and what not. Perhaps, after all, there is more propriety, certainly more modesty, in the technical conversationist. What shall I read? Hamlet, Blackwood, or my friend Bennett's pamphlet? Is that edition of 1603 of Hamlet, published by Payne and Foss, genuine? Is it really printed as Shakspeare wrote it? If this question could be answered in the affirmative, it would be the most interesting and instructive subject of philosophical inquiry in the annals of intellect, and ought to encourage youthful poets more than all accounts of mental phenomena on record. I wish my friend the Editor would give the two versions of the "To be or not to be" soliloquy, in his next Portfolio. 'Twill keep an interesting subject alive. We don't hear any thing now of Sir W. Scott's edition of Shakspeare. He has enough on his hands in all conscience. There is a passage worth his notice in Hamlet, which the commentators make rare nonsense of. 'Tis in the King's remorse speech. "Pray I cannot," he says,

"Though inclination be as sharp as will."

Here Shakspeare makes that philosophical and contrasting distinction between volition and affection, which Locke so forcibly establishes. A father beats his child, contrary to his inclination, in obedience to his will. Junius Brutus' judgment was a struggle between his volition directed by his head, and his affections or inclinations acted upon by his heart. A child swallowing physic might have taught the right reading to Pope and Theobald, who make it—

"Though inclination be as sharp as th' ill."

(What ill?) and to Warburton, who gives it—

"Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill!!"

What is more surprising, Johnson adapts Warburton's "*emendation*." Johnson, who must in reading the *Novum Organon* have noticed Bacon's Shaksperian distinction, and who evidently collated the folio

edition of 1615. Bacon's words are worth quoting for their philosophy as well as pertinence. "Intellectus humanus luminis sicci non est; sed recipit infusionem a *voluntate et affectibus*." I will show, on another occasion, that the philosophy of the Catholic Question is contained in this line of Shakspeare!

Blackwood is but so so this month. Little Quincey's article is valuable, though only a translation. Lessing and Burke are at issue as to the *necessity* of visible objects to poetry, that is, of the *ideas* derived from the sense of vision. Lessing makes poetry depend upon them altogether; Burke denies their necessity in toto, maintaining their signs (words) to be sufficient, as the case of Blacklock the poet, born blind, he thinks proves. Perhaps after all the difference is but one of words. How German metaphysicians bedevil themselves, when attempting to apply their philosophizing to the illustration of the fine arts! The following passage of the opium-eater's own, evidently intended to be very fine, possesses as much of what Jeremy Bentham calls *un-understandableness*, as any I have for some time met, even from the Kantian school. The writer means to say that the beauty of dancing consists in its producing an impression or illusion of ease and gracefulness, when their opposites would not be very unnatural. "The beauty of dancing lies in the conflict between the freedom of the motion and the law of equilibrium, which is constantly threatened by it; sometimes also in the intricacy of the figure, which is constantly tending to swerve from a law which it constantly obeys; and sometime in the *mutual reference of two corresponding dances*, or a *central reference of the whole, where the bounds, as it were, of the motion, and passion of the music, seem likely to impress a centrifugal tendency!*" I fear opium has had a "centrifugal tendency" on the little man's wits. What a treat to witness the "mutual reference of two corresponding dances" between Coleridge, the man with the voice "like the black dark abyss of thought" (Hazlitt), and Philosopher De Quincey! What a "launch of motion!" What a "central reference of the whole!" "Bless us," as Mrs. Coutts says, "what children some people rear!"

8th. Received and answered eight letters. What can make Lord E. Somerset write in such spirits? There is something in the wind. I am getting sick of confinement. Can't even play billiards.

9. I am actually bored about the Duke of York. He was certainly a most well-disposed, good-hearted fellow, not overburdened with intellect, but meant well. The last time I met him, at Hertford, he was as obstinate about the superiority of a single barrel detonator over a double-barrel Manton, for taking down partridge, as if he had been all his life a gamekeeper: I am sorry he died before I convinced him of his error. By the way, I now understand the cause of Somerset's chirruping: Wellington, Commander-in-Chief,—Somerset, Secretary. The papers are at fault as to the Duke of York's character, which was, in all its points, the counterpart of his great grandfather George II.; and not as they say, of his late Majesty. Obstinacy and personal bravery are not peculiar to any of the royal family, they run in the Brunswick race.—More fuss was

made about the Duke's speech against the Catholics than it deserved; every body knew he made it to win mob popularity, (of which he was too fond) and to induce Lords Liverpool and Eldon to have his debts paid by Parliament. As to his "So help me God" pledge of irrevocable hostility, it carried its own antidote in its own impolitic rashness; we may say of it, as Tacitus said of the fidelity of the ancient Germans to gambling promises, *In ea re prava pervicacia: ipsi* (the Bench of Bishops) *fidem vocant*.

10th. Nothing but the Duke of York. He is universally regretted. 'Twas worth his Royal Highness's while to die, were it only to have so many grieving for him. His enemies cannot deny his army discipline excellence. The king is deeply affected.

12th. 'Tis pity my excellent and intelligent occasional neighbour, John Bennett, of Wiltshire, does not speak or write oftener; he is a man of clear views and sound understanding. His pamphlet, "On Agriculture and Foreign Trade," is written with great spirit and ability, and is more to the point than any I have yet read on the subject. Where much is good, it is not easy to make a selection,—his prefatory remarks on *cheap* corn must suffice—"Cheap and dear are relative terms, and to know whether corn or any other commodity be cheap or not, its price must be compared with the price of other commodities, grown or produced in the same country; and the standard which should measure price, is the quantity of labour and material consumed in the production of the article, with its relative amount of taxation, both direct and indirect. With a debt of 800,000,000*l.* in this country, and even with an equal distribution of the taxation necessary to pay the interest, and support our establishments, all our home productions must be dearer to be measured by the standard of labour and *taxation together*, than in countries unburdened with debt. Taxation is the cause of this difference of cost, and, therefore, it is found necessary in the establishment of what may be called, but what is not literally, *free trade*, to impose a fixed duty on *importation generally*; and this duty should be measured by the amount of our taxation above that of other countries." Every one interested in the subjects of Agriculture and Foreign Trade will read an essay in which they are so ably treated. Mr. Bennett's name "*within doors*," is by no means equal to his deserts. No man has more weight in Brookes', or whose local opinion is more influential; and this pamphlet demonstrates that no man entertains sounder or more ability in communicating them. His pamphlet is a commentary upon my twenty queries, and therefore spares me the trouble of elucidating them: the first, in fact, embodies the whole question; I would advise the reader to the more fully understanding its bearings, to read Mr. Huskisson's "Letter to his Constituents, in 1814," it is masterly and unanswerable; and will be the means of refuting Mr. Huskisson himself, when his (for they are *his*) proposed alterations of the Corn Laws will be under discussion: What, in the name of consistency, can he say in reply to his own words? "I admit, (he says, p. 12,) that if unlimited foreign import, which the war had suspended, were now again allowed, bread might

"be a little, though a very little, cheaper than it now is, for a year or two. But what would follow? (that is the question.) The small farmer would be ruined,—improvements would every where stand still, inferior lands now producing corn, would be given up, and return to a state of waste. The home consumption and brisk demand for all the various articles of the retail trader, which had so much contributed, even during the pressure of the war, to the prosperity of our town, and especially of those which are not connected with manufactures or foreign commerce, would rapidly decline,—farming servants, and all the trades which depend upon agriculture for employment, would be thrown out of work; and the necessary result of the want of work would be, that wages would fall, even more rapidly than the price of bread: then comes some interruption to the foreign import, coinciding with the decay of agriculture at home, and corn is suddenly forced up again to a famine price. Such, I conceive, would be the inevitable consequence of again placing ourselves in a state of habitual and increasing dependence on foreign supply." Can any statement be clearer or more forcible? how will he himself meet it? *nous verrons*. Heard that he and Canning differ on the Portuguese treaty. 'Tis odd I have had but one letter from Portugal, and that rather within sight of it; deep scheming going on. Spain dare not, could not, prevaricate, were she not (behind the curtain) urged to it by others. Fred. Lambe has no excuse of it at Madrid; he must be perpetually on the alert—*Nil actum erodens, dum quid superesset agendum*.

12. Postponed the "second reading" of Sir J. Graham's, Westcott's, Henry Drummond's, and the other Currency Pamphlets, till the Corn Laws are disposed of.—By the way, it is very odd that I have not made a pun this month, or said a good thing since the 29th of December,—when being asked what new works were being published? I replied, that Brougham had a work, the nature of which might be judged from its motto, and from its being dedicated to Mr. Canning—

"What's the cause of thunder?"—LEAR.

Hume, a work on the interest of Greek bonds, with *variorum* notes by philosopher Bowring; and an appendix on the profits of steam-boat building, by Coventry Ellice.—

Humanum est errare.

By the way, what do editors of newspapers and they very often quote truth, and omit what has point, wit, and talent, as this clever *feu d'esprit* evinces:—

When hapless mortals run aside
From Virtue's path, not over wide,
In many a sad vagary,—
The most undoubtedly become,
According to Dame Nature's laws,
"Humanum est errare."

All hail, convenient axiom, hail!
How thou recomferest the frail
In Conscience's quandary:
We sit,—but who will lift the scourge
When to his sympathy we urge
"Humanum est errare?"

The first whose blunders pardon claim,
Is he whose love of laughter came
From Cork or Tipperary;
He,—when a law or sense he breaks,
Apologizes for mistakes,
"Humanum est errare."

The Sultan's mandates to obey,
With expedition trots away
The silent emissary;
Through haste, an error strange he makes,
The fool the wrong man's head off takes,—
"Humanum est errare."

The minister whose blundering head
A nation has to ruin led,
Who thought him wise and wary,
Shrugs up his shoulders at the cries
Of starving myriads, and replies,
"Humanum est errare."

There comes a shriek from plunder'd lands,
Of Indians famish'd on the sands
Of Ganges or Cauvery;
Their ill got wealth the robbers keep,
And chaunt till fancy falls asleep,
"Humanum est errare."

On, plundering M.P.'s on, ye bilks!
On on
And let not Waltham scare ye;
Ye will escape, for each shall lay
His hand upon his heart, and say,
"Humanum est errare." *

The reptile, who from home and fame
Seduced to poverty and shame
The broken-hearted Mary,
When taunted with the atrocious deed,
Will to the rous'd avenger plead
"Humanum est errare."

If Joe, too, thro' the love of scrip,
Gives the poor Grecian cause the slip,
As soon as prices vary,
O let the unsainted sinner go,
Remember doubly for poor Joe,
"Hum-anum est errare."

I am sure there has not appeared for months anything in periodicals equally worth, and equally fitted for, quoting, but the wise-acres passed it by.

14. The old rumour of Lord Lansdown's going into office again revived. I am sure there is no foundation for it; and for this reason:—Ministers can do very well without him; and he is but a mediocre man at best. He is a fluent speaker, and not without personal influence; but the former is nothing but "words, words," and the latter is now dispensable. Somerset writes me that the Duke of Wellington has been actually appointed; but will not assume the commander-in-chiefship till after the funeral. Nothing received yet from Spain.—I am puzzled.

16. I was much amused this morning by "A Letter on the Affairs of Portugal, from a Dog in the Country to his Friend in Town."—The writer is evidently an employé of Ferdinand or Don Miguel; very probably a Jesuit spy. He is a shrewd "dog," nevertheless, and makes some capital bits at the "*Æolian*" policy of the Foreign Secretary. His acquaintance with the affairs of Portugal appears to be very intimate: he shows, in fact proves, that Miguel is the rightful monarch; and that to oppose his reigning, is to oppose the principle by which the house of Braganza mounted the Portuguese throne. "The revolution," he says, "which separated Brazil from Portugal is fresh in the recollection of all; and it is now notorious, that by the same act which constituted Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, he forfeited *by the laws of his country*, all title to the European dominions of his ancestors. It is certain, then, that on the death of his father, Don Miguel *became* the immediate *de jure* King of Portugal. But those who maintain the pretensions of Don Pedro, assert, that before accepting the crown of Brazil, he ceded his right to that of Portugal to his infant daughter. He possessed, however, *no constitutional power* of doing this. The *laws* respecting the Portuguese succession had expressly *provided otherwise*—declaring, "That in case the king of that realm should be called to the succession of another crown, or greater empire, having two or more children; then the *eldest* should *reign* in the *foreign* kingdom and the *second* in *Portugal*; *which latter should be the only recognized successor and inheritor.*" This proves a strong case for Miguel.

* "This jeu d'esprit, is the production of a distinguished Carthusian. We gladly avail ourselves of our diarist's reference to it to acknowledge the debt." EDIT.

PORTFOLIO.—No. VI.

MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

In the person of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, we may justly say, in the language of Scripture, "there has fallen this day in our Israel a Prince and a Great Man." He has, from an early period of his manhood, performed a most important part in public life. In the early wars of the French Revolution, he commanded the British forces on the Continent; and although we claim not for his memory the admiration due to the rare and high gifts which in our latter times must combine to form a military genius of the first order, yet it has never been disputed, that in the field his Royal Highness displayed intelligence, military skill, and his family attribute, the most unalterable courage. He had also the universal testimony of the army for his efforts to lessen the distresses of the privates, during the horrors of an unsuccessful campaign, in which he acquired, and kept to his death, the epithet of the Soldier's Friend.

But it is not on account of these early services that we now, as boldly as our poor voice may, venture to bring forward the late Duke of York's claims to the perpetual gratitude of his country. It is as the reformer and regenerator of the British army, which he brought from a state nearly allied to general contempt, to such a pitch of excellence, that we may, without much hesitation, claim for them an equality with, if not a superiority over, any troops in Europe. The Duke of York had the firmness to look into and examine the causes, which, ever since the American war, though arising out of circumstances existing long before, had gone as far to destroy the character of the British army, as the natural good materials of which it is composed would permit. The heart must have been bold that did not despair at the sight of such an Augean stable.

In the first place, our system of purchasing commissions,—itself an evil in a military point of view, and yet indispensable to the freedom of the country,—had been stretched so far as to open the way to every sort of abuse. No science was required, no service, no previous experience whatsoever; the boy let loose from school the last week, might in the course of a month be a field-officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were, against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle; and when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some standing, by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances bestowed upon *young ladies*, when pensions could not be had. We know ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of Captain in the ——— dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who at that period actually did duty; for, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers. If they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there was no means open either of direction or of instruction. But as a zeal for knowledge rarely exists where its attainment brings no credit or advantage, the gay young men who adopted the military profession were easily led into the fashion of thinking that it was pedantry to be master even of the routine of the exercise which they were obliged to perform. An intelligent sergeant whispered from time to time the word of command, which his captain would have been ashamed to have known without prompting; and thus the duty of the field-day was huddled over rather than performed. It was natural, under such circumstances, that the pleasures of the mess, or of the card or billiard table, should occupy too much of the leisure of those who had so few duties to perform, and that extravagance, with all its disreputable consequences, should be the characteristic of many; while others, despairing of promotion, which could only be acquired by money or influence, sunk into mere machines, performing without hope or heart a task which they had learned by rote.

To this state of things, by a succession of well-considered and effectual regulations, the Duke of York put a stop with a firm yet gentle hand. Terms of service were fixed for every rank, and neither influence nor money were permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the present grade which he held. No

rank short of that of the Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his Royal Highness, could have accomplished a change so important to the service, but which yet was so unfavorable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and protégés had formerly found a brief way to promotion. Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service, while at the same time the young aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions.

In other respects, the influence of the Commander-in-Chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating influence. The vicissitudes of real service, and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable, as it was speedily found, that mere valor, however fiery, was unable, on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duty and discharged it, were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but most distinguished at head-quarters, and most certain of promotion. Thus a taste for studying mathematics, and calculations applicable to war, was gradually introduced into the army, and carried by some officers to a great length; while a perfect acquaintance with the routine of the field-day was positively demanded from every officer in the service as an indispensable qualification.

His Royal Highness also introduced a species of moral discipline among the officers of our army, which has had the highest consequences on their character. Persons of the old school of Captain Plume and Captain Brazen, men who swore hard, drank deep, bilked tradesmen, and plucked pigeons, were no longer allowed to arrogate a character which they could only support by deep oaths and ready swords. If a tradesman, whose bill was unpaid by an officer, thought proper to apply to the Horse-Guards, the debtor received a letter from head-quarters, requiring to know if there existed any objections to the account, and failing his rendering a satisfactory answer, he was put on stoppages until the creditor's demand was satisfied. Repeated applications of this kind might endanger the officer's commission, which was then sold for the payment of his creditors. Other moral delinquencies were, at the same time, adverted to; and, without maintaining an inquisitorial strictness over the officers, or taking too close inspection of the mere gaieties and follies of youth, a complaint of any kind, implying a departure from the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, was instantly inquired into by the Commander-in-Chief, and the delinquent censured or punished, as the case seemed to require. The army was thus like a family under protection of an indulgent father, who, willing to promote merit, checks with a timely frown the temptations to licentiousness and extravagance.

The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his Royal Highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress, the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and comfortable for the men, and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules exacted about the tying of hair, and other trifling punctilios (which had been found sometimes to goad troops into mutiny), were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head-dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same time taken that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a general officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice, which our officers borrowed from the Germans) was entirely prohibited; and regular corporal punishments by the sentence of a court-martial have been gradually diminished.

If, therefore, we find in the modern British officer more information, a more regular course of study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exactions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sustains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced,—to the memory of his Royal Highness the Duke of York we owe this change from the state of the forces thirty years since.

The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape his Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion; and if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This

was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and countenance of his Royal Highness. This one circumstance of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are after all but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute any combined movements at all.

We can but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea for the orphans of soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which is a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the staff. The excellent officers who have been formed at this institution, are the best pledge of what is due to its founder. Again we repeat, that if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility of manœuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession, to the memory of the Duke of York, the army and the country owe them.

The character of his Royal Highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation in a branch of the public service on which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time. Without possessing any brilliancy, his judgment, in itself clear and steady, was inflexibly guided by honor and principle. No solicitations could make him promise what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstances induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. At the same time, his feelings, humane and kindly, were, on all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wife widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done to render their calamities more tolerable.

As a statesman, the Duke of York, from his earliest appearance in public life, was guided by the opinions of Mr. Pitt. But two circumstances are worthy of remark. First, that his Royal Highness never permitted the consideration of politics to influence him in his department of Commander-in-Chief, but gave alike to Whig as to Tory the preferment their service or their talents deserved. Secondly, in attaching himself to the party whose object it is supposed to be to strengthen the Crown, his Royal Highness would have been the last man to invade, in the slightest degree, the rights of the people. The following anecdote may be relied upon. At the table of the Commander-in-Chief, not many years since, a young officer entered into a dispute with Lieutenant-Colonel—upon the point to which military obedience ought to be carried. "If the Commander-in-Chief," said the young officer, like a second Seid, "should command me to do a thing which I knew to be civilly illegal, I should not scruple to obey him, and consider myself as relieved from all responsibility by the commands of my military superior."—"So would not I," returned the gallant and intelligent officer, who maintained the opposite side of the question. "I should rather prefer the risk of being shot for disobedience, by my commanding officer, than hanged for transgressing the laws and violating the liberties of the country."—"You have answered like yourself," said his Royal Highness, whose attention had been attracted by the vivacity of the debate; "and the officer would deserve both to be shot and hanged that should act otherwise. I trust all British officers would be as unwilling to execute an illegal command, as I trust the Commander-in-Chief would be incapable of issuing one."

The religion of the Duke of York was sincere, and he was particularly attached to the doctrines and constitution of the Church of England. In this his Royal Highness strongly resembled his father; and, like his father, he entertained a conscientious sense of the obligations of the coronation oath, which prevented him from acquiescing in the further relaxation of the laws against Catholics. We pronounce no opinion on the justice of his Royal Highness's sentiments on this important point; but we must presume them to have been sincerely entertained, since they were expressed at the hazard of drawing down upon his Royal Highness an odium equally strong and resentful.

In his person and countenance, the Duke of York was large, stout, and manly; he spoke rather with some of the indistinctness of utterance peculiar to his late father, than with the precision of enunciation which distinguishes the King, his royal brother. Indeed, his Royal Highness resembled his late Majesty, perhaps, the most of any of George III.'s descendants. His family affections were strong; and the public cannot have for-

gotten the pious tenderness with which he discharged the duty of watching the last days of his royal father, darkened as they were by corporeal blindness and mental incapacity. No pleasure, no business, was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitted attention. The same ties of affection united his Royal Highness to other members of his family, and particularly to its present Royal Head. Those who witnessed the coronation of his present Majesty will long remember, as the most interesting part of that august ceremony, the cordiality with which his Royal Highness the Duke of York performed his act of homage, and the tears of affection which were mutually shed between the royal brethren. We are aware, that, under this heavy dispensation his Majesty will be chief mourner, not in name only, but in all the sincerity of severed affection. The King's nearest brother in blood was also his nearest in affection; and the subject who stood next to the throne was the individual who would most willingly have laid down his life for its support.

In social intercourse the Duke of York was kind, courteous, and condescending, general attributes, we believe, of the blood royal of England, and well befitting the princes of a free country. It may be remembered, that when, in "days of youthful pride," his Royal Highness had wounded the feelings of a young nobleman, he never thought of sheltering himself behind his rank, but manfully gave reparation by receiving the (well-nigh fatal) fire of the offended party, though he declined to return it.

We would here gladly conclude the subject; but, to complete a portrait, the shades as well as the lights must be inserted; and in their foibles, as well as their good qualities, princes are the property of history. Occupied perpetually with official duty, which, to the last period of his life, he discharged with the utmost punctuality, the Duke of York was peculiarly negligent of his own affairs, and the embarrassments which arose in consequence, were considerably increased by an imprudent passion for the turf and for deep play. Those unhappy propensities exhausted the funds with which the nation supplied him liberally, and sometimes produced extremities which must have been painful to a man of temper so honorable. The exalted height of his rank, which renders it, doubtless, more difficult to look into and regulate domestic expenditure, together with the engrossing duties of his Royal Highness's office, may be admitted as alleviations, but not apologies, for their imprudence.

A criminal passion of a different nature proved, at one part of the Duke's life, fraught with consequences likely to affect his character, destroy the confidence of the country in his efforts, and blight the fair harvest of national gratitude, for which he had toiled so hard. It was a striking illustration of the sentiment of Shakspeare:—

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

"Make whips to scourge us."—

The Duke of York married to Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia, Sept. 29, 1791, lived with her on terms of decency, but not of affection; and the Duke had formed, with a female called Clarke, a connexion justifiable certainly neither by the laws of religion nor morality. Imprudently, he suffered this woman to express her wishes to him for the promotion of two or three officers, to whose preferment there could be no other objection than that they were recommended by such a person. It might doubtless have occurred to the Duke, that the solicitations of a woman like this were not likely to be disinterested; and, in fact, she seems to have favoured one or two persons as being her paramours—several for mere prospect of gain, which she had subordinate agents to hunt out for, and one or two from a real sense of good-nature and benevolence. The examination of this woman and her various profligate intimates before the House of Commons, occupied that assembly for nearly three months, and that with an intenseness of anxiety seldom equalled. The Duke of York was acquitted from the motion brought against him, by a majority of eighty; but so strong was the outcry against him without doors, so much was the nation convinced that all Mrs. Clarke said was true, and so little could they be brought to doubt that the Duke of York was a conscious and participant actor in all that person's schemes, that his Royal Highness, seeing his utility obstructed by popular prejudice, tendered to his Majesty the resignation of his office, which was accepted accordingly, March 30, 1809. And thus—as according to Solomon, a dead fly can pollute the most precious unguent—was the honorable fame, acquired by the services of a lifetime, obscured by the consequences of what the gay world would have termed a venial levity. The warning to those of birth and eminence, is of the most serious nature. This step had not been long taken, when the mist in which the question was involved began to disperse. The public accuser, in the House of Commons, Colonel Wardle, was detected in some suspicious dealings with

the principal witnesses, Mrs. Clarke; and it was evidently expectation of gain that had brought this lady to the bar as an evidence. Next occurred, in the calm moments of retrospect, the great improbability that his Royal Highness ever could know on what terms she negotiated with those in whose favor she solicited. It may be well supposed she concealed the motive for interesting herself in such as were his own favored rivals, and what greater probability was there, that she should explain to him her mercenary speculations, or distinguish them from the intercessions which she made upon more honorable motives! When the matter of accusation was thus reduced to his Royal Highness's having been, in two or three instances, the dupe of an artful woman, men began to see, that when once the guilt of entertaining a mistress was acknowledged, the disposition to gratify such a person, who must always exercise a natural influence over her paramour, follows as a matter of course. It was then that the public compared the extensive and lengthened train of public services, by which the Duke had distinguished himself, in the management of the army, with the trifling foible of his having granted one or two favors, not in themselves improper, at the request of a woman who had such opportunities to press her suit; and, doing to his Royal Highness the justice he well deserved, welcomed him back, in May, 1811, to the situation from which he had been driven by calumny and popular prejudice..

In that high command his Royal Highness continued to manage our military affairs. During the last years of the most momentous war that ever was waged, his Royal Highness prepared the most splendid victories our annals boast, by an unceasing attention to the character and talents of the officers, and the comforts and health of the men. Trained under a system so admirable, our army seemed to increase in efficacy, power, and even in numbers, in proportion to the increasing occasion which the public had for their services. Nor is it a less praise, that when the men so disciplined returned from scenes of battle, ravaged countries, and stormed cities, they resumed the habits of private life as if they had never left them; and that of all the crimes which the criminal calendar presents, (in Scotland at least,) there are not above one or two instances in which the perpetrators have been disbanded soldiers. This is a happy change since the reduction of the army, after peace with America in 1783, which was the means of infesting the country with ruffians of every description; and in the prison of Edinburgh alone, there were six or seven disbanded soldiers under sentence of death at the same time.

This superintending care, if not the most gaudy, is amongst the most enduring flowers which will bloom over the Duke of York's tomb. It gave energy to Britain in war, and strength to her in peace. It combined tranquillity with triumph, and morality with the habits of a military life. If our soldiers have been found invincible in battle, and meritorious in peaceful society when restored to its bosom, let no Briton forget that this is owing to the paternal care of him to whose memory we here offer an imperfect tribute.

* The British Government meantime had to struggle with difficulties at home as well as abroad, and of the most unexpected kind. During the former part of the year parliament was occupied with an inquiry into the conduct of the Duke of York as commander-in-chief, which ended in his resigning the office. The circumstances which were disclosed rendered this resignation becoming and necessary; but perhaps there never was another instance in which the reaction of public opinion was at once so strongly and so justly manifested. For when the agitation was subsided which had been raised, not so much by the importance of the business itself, as by the unremitting efforts of a set of libellers the vilest and most venomous of their kind, it was then perceived that the accusation had originated in intrigue and malice; that the abuses which were brought to light were far less than had been supposed to exist, and that in proving them it had been proved also that the greatest improvements had been introduced into that department by his Royal Highness, and that the general administration was excellent. From that time, therefore, the Duke acquired a popularity which he had never before possessed; and the efforts which had been made with persevering malignity to ruin him in the good opinion of the nation, served only to establish him there upon the strongest and surest grounds.

Southey's Peninsular War, vol. ii.

"Xavier Mina†, the son of a landholder who cultivated his own estate, and was

* That is, in 1809.—We are happy to be able to subjoin Dr. Southey's testimony to that of Sir Walter Scott.

† This account of Xavier Mina differs materially from that which has been published under the title of *The Two Minas and the Spanish Guerillas*, as extracted from the work

deputy for one of the valleys of Navarre, was a student at Pamplona when the revolution began. He was then in the eighteenth year of his age, and during the earlier part of the war had been confined to his father's house by a severe illness, from which he recovered just after Renovalles had been compelled to withdraw from Roulcal. A French commander, whose corps was encamped in the neighbourhood, sent a serjeant requiring the father in his capacity as deputy to provide rations for his men. The serjeant disappeared on the road, and in consequence the house was surrounded at midnight by a detachment of infantry, who had orders to arrest the elder Mina, and bring him to headquarters. The son, however, had time enough to secure his father's escape, and then in his name presented himself to the officer. The French General before whom he was carried threatened him with death, unless the serjeant were produced; but as every thing in that quarter was to be arranged by means of money, Mina obtained his liberty after being detained three days. The party who arrested him, had plundered his father's house. This usage, the danger he had escaped, and the injustice of the whole proceeding, roused into full action those feelings which had only been suspended by disease and languor. He provided himself with a musket and a cartridge-box, and in that trim presented himself in his own village, and offered to take the command of as many Spaniards as would engage with him in the good work of avenging their country upon its invaders. Twelve adventurers joined him; they took to the near mountains, and there, while they waited an opportunity of action, maintained themselves on his father's sheep.

His first adventure was to surprise a party of seven artillery-men, who were escorting two pieces of cannon and a quantity of ammunition from Zaragoza to Pamplona. This success procured him twenty volunteers. He sent off his prisoners to Lerida, retired again to the mountains, and being informed that a general officer was on the road, travelling with an escort of thirty-four foot and twelve horsemen, he laid an ambuscade for them, in so favorable a spot, that a volley was fired upon the French with sure effect before they had any apprehension of danger. The general was shot in his carriage, some of the escort were made prisoners, and some money fell into Mina's hands. This he immediately distributed among his men, recommending them to send part of it to their families, and retain no more than would be necessary to defray the expenses of their own interment, exposed as they must now continually be to death. The men were thus raised in their own esteem and in that of their countrymen wherever this was told; and volunteers now presented themselves in abundance, attracted by a success which was reported every where, with such exaggeration as such tales gather in their way. He received however none but those who brought arms, or whom he could supply with the spoils already taken from the enemy. His party amounted now to about threescore persons, distinguished by a red riband in their hats, and a red collar to their jackets.

He proceeded now towards the frontiers of Aragon, where a band of fifty robbers were adding to the miseries of that afflicted country. These he succeeded in surprising; the greater number were killed on the spot, the rest he sent prisoners to Tarragona. Twelve horses were taken from the party, on which he mounted some of his men, and armed them with lances; and every day added now to his numbers and his reputation. Rations were voluntarily provided for his people wherever they were expected, and given as freely at one time, as they were paid for at another from the spoils of the enemy.

He levied a duty on the passes, where a considerable trade in colonial produce was then carried on; the clergy also assisted him from their funds, and with these resources he paid and equipped his men, and kept in pay also a sufficient number of intelligencers. It was in vain that the French made repeated efforts to crush this enterprising enemy; if his troops dispersed upon the appearance or the attack of a formidable detachment, it was only to reunite, and by striking a blow in some weak point or distant quarter, render themselves more formidable than before.

of a German officer, Captain H. Von Brandt. The German officer, who collected his information in the country, acknowledges that the accounts given upon the spot differ essentially from each other. My statement was derived from Mina himself during his short abode in England. Certainly I have never seen any person whom, from his countenance and manners, I should deem less likely to be given to such company and such courses as in that publication are imputed to him.

* The name of Mina is now more than commonly interesting, which is at once our apology for introducing this extract, containing an account of his early exploits, from Dr. Southey's valuable History.

Review.

Tales of a Voyager to the Atlantic Ocean. 3 vols. Colburn.

These are very pleasing volumes, and have, from the novelty of the scenes in which many of the stories are laid, and the fidelity with which they are described, a charm which is denied to many works much more elaborate in execution, and brilliant or interesting from the pathos, poetry, or imagination which they display. The voyager is a young man, who, for the sake of sea air, undertakes a voyage to Greenland, the preparations for which, and the adventures met with in prosecuting it, form the ground-work of the story. The tales are supposed to be related by his friends and the sailors, and refer generally to the climates and regions which they pass and visit. The ground-work, being apparently compiled from a journal, narrates incidents, and describes scenes, which, to a fastidious reader, might appear too trivial, or too well known, to be tolerated in a work of this kind. In reality, however, this is a very great merit, as it strongly increases that veri-similitude, without which, a work like the present would be without interest, however great the talent which might be employed in it. The truth of these observations is forcibly recalled to our minds by a comparison of the present volumes with Cunningham's "*Paul Jones*," which we reviewed in our last. The volumes before us, particularly as to those parts which the author narrates himself; never rise above mediocrity in style either of description or sentiment: his eloquence, when he attempts it, is strained: his wit frequently mere common-place; nor is there a single passage which we could cite as being the evidence of a mind rising beyond that of a well-educated and a sensible man. In "*Paul Jones*," on the contrary, it is impossible to read a page without feeling convinced that the genius of a poet was employed upon it;—traits of high and generous feeling, tenderness, and elevation; imagery, new and gorgeous, and fantastic splendour of delineation, sparkle in almost every line, and are scattered with a profusion that would be the making of a writer of Irish melodies; but we cannot help perceiving that mere *invention* has been more exercised than observation, and the general effect upon the mind is that of weariness and dissatisfaction. The truth of the "*Voyager's Tales*," and the want of it in "*Paul Jones*," are what occasion to the former a preponderance, more to befall than described, in awakening the interest of the reader.

The merits of "*The Voyage*" itself consist in its detail, not so much of the minutiae, as of the realities which are likely to strike a young man on his first expedition. Some of them may excite a smile, such as the description of Rotherhithe and the Thames, and Yarmouth, objects faithfully recorded and delineated, something in the style of a guide-book. His narrative improves in interest as he advances on his journey, because the minuteness, which is tiresome

applied to well-known objects, is valuable when applied to such little-known places as the Shetland Islands, and the still remoter regions.

The first complete tale is the "Nikkur Holl." It is one of Shetland superstition, in itself not very new, but to us enchanting from the visions of those desolate regions which it presents to us. Spiel Trosk and Petie Winwig are two fishermen, partners in trade, but of very opposite characters. The former becomes diverted from the industry which was rapidly raising them to wealth, by the desire of arriving at it by some fortunate event. Hunting, therefore, after wrecks and their spoils, he neglects his occupations, till poverty again approaches both, and he resolves to undertake an adventure which, suggested to him by a mysterious visitor, he had at first spurned on account of its impiety. The charm consists in his suffering himself to be wrapped in the skin of a newly slaughtered cow, and exposed on the wild heath just before midnight. He persuades Petie to accompany him to the spot, and to slaughter their only remaining cow. The scene is described with much pathos. The following is the result of the exposure.

"The simple fisherman had scarcely left his more daring partner exposed upon the wild peat bog, than, as if his departure had been a signal concerted with the demons of storm and desolation, a tempest broke forth, to which neither the experience of Spiel, nor his recollection of the reports of others, could find a parallel. It began with a glare of lightning, which exposed to his view, not only the crags and hills in his own neighbourhood, but the vallies beneath, and the sea, and the small islands which lay scattered out beyond the bay. He saw them but for a moment, but he could perceive their rocks whitened with the foam of tremendous billows; which were bursting over them; and he believed he beheld what appeared to him the vision of a large strange-built vessel, driving along, dismasted, upon the ocean. He scarcely did believe, and half doubted, that he had seen this latter object, for its figure and its crew, (whose frantic gestures he had also imagined he had distinguished,) were such as were to him before unknown. But if this sight were a mere phantom, what could have brought it before his eyes? The darkness that succeeded this wide gleam was of the deepest dye, and the peals of thunder that broke around him were as loud as though the heavens had burst in its discharge. A shower of fragments was scattered from the mountain tops, and poured down their sides, with a din and clatter more terrible than the noise of the elements. Spiel expected every moment to be crushed to pieces, or buried beneath a mass of rock, and his helpless state was now to him a source of the greatest anguish. Some of the pieces dashed nearly up to him, and others bounded past, and rushed headlong over the declivity into the dell beneath, where he could hear them rolling and splashing through the deep morass. It rained when Winwig had left him, but now a body of fluid fell down upon him scarcely divided into streams, for of drops there were none, and in an instant the surface of the quaking bog on which he lay became deluged. He suddenly found himself surrounded by water, which covered his lower extremities, leaving his head and shoulders free; for Petie had raised them on a tuft of moss, which, had he not done, Trosk would have been totally immersed. Still he felt the inundation rise, for the water-spout, or whatever else it was, continued to descend, and as he was unable to stir either hand or foot, he gave himself up to death. He would have called upon heaven, but the reflection of the iniquity in which he was engaged, choked his prayer. He would have invoked the powers of darkness, but a deep-felt horror thrilled through his frame at the idea. He endeavoured to struggle, but the hide of Luckie seemed to cling more closely to him, with an avenging embrace. He thought of Petie---where was Petie? He shouted Petie! Petie! with all his strength, but his voice was drowned in the rush and turbulence of the flood, and he strained it till its sound was only a hoarse scream. A hoarse scream replied to him, or was it echo? He screamed again, in greater agony, half hoping, half in terror; but the water filled his ears, and he knew not if he were answered. 'Gracious God, I perish!' murmured Spiel, as the fluid touched his lips, and passed over them: but, in the next instant, a rush, like the

hurried tumble of a cataract, faintly reached his hearing, and he felt the deluge sink from him, and leave his mouth uncovered. It subsided, however, but a little, yet enough to give him hope, and his dismay grew less. The pouring down from the clouds likewise diminished, and the pitchy blackness of the atmosphere was less intense. Gradually the fall of water became converted into a heavy shower, which continued to grow less, and glimpses of dull light broke through the mass of darkness. Spiel blessed the sight, and found his courage return; but he felt as exhausted as if he had been struggling with death, and he longed to be released from his confinement."

"When he recovered, the tempest had ceased, the heavens were clear and bright with a vivid illumination, and the air was still. He was lying, not where Petie had left him, but at the foot of the ridge of eminences, bounding the little plain, and his frame seemed shaken and more powerless than before. He could now distinguish the roll of the waves on the shore, flowing as they were wont in calm weather, and he attempted to discover the time by the rise of the tide; for there was not the least sign of dawn, though the sky was brilliantly enlightened. He listened attentively, and heard not only the brawling murmur of the sea pouring among the shingles, but a burst of solemn music mingled with it—yet so faint that he was not convinced of its reality. A pause ensued—again a strain of harmony floated on the untroubled air—and again it was lost as a gust of wind swept up the dell. Again he heard it louder than before, and he fancied it approached him, and, as it continued, he believed he could distinguish the tune of a psalm he had heard sung by the crew of a Dutch herring-buss, which had been off the Skerries in the preceding summer. Nay, he fancied he could perceive voices occasionally join the notes, and sing the very words he had formerly heard; for, as I have said before, Trank understood the language. Although, when the winds rose, he always lost the sounds of this singular concert, yet, whenever there was a lull, he was satisfied that it gradually drew nearer, and he could now trace its advance, winding slowly up the glens from below, towards that in which he was extended.

"At length it was so distinct, that he was persuaded it must have crossed the ledge that bounded the brink of the plain, and he endeavoured to raise his head, so that he might gain a view of the source of this extraordinary melody. There was a loose fragment of stone near him, and by dint of wriggling and pushing himself along like a snail, he contrived to elevate his head upon it, and, looking forth, he beheld a long and gleamy procession approaching towards him, over the quaking bog on which he had at first been laid. Sorrow and dejection were marked on the countenances of the beings composing the troop, and their habiliments appeared heavy with moisture, and dripping like fresh sea weeds. They drew close up to him, and were silent. First came the musicians, whose instruments he had heard so long and so anxiously, but he could not scrutinize them much, for, as they advanced opposite to him, they wheeled off to the right and left, and took their stations on either side. The front space was immediately occupied by a varied group, who appeared, by their deportment, to precede some object of great distinction, which, when they parted and filed off in the same manner as the band, presented itself to view.

"This was a tall, bulky, though well built man, whose capacity of belly was properly balanced by the protuberance of that part which honor has assumed to herself. His head was not little, and his face appeared rather swollen. His shoulders were wide, and were clothed in a full coat of broad cloth, fashioned after the manner of the fourth generation past. Its skirts reached below his knees, round which they curved. It was collarless, but sleeves, vastly deep, hung from the arms, the cuffs of which were adorned with cut-steel buttons, of great circumference and brightness. Broad bands of rich gold lace covered every seam and edge, more glorious in the eyes of the beholder than the setting sun, and the lappels of a quilted vest hung down from the immense orb of his bowels, heavy with the precious metal that braided them. His thighs were arrayed in breeches of scarlet velvet, silk hose disguised his legs, and large square-toed shoes covered his feet, and lent their thongs to support gold buckles of great breadth, which glittered with precious stones. On his head was placed a long, flowing, flaxen, curling wig, surmounted by a small three-cornered cocked hat, buttoned up with gold bands, and a long, straight, basket-hilted sword hung, suspended in a broad buff-embroidered belt, by his side. In his hand he held a gold-headed clouded ground rattan, of great length and thickness, and close by his side walked a black boy, bearing a long, twisted, grotesquely fashioned pipe, which he occasionally offered to his lord, who stopped and gave a solemn puff or two, and then proceeded.

"When he came immediately opposite to Spiel, he stood still and erect, and a number of others ranged themselves on his right hand and on his left, whose dresses were fine, but not so splendid as their superior's, and they bore pipes of common form only. Behind these drew up a group of persons, many of whom were ladies, some bearing infants in their arms, others leading children by their hands, all dressed in strange and gorgeous apparel, though of fashions unknown to him who beheld them; and, lastly, came a body of men and lads, with big loose trowsers, thick heavy jackets, and red worsted night-caps, whom Trosk instantly knew to be Dutch sailors. Each of these had a quid of tobacco stuck in his cheek, and a short blackened pipe in his mouth, which he sucked in melancholy silence.

"The fisherman lay still, and saw this grim troop assemble around him, with feelings of mingled alarm and wonder; his heart did not sink, for it was kept alive by fearful curiosity, but cold sweats gathered upon his brow. Presently, the principal figure looked round, and seeing his attendants all in their stations, he took his long twisted pipe from the hands of the negro, and began to smoke in long and deep-drawn whiffs; and this seemed as a signal to the rest to follow his example, for, immediately, every mouth was in action, and which ever way Spiel cast his looks, he beheld nothing but glowing tubes and gleaming eyes turned towards him, while wreaths of smoke rose up from the multitude, and formed a dense cloud-like canopy above them. Nevertheless, though he could plainly distinguish the features and the dresses of this ghastly crew, he could also see the stars clearly glimmering through them, and now gleams of fire and electric flashes began to shoot across the heavens, and the sky grew more vividly bright than it had been. Still, though Trosk could behold all these appearances through the bodies of the phantoms, he could also perceive that his ghostly visitants were closing slowly upon him, that their ranks grew more dense, and the space between him and them more narrow, while their puffs became more violent, and the smoke rose up with redoubled velocity.

"The Shetlander was naturally a bold, and, indeed, a desperate man, and he had come to the glen with the desire of conversing with beings of another world; but when he beheld this fearful, strange, and unintelligible multitude crowded round him, and pressing nearer and nearer, as if about to overwhelm him, his courage yielded, his frame shook, and the sweat ran copiously down his face. The appearance of the black boy occasioned him more terror than all the rest; for, never having seen a negro in those far distant isles, he believed him to be a little devil, and his white teeth and whiter eyeballs looked terrific against his sable face; but his terror redoubled, when, on turning his eyes up to look at the sky above, he perceived close behind his head that little dry withered man who had accosted him in the skiff, sitting now as rigidly upright as before, but with a pipe in his mouth, which he seemed to hold there as if in grave mockery of all the assembly. Trosk started convulsively, and a choking sensation seized upon his throat; but, summoning all his energy, he mastered it, and directing himself to the principal person before him, he exclaimed, 'In the name of him ye obey, who are ye? and what want ye all with me?'

"The great man gave three puffs, more solemnly than ever, upon this adjuration, and then, taking the pipe slowly from his lips, and giving it to his attendant, he replied, in a tone of chilling formality, 'I am Aldret Janz Dundrelleay Vander Swelter, whilome commander of the good ship Carmilham, of the city of Amsterdam, homeward bound from Batavia, in the east, which being in northern latitude 60°, 10', and 17°, 5', longitude east, from the island of Ters, at 12 P. M. on the night of the 21st of October, 1699, was cast away on the inhospitable rocks of this island, and all on board perished. These are mine officers, these my passengers, and these the mariners forming my gallant crew. Why hast thou called us up from our peaceful bowers, at the bottom of the ocean, where we rest softly on beds of ooze, and smoke our pipes in quiet, listening to the songs of mermaids?—I say, why hast thou called us up?' Spiel had expected to commune with spirits, good or bad, but he had not anticipated a visit from the captain of the vessel he wished to rifle; and, indeed, the question he had to propose was rather an awkward one to put to Mynheer Vander Swelter, for ghosts are in general tenacious of hidden treasure, and a Dutch ghost was likely to be more tenacious than any other, and, in particular, the spirit of a commander in whose charge a treasure had been placed, since he might still think he had a right to preserve it for the true owners, or at least for their heirs lawfully begotten and duly qualified. But this was no time for deliberation, and the prospect of gaining his wishes poured like a reviving cordial over the soul of the fisherman, and washed away his terror. 'I would know,' replied he, 'where I can find the treasure with which your ship was laden.'

"At the bottom of the sea," answered the captain with a groan, which was echoed by all his crew.

"At what place?" said Spiel.

"In the Nikkur Noss," replied the spectre.

"How came they there?" inquired the Skerryman.

"How came you here?" answered the captain.

"I came here," said Spiel.

"'Tis false!" exclaimed the Spirit, "you came no further than the Peghts' Aulter Stane."

"I did not think of that," cried Troak, whose eagerness for wealth did not allow him to think of any thing else; "but how shall I get them?"

"A goose would dive in the Nikkur Noss for a herring, thou idiot," answered Mynheer Vander Swelter; "are not the treasures of the Carmilhan worth a similar exertion? -- Would'st thou know more?"

"Yes, how much shall I get?" said Spiel.

"More than you will ever spend," replied the captain, and the little man grinned behind Troak's head, and the whole company laughed loud.

"Hast thou done with me?" said the commander.

"Yes I have," answered Spiel Troak. "Thanks, and fare thee well!"

"Farewell, till we meet again," said Mynheer Vander Swelter, facing about and marching off, preceded by his musicians, and followed by his officers, passengers, and crew, all puffing their pipes in majestic solemnity.

Again the grave music was heard winding down the dell, accompanied by the words of the psalm, and the fisherman marked the notes grow fainter and fainter, till at length they were lost in the murmur of the waves."

Spiel goes to search for the lost treasure, and perishes. Win-wig, having first become idiotic, is supposed to have been lost in a similar expedition.

The story of Woolcroft is more common-place, both in its situations and incidents. The following song, sung at the sort of carnival which takes place on board the ship on arriving at the Greenland Seas, may amuse some of our readers.

"Oh Lord I thought I could not live,
When Sal refused to have me;
I vowed to take a desperate dive,
So sore a shock it gave me!
But off the yard when 'bout to fall,
To make my plunge more sartin,
A cherub whispered, 'love is all
My eye and Betty Martin!
All my eye---all my eye---my eye and Betty Martin.'

"Says he, 'knock off this foolish whim,
And change your way of thinking;
Full well you know you cannot swim,
And where's the use of sinking?
Get down below, a heavy squall
Is coming on I'm sartin;
Go trim the decks, for love is all
My eye and Betty Martin!
All my eye---all my eye---my eye and Betty Martin!'

"Thought I, a cherub can't be wrong,
And told him my opinion,
Besides I offered him a long
Pigtail of right Virginian;

Says he, 'I hear a mesemate call,
 And must be off that's sartin,
 Bat mind I tell you love is all
 My eye and Betty Martin!

All my eye—all my eye—my eye and Betty Martin!"

The second volume is chiefly occupied with the narratives of the chances of the ship and her crew in their whaling. These, to one unacquainted with such matters, are full of interest, and the descriptions of the ice are at once beautiful and accurate. The tales in this volume are "The Charioteer," which is about the worst of the series, although not unamusing, and "The Goth," a "Tale of Italian Banditti," possessing somewhat of more interest, but even less credibility, than most of those which have lately appeared on a similar subject. The following description of the first meeting with ice, is a fair specimen of the author's narrative.

"Early on the morning of the twenty-fourth, I was called out of bed, to see something extraordinary, as I had requested to be summoned on such occasions. I ran upon deck in my shirt, and beheld, not as I had expected, a rare bird or a fish, but a piece of ice, floating past the vessel. This was the first with which we met; but, during the morning, fragments of every size and shape encountered our view. Their colors were white, when not covered by the sea, but where they sunk beneath the water, they reflected its hues of green and blue, varying by position, and presenting occasionally tints of the richest splendor. From their rugged and craggy figures, they appeared to be fast melting, although the coldness of the weather seemed more capable of increasing than diminishing their bulk. Many of them, from the action of the waves, had acquired grotesque and singular shapes, which, as they came alongside in groupes upon the billows, afforded a thousand fanciful resemblances to the imagination. Those of the smallest size might be likened to chessmen, put in agitation by supernatural agency, or to the heads of a promiscuous multitude seen journeying along behind a bank or hedge, which concealed the rest of their bodies; while the larger masses seemed to be the riches of a sculptor's gallery, borne on a flood of quicksilver; a mingled fleet of statues, busts, pillars, capitals, tombs, and arches, formed of the purest marble. I do not wish to infer that the surface of the ocean was as smooth as liquid metal, far otherwise. During the last three days the motion of the Leviathan was as trying to the temper as the humors of a scolding wife. Standing or walking, unsupported by some immovable stay, was as impracticable as progression to an infant, and even the consolation of sitting at rest was denied us. More than once, when, during a deceitful truce, we had arranged ourselves round the stove, to dry our mittens and renew our warmth, has a sudden lift on one side unshipped us all, and tumbled us, men and chairs, cats, mittens, mugs, pots, and fire-irons, to the lowest level. Woe to him thus caught in an unlucky position, for bumps and bruises, and a thousand little inexplicable miseries, were the punishment of being surprised off guard. He who sat himself down to write without precaution, would perhaps, in half a second, behold his inkstand roll, pouring out its sable fluid into the farther corner of the cabin,—his paper gliding after it, as if eager to wipe up the black streams which should have been its own—his knife leap into the fire—his pen whisked off, heaven only knows where, and his patience—but who can talk of patience on such occasions? He may hurry to repair these mischances, if he will, and when he has managed to resettle himself, in hopes of continuing his occupation, an ominous shout, followed by a long shrieking groan of yards and cordage, bursts upon his ear, and announces that the ship is put upon another tack,—a fact which the immediate elevation of that side on which he had humbly seated himself, as being the lowest and least liable to inconvenience, confirms. Then, while he rides leaning over the upper edge of the table, as if balanced on the ridge of a house, and endeavours to improve every momentary

full, by inscribing a word or a line, comes one of those horrid kicks beneath the weather quarter, and almost jerks his eyes out of their sockets, or at least runs his pen, as if in forced contempt, through all his graphic labors. What at first might pass for Arabic or Persian, or for an arrow-headed manuscript from Persepolis, then appears not only far less intelligible, but as if intentionally scratched out: or, should he be in the act of delineating a bird or beast, or mass of ice, he will find himself compelled to mark down sundry outlines, which convert his sketch into some fearful object of non-existence. Those whose curiosity has tempted to inspect my MSS., indited under such ease-destroying circumstances, will comprehend the reality of what I here describe; but those who have attempted to read them, have indeed partaken of my sufferings."

"The Assassins," and "Vision of Lucifer," in the third volume, are new versions of very old stories; so also is "The Governess," which is preceded and succeeded by some long-winded conversations which are scarcely worth recording. "Mortram" is a tale will suit the taste of the sentimental, and "The Boarwolf" of the horrible. The following remarks are so perfectly in accordance with our own ideas, that we cannot resist the opportunity of extracting them.

"I am very glad," exclaimed Captain W—, rubbing his hands and looking round him, with an air indicative of his feelings, 'that Frank Mortram was happy at last. I don't like stories that end unhappily, at all.'

"Nor do I, John," observed our commander, 'unless there is a very striking moral inference to be drawn from their catastrophe, and even then they are more tolerable than pleasant. The mind that can feel delight in misfortune, I conceive to be either unsound, or evil-disposed, and under both circumstances undeserving of confidence. The man who can be gratified with imaginary misery, will not be so reluctant to occasion real distress, as he who holds affliction in abhorrence. There is not that strong obstacle to his acting cruelly which influences the kind-hearted being, the violation of his own comfort; and when no feeling of selfishness opposes the commission of a misdeed, there is little hope that temptation will be resisted.'

"Persons disposed to melancholy," said William, 'will feel a morbid satisfaction in perusing narratives of grief and disappointment, yet they are often most harmless creatures in society.'

"Still," replied Captain Shafton, 'they are inclined to indulge in mental food, which must be obtained by the sacrifice of happiness, though fictitious; and their appetite, when accustomed to such luxury, will relish unfeigned woe without reflecting on its source, as the glutton who has habituated his palate to excitement will feast upon the victim of culinary barbarity, without a thought of the sufferings it endured to become delicious. Few melancholy beings are guilty of crimes to satiate their propensity for distress, but they seldom fail to shew the dark side of every prospect to the parties concerned in it,—and destroy the hopes of others, for the gratification of their own gloomy imaginations. This they do, I believe, without malicious intentions, but it shews that their own feelings engross their attention, to the exclusion of other considerations. The truly kind and benevolent seek to brighten the views of life, and to make existence tolerable, even to the most depressed in condition and in mind; while the misanthrope, under the semblance of wisdom and precaution, adds the weight of anticipated evil to the oppression of the present. It is his delight, and he turns from the sight of felicity to contemplate suffering for his pleasure.'

"The Voyager" brings his adventures rather abruptly to a conclusion; but as he was somewhat tedious in the first part, in describing his personal observations, this may be the better borne. We bid him farewell with reluctance, for his work is, on the whole, extremely

amusing; his reflections are rational and just, and altogether display feelings more consonant to the sober and well-disciplined mind which ought to characterize the English gentleman, than we have lately been accustomed to see.

Ahab: a Poem, in Four Cantos. By S. R. Jackson, Author of "Lament of Napoleon," "Fall of the Crescent," "Affection's Victim," &c. &c. &c.

Mr. Jackson's morality is unquestionable: he tells us, in page 6 of his preface, that in his poem of "Ahab" he has endeavoured to shew that crime always brings its own punishment, and that whenever we do wrong, an inward monitor reminds us of it. In the first canto he depicts the folly of endeavouring to drown the remembrance of guilt in wine, and he concludes it with some moral reflections. In the opening of his second canto, there is a comparison of the mist carelessly floating on the air with Youth on the wave of Life; and part of the third canto is destined, as its argument assures us, to showing the insignificance of pomp and pride. His poem, moreover, is interspersed with some remarks on the fall of empires, and the faithfulness of woman. His taste and memory are equally unobjectionable and excellent; in fact, they are like our own; we admire as much, and remember almost as much as he does himself, the passages of Lord Byron which appear to be his favorites.

He is equally remarkable for originality;—his grammar, pronunciation, versification, philosophy, and conception of character, are, in many respects, entirely his own. We beg leave to make some quotations in support of these assertions. Some of the words we have put in italics, are instances of the novel beauty with which this author can surprise us in the midst of passages the most familiar to our memory. The parting of Ahab and Zebudah appears, at first sight, an exact copy of the parting of Conrad and Medora; but on a more accurate perusal, we find it replete with exquisite varieties, resulting from Mr. Jackson's peculiar style of thought and expression.

"Why lov'd she thus that man of sin and shame?"

"Unthinking mortal, marvel if thou wilt,
You know not of those secret things that bind
Soft hearts, *alas*, to hearts of sterner kind."

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"'Twas for that more than softer hearts diffuse
To those whom it were agony to lose,
And kindness few of milder mood possess."

"The wild flower loves the shadow of the rock."

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"The night is gone! the eyelids of the morn
Melt into life *like infants newly born*."

"Swift glide the hours, and o'er the cloud of morn
With solitary gleam *soars Cynthia's horn*."

" Why need my pen the various assets express,
That few are ign'rant of, and all may guess !"

" Thou long hast sway'd me, but thou shalt no more."

" To-morrow's morn may mighty difference make."

" If freely I my thoughts may utter here,
With unoffending voice and soul sincere,
I speak for war ! why should we fear his might ?
Perchance in this ye may not deem me right :
Yet weigh th' occasion well, I but advise
As one who on our native strength relies."

These last words are extracted from the speech of a young chief, who is eager to attack the enemy ; how different is the cautious candour they display from the inconsiderate turbulence usually attributed to impatient warriors.

" And when he dies, may vilest things *accurs'd*
Riot and revel in his hated dust."

" Long have we had good reason to complain,
Long have our people groan'd beneath his chain."

" 'Tis fit we now should some resistance make,
The reed, too often bow'd, at last will break."

" While he is fighting but to *hand his name*,
Stain'd with a nation's blood, to future fame."

" Let us not tamely to his summons yield,
'Tis time enough *when conquer'd in the field*.
To combat for our freedom is *but right*,
Warriors ! my resolution is to fight."

" Azeni, Tekoa, Lachish, *Maresha*,
Dor, and Adullam, rush with her to war."

" Oh, human beauty, what art thou but *dust* !
Oh, human pride, who bears thee is *accurs'd* !"

" He ceas'd ! and admiration on each breast
A *pleasing stillness* o'er the scene impress'd."

" When that vast mind hath *moulder'd* in the tomb."

" And whom they slighted living, insult dead."

" When not a cloud or star is in the sky,
But all looks *vast, and blue, and beautifully*."

" Thither the seraph flew, and saw amaz'd,
A mighty throne, that rich with jewels *blaz'd*."

A seraph amazed at a throne rich with jewels ! What daring sublimity of imagination ! Is it some new insult he meditates ?

" Ahab was not wont
To see his foe in arms, and *ponder on't*."

This last quotation is almost overwhelming. We must take a little time to ponder on it.

" O ever good ! for thou didst never yet
Upbraid me, than thou could'st not but regret."

We do not quite understand this ; but in a work of so much

genius, we must expect to meet with some flights beyond the pitch of an ordinary comprehension.

"Why staidst thou?—What hath kept thee from my sight?"

"See, the *repast* thou lov'st invites thy taste."

This is no *mortal* music.

"Yet, wert those false, if that too maddening sense
Of blighted hope, mistaken confidence,
Were mine."

"But rapture like to this stern fate denies,
And in its stead this kiss must now suffice."

Such are Mr. Jackson's merits; yet in his preface we find the following astonishing assertions:—

"Thrice have the waves of neglect passed over me." "I have tried, and could not get a purchaser."

There is a little obscurity here. Is something omitted? Are we to consider his readers as the objective? or Lindley Murray? He himself accounts for his failure by the following ingenious and poetical supposition:—

"At this season, when the leaves are falling fast, booksellers, as well as trees, get cold hearted."

He also says,

"Dry prose is better lov'd than is sweet song."

We confess we do not think this a sufficient explanation of the mystery; but it is not only Mr. Jackson's want of success, which we find surprising on reading the poem of "Ahab." We feel a considerable portion of astonishment at the occasional appearance of such lines as the following in its pages:—

"And manhood's wreck but strews the tide of age."

"Rouse then, my friends, let morning's breezes show
The banner of our battles to the foe."

"When broken is the mighty wand that gave,
The buried dead of ages from the grave,
To walk with them, and in their barren ways
Scatter the glory of departed days;"

"So let it be, it does not argue much,
I am unblest'd, and these are many such."

A satisfactory answer to the problem may perhaps be found by better metaphysics or memories than our own. We will return to our author's preface.

"During the printing of this work, one has criticized a rough rhyme, another cried, 'Ha! what you turned poet?' and giving his head a significant shake, said, 'batter rained Cocker.' 'So I would,' I replied, 'but Cocker won't mind me.'—In all the various changes of my life, the Muse has not deserted me: beloved ones have vanished—friends have deceived—but she has remained faithful. One critic has advised this addition, another that curtailment; but remembering the story of the old man and the boy, and the ass, I plod on; not that I am indifferent to opinion, far from it; but there are persons whose advice one cannot take, who find fault merely for the sake of talking, and impale an author from mere spleen."

Mr. Jackson's indulgent opinion of his muse merits her fidelity, at all events; nevertheless, however, we will not "find fault, merely for the sake of talking."

His present work is published by subscription. On this subject he says:

"It has been customary to print subscribers' names, and this would have been done here, but from *general objection* to it; yet I cannot refrain from honorable mention of a few, whom I trust I shall not offend by the distinction."

Then follow four or five letters, placed out of alphabetical order, and preceded by the titles of Miss and Mr. Is this the honorable mention to which Mr. Jackson alludes? We do not, ourselves, see how it can be deemed a very offensive distinction.

But we imagine the contemplation of Mr. Jackson's poetry must by this time have lulled our readers into "a pleasing *stickness* of admiration;" we will leave them to its enjoyment,

"As sweet repose and rest
Come to their heads, as that within our breast."

History of the Peninsular War. By Robert Southey, Esq. LL.D., &c.
2nd volume. Murray.

We received this volume so late in the month, that it is absolutely impossible for us, in justice to its merits, to attempt any thing like a lengthened review. A hasty glance enables us to ascertain, that it is by no means inferior to its predecessor, in sustained dignity of style; in concise but comprehensive accounts of the diversified events of this eventful war; in the masterly delineation of the characters of those noble spirits, such as the Romans and Albuquerque, who half redeemed the fallen chivalry of Spain; nor in any of those qualities which should distinguish the history of events no less interesting in their progress, than decisive in their ultimate results upon the destinies of Europe. There is, perhaps, too much bitterness of resentment displayed by the author against the party of the English nation who were opposed to the prosecution of the war in Spain, and which, though it would be properly displayed in the Quarterly Review, is scarcely compatible with the elevation above party spirit which ought to be the characteristic of the historian. Nevertheless, it is impossible not to feel, that this *History of the Peninsular War* is a work which it would be disgraceful to any English gentleman not to possess, as one of the most precious ornaments of his library. Poor as we are, at the present day, in historical writers, it is a splendid consolation to find that the grandest national exploits performed since the days of Marlborough, have been described by one who was worthy of the task, and that the deeds of the greatest warriors of our time have been narrated in fitting language by one of the greatest of our poets.

The volume before us embraces those transactions which took place in Spain, from the retreat of the British to Corunna, to the

retreat of the French from Santarem; transactions exhibiting on the part of the Spaniards, a strange mixture of indomitable bravery and disgraceful cowardice; the most heroic fidelity, and the basest treachery; wisdom and folly; conduct and incapacity; the noblest virtues, and the worst of vices: on the part of the French, valor, conduct, and masterly genius, sullied by the perpetuations of crimes revolting even to imagine, and for which the soldiery of France have by no means paid a sufficient penalty, although the vengeance of the nations whom they oppressed in the Peninsula, was as stern as the offences which called it forth were horrible. It is to the operations of the British army which we turn with feelings of almost unalloyed delight, guided by skill not equal to that of the French—acting with bravery far more conspicuous—displaying on almost every occasion a spirit of discipline, mercy, and justice, far superior to that of their opponents and allies. The pain occasioned to us by the perusal of the disasters which so long impeded their success, is alleviated by the moral satisfaction derived from the glorious light in which they appear, contrasted with the two nations whom they came to combat or assist.

We do not pretend to give any thing like an abstract of these events, but shall content ourselves with a few extracts relative to those occurrences which are the most interesting to Englishmen. The first chapter narrate the departure of Buonaparte from Spain, and the dispersion of the Spanish troops in Catalonia and Arragon. These melancholy details are enlivened by the following account of Lord Cochrane's defence of Fort Trinidad; and it should be observed, to Dr. Southey's credit, that he gives the proper meed of applause to persons, whom, from his political prepossession, he might be suspected as willing to pass over:—

“The citadel was soon in a desperate state, and the fort might have been considered so; for it was at this time battered in breach, and a passage to the lower bomb-proof being nearly effected, the marines of the *Fame* were withdrawn. At this juncture Lord Cochrane arrived in the *Imperieuse*. During the month of September this gallant officer, with his single ship, had kept the whole coast of Languedoc in alarm, destroyed the newly-constructed semaphoric telegraphs (which were of the utmost consequence to the numerous coasting convoys of the French) at Bourdique, La Pinede, St. Maguire, Frontignan, Canet, and Foy; demolished fourteen barracks of the *gens-d'armes*; blown up a battery and the strong tower upon the lake of Frontignan; and not only prevented any troops from being sent from that province into Spain, but excited such dismay there, that 2000 men were drawn from Figueras to oppose him. The coasting trade was entirely suspended during this alarm; and with such consummate prudence were all his enterprises planned and executed, that not one of his men was either killed or hurt, except one, who was singed in blowing up the battery.

“Lord Collingwood, with his wonted prudence, had entrusted Cochrane with discretionary orders to assist the Spaniards wherever it could be done with most probability of success, and he hastened to the Bay of Rosas as soon as he knew of the siege, . . . too late, and yet in time to signalise himself. Captain Bennett, though he had withdrawn his own men, did not alter Lord Collingwood's orders, and Cochrane threw himself into Fort Trinidad with eighty seamen and marines, at a time when the garrison, amounting to the same number, would else have surrendered, perceiving that further resistance had been thought unavailing by the English themselves. This garrison was changed, and the new men brought with them fresh hope and unexhausted strength. Cochrane formed a

support within the breach of palisades and barrels, ships' hammock-cloths, awning, &c. filled with sand rubbish; these supplied the place of walls and ditches. Sanson, the commandant of the engineers, pronounced the breach practicable. His opinion was relied on with the more confidence because he was well-acquainted with the place; but the Captain who was ordered to lead the assault thought otherwise; he had been in the Spanish service, and in garrison at that very fort, and he said that it was not possible to enter there: nevertheless he would make the attempt if he were ordered, with the certainty of perishing in it, and leading his party to destruction. Under such circumstances it requires more firmness to give the order than to obey...but it is of a different kind. The order was given, and the officer perished as he had foreseen and foretold. Two of his companions escaped by the humanity of the English, who, instead of killing four men whose lives were at their mercy, suffered two to retire, while they drew up the others by a rope, to secure them as prisoners. When the breach had been rendered practicable, a more formidable assault was made. Lord Cochrane had prepared for it with that sportiveness by which English sailors are as much characterized as schoolboys. He not only stationed men with bayonets immediately within the breach, to give the assailants an immediate greeting, but he laid well-greased planks across the breach, upon which many of the French slipped and fell in endeavouring to pass: and he hung ropes there with fish-hooks fastened to them, by which not a few were caught in their retreat. The enemy suffered a severe loss on this occasion. There was in Lord Cochrane's conduct here, and in all places, that contempt of danger which in former ages would have been imputed to a reliance upon charms, and which never fails to inspire confidence. Once, while the besiegers were battering the fort, the Spanish flag fell into the ditch: he let himself down by a rope through a shower of balls to recover it, returned unhurt, and planted it again upon the walls. The citadel at length having been battered in breach till it was no longer tenable, capitulated, and the garrison, marching out with the honors of war, were sent prisoners into France. Two thousand men, who had given proof of steadiness and courage, were thus lost to Spain. Lord Cochrane then saw that any farther resistance in Fort Trinidad was impossible; and having maintained its shattered walls twelve days after they had been deemed untenable, he embarked all the men, and blew up the magazine.

The 17th chapter is an afflicting account of the dissensions and incapacity of the Spaniards, which led to the defeats at Ucles, and the disasters of Cuenca;—the services of Sir Robert Wilson, and the jealousy of the Spaniards at Cadiz. The 18th contains the second siege and fall of Zaragoza, which is perhaps the most painfully interesting of the volume; the 19th, the second invasion of Portugal by Soult; the 20th, the total defeat of the Spaniards at Medellin; the 21st is an abstract of the proceedings in England relative to the war, and brings us at last to the embarkation of Sir Arthur Wellesley for Portugal, whose coming was the harbinger of better and more successful days.

The following general observations are at this moment particularly interesting.

"There were members who boldly asserted in Parliament that the Portuguese did not like the English. A more groundless assertion has seldom been hazarded there. The connection between England and Portugal was not an ordinary one, built upon immediate interests, and liable to change with the chance of circumstances. There were nations with whom, during the long struggle against Buonaparte, we were in league one day, and at war the next, the hostility being without anger, and the alliance without esteem. Our friendship with Portugal was like our enmity to France, founded upon something deeper. From the day when Portugal first became a kingdom, with the exception of that unfortunate period when the Philips usurped its crown, England had been its tried and faithful friend. When Lisbon was conquered from the Moors, English crusaders assisted at the siege; English archers contributed to the victory of Aljubarrota, which effected the first deliverance of Portugal from Castile; an Englishwoman,

a Plantagenet, was the mother of that Prince Henry, whose name will for ever remain conspicuous in the history of the world; the Braganza family, when it recovered its rights, applied, and not in vain, to its hereditary ally; and when Lisbon was visited by the tremendous earthquake of 1755, money was immediately voted by the English parliament for the relief of the Portuguese people; and ships laden with provisions were dispatched to them in a time of scarcity at home*. These things are not forgotten—if there be a country in the world where the character of the English is understood, and England is loved as well as respected, it is Portugal. The face of its rudest mountaineer brightens when he hears that it is an Englishman who accosts him; and he tells the traveller that the English and the Portuguese were always—always friends."

The arrival of the British troops was the warning to Soult at that time to evacuate Portugal; but his movements were hastened by a rapidity of evolutions on the part of the English general which he by no means expected or desired.

"The enemy continued their retreat, and having crossed the bridge in the night, set fire to it, and completely destroyed it. At daybreak the British troops were again in motion, in full expectation and hope of again bringing the enemy to action; but before they could be reached there was a river to be crossed, more formidable than ever General had attempted to pass in the presence of a respectable foe.

"The Douro, which has the longest course of any river in the Peninsula, and rolls a larger volume of waters than the Tagus to the sea, is about three hundred yards wide at Porto, its deep and rapid stream being contracted between high and rocky shores. Soult had prepared for leaving the city, but he did not dream of being driven out of it. Having stood upon the quay from midnight till four in the morning, and seen not only the breaking up of the bridge, but the pontoons consumed as they floated down, and having previously given orders that all boats should be brought to the Porto side of the river, and collected at one place, that they might be the better guarded, he is said to have supposed that the English would avail themselves of their maritime means, embark their troops, and attempt a landing near the mouth of the Douro; and in that belief he went to his head-quarters, which were between the city and the sea, expecting that he could remain another day in perfect safety, which would allow time for the movements of the troops from Viana. Franceschi was instructed to guard the coast with the rear-guard; Laborde was to support him; Mermet to station one brigade at Val-longo, and two at Baltar, and to have frequent parties on his right to observe the river, and destroy all boats that could be discovered. Orders were also dispatched to Lobson, requiring him to keep his ground at Mezam-frio and at Pezo da Ragoa, to prevent the enemy from crossing at either of these points. Every thing was prepared for retreating, biscuit distributed to the troops, the money from the public treasury delivered over to the paymaster, and a battalion was stationed on the quay, with the artillery. But the French were so possessed with the notion that the English must make a maritime descent, that this whole battalion was stationed below the bridge, and not a single post placed above it.

"Sir A. Wellesley knew how important it was, with reference to Beresford's operations, that he should cross the Douro without delay. In the morning he sent Major-General Murray up the river, to send down boats if he could find any, and endeavour to effect a passage at Avintes, about five miles above the city, where it might be possible for the troops to ford. The Guards, under Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke, were to cross at the ferry below the city as soon as boats could be obtained, and he himself directed the passage of the main body from the Convent of S. Agostinho da Serra, which stands in the suburb of Villa Nova upon the most elevated spot on that side. It was certain that the enemy would have taken all common precautions for securing the boats, but it was equally certain that the inhabitants would do every thing in their power to assist their deliverers. Two boats were brought over by them to the foot of the eminence on which the Convent stands, and two more were sent down the stream to the same spot. There was a large unfinished building on the opposite side, designed for the bishop's

* "While the Americans carried over ready-built houses for sale; and the French sent a frigate, by which the *Grand Monarque* expressed his condolence for what had happened, and requested to know if he could be of any use."

palace, which afforded a good position for those who should land first till they could be supported; and some guns were placed in the Convent garden, where they were masked by fir trees, in a situation to bear upon the enemy with effect.

"Four boats only had been collected when the passage was begun; but more were presently on the way, for the inhabitants were on the alert to promote their own deliverance. Lieutenant-General Paget crossed in one of the first, and took up a position with the Buffs as fast as they landed, and reached the summit. They were attacked in great force, and stood their ground most gallantly till the 48th and 66th, and a Portuguese battalion, arrived successively to support them. General Paget lost an arm early in the action, and the command devolved upon Major-General Hill. The most strenuous exertions were made by the inhabitants for transporting the troops, while this contest was maintained, in which sure hope and British resolution counterbalanced the great inequality of numbers. About two hours after the commencement of the action, General Sherbrooke, with the Guards and the 29th, appeared on the enemy's right, having crossed at the lower ferry; and about the same time General Murray was seen coming from the side of Avintes in the opposite direction. If any thing could be needed to animate the spirit of Englishmen at such a time, they had it that day. Hastening up the steep streets of Porto as fast as they could be landed and formed to support their countrymen, they were welcomed by the inhabitants with such demonstrations of joy as might have warmed colder hearts than those to which they were addressed. Handkerchiefs were waved from every balcony, and blessings breathed upon them, and shouts of triumphant gratulation and convulsive laughter mingled with the tears and prayers that greeted them.

"The French had been completely surprised. The very boldness of the attempt, for history has recorded no passage of the kind so bold, was its security; till they saw that it was accomplished, they did not believe it would be attempted. A *chef de bataillon* told one of the generals that the English were passing, and his report was disregarded. Soult was assured by the French governor of the city that it was only some stragglers of their own people who had tarried behind till the bridge had been destroyed, and that the boatmen had gone to bring them across, but that he had forbidden the passage of boats on any pretext to the left bank. The Marshal was satisfied with this; and the report that the enemy were coming was not believed till General Foy, going upon the high ground opposite to the Convent, from whence Sir Arthur was directing the operations, saw the troops crossing, and Portuguese upon the walls making signals to them. In the confusion that ensued among the French, General Foy was wounded, and narrowly escaped being taken, for the enemy thought only of retreating as fast as possible, when they saw troops on either side arriving to support General Hill. It was about five in the afternoon when the action was terminated by their flight. The British were too much fatigued to follow up their victory that evening, when they might have completed the destruction of an enemy not less thoroughly dispirited than discomfited. But in the last four days they had marched over fourscore miles of difficult country. So complete and signal a success against an equal enemy was perhaps never before obtained at so little cost; the loss at Porto consisted only of twenty-three men killed, ninety-six wounded, and two missing, and in the preceding affairs at Albergaria and Grifo of 102 in all. That of the enemy was very considerable; they left behind them five pieces of cannon, eight ammunition tumbrils, many prisoners, and about a thousand men in the hospitals.

"Porto presented an extraordinary scene that night; every house was illuminated, while the gutters were still red with blood, and the streets strewn with dead bodies both of horses and men. There had been three hours' fighting in the suburbs, and before night the French who had fallen were stripped and left naked where they lay; they had their plunder about them for removal, and they had provoked by the most intolerable wrongs a revengeful people.

The disasters of Blake occupy the 23rd chapter; and in the 24th the reader will alternately be assailed by emotions of resentment, indignation, admiration, and pleasure, as he peruses the details of the absurd obstinacy, which, interfering with Sir Arthur Wellesley's plans, occasioned the loss of an opportunity of gaining a decisive victory, and substituted in its place, the doubtful, though well-fought, battle

of Talavera—This battle is too much a subject of national exultation to be passed over.

"About eleven, the enemy having been baffled in all their attempts, intermitted the attack, rested their troops, and, it is said, cooked their dinners upon the field. Wine and a little bread were served out to the British troops. A brook which flows into the Tago separated the French and English in one part of the field, and during this pause men of both armies went there to drink, as if a truce had been established. Their muskets were laid down and their helmets put off while they stooped to the stream, and when they had quenched their thirst, they rested on the brink, looking at each other. The heat and exasperation of battle were suspended; they felt that mutual respect which proofs of mutual courage had inspired, and some of them shook hands across the brook, in token that, although they were met to shed each other's blood, brave men knew how to value a brave enemy. At such a moment it was natural for Englishmen to have no other feeling: the atrocities by which Buonaparte's soldiers, in the Peninsula, had disgraced their profession, their country, and their nature, were for the time forgotten. This interval also was taken for bringing off the wounded, who lay intermingled as they had fallen. And here, also, a redeeming sense of humanity was manifested; all hostility being suspended among those who were thus employed, and each striving who should, with most alacrity, assist the other in extricating the common sufferers. About noon, Victor ordered a general attack along the whole line. His own three divisions were to attack the hill once more. Sebastiani was to form his first division in two lines on the left of Lapisse; Leval, with a brigade just then arriving from Aranjuez, to be stationed to the left of this division, a little in the rear; still further left, Milhaud, with his dragoons, was to observe Talavera; Latour Maubourg's infantry, and Merlin's light-horse, formed in the rear of Victor to support his corps, and advance into the open ground now occupied by him, as soon as he should have won the hill. The reserve was placed in a third line behind Sebastiani's corps.

"From the moment this general attack commenced, the firing of musketry was heard, on all sides, like the roll of a drum, with scarcely a moment's interruption during the remainder of the day, the deeper sound of a heavy cannonade rising above it like thunder. The operations of the French were deranged by a blunder of Leval's division, which they attribute to the ruggedness of the ground, and the impossibility of preserving the line among the olive trees and vines. Instead of forming in *echelon* in the rear, it advanced to the front, and, before it had finished deploying, it was attacked. Sebastiani sent a brigade to its support, and it fell back to the ground which it was designed to occupy. This occasioned some delay. When the line was formed, Sebastiani waited till Victor had begun the attack. Lapisse first crossed the ravine, supported by Latour Maubourg's cavalry, and by two batteries, each of eight pieces of cannon. Vilatte threatened the hills and covered the valley, and Ruffin, skirting the great chain of mountains to the left, endeavoured to turn the flank of the British army. The attack upon the hill was exceedingly formidable, but, like all the former, it failed. Lapisse was mortally wounded, his men were driven back, and Victor himself rallied them, and brought them once more to the contested point; their retrograde movement had exposed Sebastiani's right, and there also the French suffered considerably.

"While Victor led his troops once more to the foot of that hill which had so often been fatal to the assailants, Vilatte with the columns in the valley advanced to his support. General Anson's brigade, consisting of the 1st German light dragoons, and the 23d dragoons, with General Fane's heavy cavalry, were ordered to charge them. The French formed in two solid squares; they were protected by a deep ravine, which was not perceived till the horses were close to it; and they kept up a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. This was the most destructive part of the whole action; numbers of men and horse fell into the ravine—numbers were mown down. But the portion which got over were collected, as well as he could, by the Honorable Major Ponsonby, and led upon the bayonets of the enemy. They passed between two columns of infantry, against which they could effect nothing, then galloped upon the regiment of chasseurs which supported them. Here they were charged by some regiments in reserve, surrounded, broken, dispersed, and almost destroyed, losing two-thirds of their number. The rest (Lord William Russell was among them) passed through the intervals of the French columns, and retired within their own lines. Injudicious and unfortunate as the charge was, the desperate courage with which officers and men had advanced upon almost certain destruction astonished the enemy; it put an end to their efforts on that side, and

no further attempt was made upon the hill, which was now covered with dead, dying, wounded, and exhausted troops.

"The attack upon the centre was made at the same time. General Campbell was supported by Egola and Heustrosa, and by a regiment of Spanish *hossas*; the allies repulsed the enemy, and while the Spaniards turned their flank, the English took their cannon. A column, chiefly consisting of Germans, advanced with excellent steadiness through a heavy fire of artillery, like men who, having obtained the highest military character, were resolved to keep it. They were received by Lieutenant-General Sherbrooke's men with a volley of musketry which staggered them: the whole British division then rushed forward with the bayonet, and by that irresistible charge the enemy were driven back with great slaughter. But the brigade of Guards advanced too far in pursuit; they were attacked by the French reserve, they were cut down by a close fire of artillery from a wood; in a few minutes all their mounted officers were killed, with more than 500 men, and at that moment the fate of the day appeared worse than doubtful. But Sir Arthur's foresight secured the victory which had been so long contested. Seeing the advance, and apprehending the consequence, he moved a battalion of the 48th from the heights to their support; and this timely succour, with the assistance of the second line of General Cotton's cavalry, saved the brigade from that total destruction which must else have been inevitable. The broken Guards passed through the intervals of the 48th, re-formed behind it, and then in their turn supported the regiment which had preserved them. Upon their advance, the enemy, whose heart now failed them, retired; the Guards renewed the *hussas* with which they had advanced, and the cry was taken up along the whole line. It was the shout of victory on the part of the allies: for though the light troops continued to fire, and from time to time a heavy cannonade was renewed, the enemy made no further attempt.

"A circumstance more horrid than unfrequent in war, occurred toward the close of the action; the long dry grass took fire, and many of the wounded were scorched to death. It was night before the battle ended, and the allies were far from certain that it would not be renewed on the morrow. The moon rose dimly, the night was chill and damp because of the heavy dew; the troops lay in position on the ground, without covering, and without food; even water was scarce; but the officers and the generals were faring alike, and neither murmuring was heard for their privations, nor apprehension felt for what the morrow might bring forth. The French had made large fires along the whole front of their line. At day-light the troops were under arms, and in order of battle, but the enemy had disappeared, a rear-guard only being in sight on the left of the Alberche. The intruder had been a spectator of the whole action. During the night contradictory reports were brought him, some affirming that another attack must ensure the victory, others that Victor's right had been turned, and he could not possibly keep his ground. In this dilemma Joseph sent to ascertain the true report, and retired to rest, in expectation of having the favorable one confirmed, the reserve bivouacking round him. At day-break he was awakened by Sebastiani, who had fallen back with his corps upon the reserve during the night, and who came with tidings that he had been compelled to make this retrograde movement, because Victor was retreating along the foot of the hills to Casalegas. This intelligence left no time for deliberation. The Intruder began to retreat also, but in perfect order; Milhaud's division formed the rear, and Latour Maubourg brought off many of the wounded. Twenty pieces of cannon were taken by the conquerors; the prisoners were not many.

The remainder of the 24th chapter and the 25th, comprise the recitals of the misfortunes of the Spanish armies at Almonacid, at Ocana, and at Alba de Tormes, and the preparations of Lord Wellington for his retreat upon the lines of Torres Vedras. The 26th is devoted to the siege of Gerona, which is another of those remarkable events that so ennoble the Spanish character. We have no room for extracts from this portion of the work; and, in fact, the whole of it should be read together; the 27th, gives us the history of the deliberations which in France and England influenced the fortunes of the Peninsula; the 28th, the march of the French on Cadiz; and the total conquest of Spain, except that comparatively little neck, by

their armies; nor is there any thing, but a view of the disaster after disaster borne up against by the Spaniards with astonishing perseverance, till the 32nd chapter, when the "Favorite Child of Victory" appears upon the scene, with the vaunt of driving the English legions into the sea. The battle of Busaco gave him the first doubt of his success;—which the formidable aspect of the ever-memorable fortification of Torres Vedras soon reduced into certainty. We give Dr. Southey's animated narrative of the battle, with which we shall conclude our extracts and remarks.

"Busaco, which was now to become famous in British and Portuguese history, had long been a venerable name in Portugal. It is the only place in that kingdom where the barefooted Carmelites possessed what, in monastic language, is called a desert; by which term an establishment is designated where those brethren, whose piety flies the highest pitch, may at once enjoy the advantages of the eremite and the discipline of the cenobite life, and thus indulge the heroism of ascetic devotion in security. The convent, surrounded by an extensive and almost impervious wood, stands in, what may be called, the crater of the loftiest part of the ridge: its precincts, which included a circumference of about four miles, were walled in. Within that circuit were various chapels and religious stations; and, on the summit of the mountain, which is within the inclosure, a stone cross was erected of enormous size, upon so huge a foundation, that three thousand cart-loads of stone were employed in constructing its base. The cells of the brethren were round the church*, not in a regular building, but accommodated to the irregularities of the ground, and lined with cork, which was every where used, instead of wood, because of the dampness of the situation. Every cell had its garden and its water-course for irrigating it, the cultivation of these little spots being the only recreation which the inhabitants allowed themselves as lawful. In one of these gardens the first cedars which grew in Portugal were raised. It was, indeed, one of those places where man has converted an earthly Paradise into a Purgatory for himself, but where superstition almost seems sanctified by every thing around it. Lord Wellington's head-quarters were in the convent; and the solitude and silence of Busaco were now broken by events, in which its hermits, dead as they were to the world, might be permitted to partake all the agitations of earthly hope and fear.

"On the 26th Generals Hill and Leith joined the army. This corps had made so rapid and arduous a march, that Massena regarded its junction as impossible, and reckoned, therefore, that the force which he wished to attack must necessarily be weak in front, if indeed Lord Wellington should venture to give him battle. That general arrived on the same day at Mortagao, and the bridge over the Criz was re-established for his artillery, the army having crossed at a ford a little way above. Some skirmishing took place, and, at S. Antonio do Cantaro, the French were resisted in a manner which made them first apprehend that a determined stand was to be made against them. Massena himself upon this, reconnoitred the position, after which he asked one of the unworthy Portuguese who accompanied him, if he thought the allies would give him battle? He was answered, that undoubtedly they would, seeing they showed themselves in such strength. The French Marshal replied, I cannot persuade myself that Lord Wellington will risk the loss of his reputation; but if he does, I have him!—To-morrow we shall effect the conquest of Portugal; and in a few days I shall drown the leopard!

"About two on the following morning the French army was in motion. Ney's corps formed in close column on the right, at the foot of the hill, and on the road which leads to the convent; Regnier's on the left, upon the southern road which passes by S. Antonio do Cantaro; Junot's was in the centre, and in reserve; the cavalry was in the rear, the ground not permitting it to act. The allied British and Portuguese army was posted along the ridge of the Serra, forming the segment of a circle, the extreme points

* "The author of *Der Feldzug von Portugal in den Jahren 1811 und 1812* (Stuttgart und Tübingen, 1816) is mistaken in calling it the burial-place of the kings of Portugal.

of which embraced every part of the enemy's position, and from whence every movement on their part could be immediately observed. The troops had bivouacked that night in position, as they stood : Lord Wellington in the wood near the centre, the general officers at the heads of their divisions and brigades. The orders were that all should stand to their arms before day-light ; and the whole army were in high spirits, deeming themselves sure of an action, and of success. Before day-break the rattling of the enemy's carriages was heard, and a few of their guns were brought to fire upon a smaller number of British ones which had been placed to command the road. At dawn the action began on the right, and after some firing by the light troops in advance of the position, the enemy attacked a village which was in front of the light division, and which, though its possession was of advantage to the French, Lord Wellington chose rather to let them occupy, than suffer an action to be brought on upon less favorable ground than that which he had chosen, and where he was sure of success. The nature of the ground, upon which this assurance was founded, facilitated the enemy's movements to a certain degree, but no further ; its steepness and its inequalities covered their ascent, and they gained the summit with little loss. Regnier's corps was the first that was seriously engaged : it ascended at a part where there were only a few light troops ; and being thus enabled to deploy without opposition, the French possessed themselves for a moment, in considerable strength, of a point within the line. Their first column was received by the 88th regiment alone, part of Major-General Mackinnon's brigade, which was presently reinforced by half the 45th, and soon afterwards by the 8th Portuguese : their second found the 74th, with the 9th and 21st Portuguese, ready to receive them on the right. Being repulsed there, they tried the centre with no better fortune : the remainder of Major-General Picton's division coming up, he charged them with the bayonet, and dislodged them, greatly superior in numbers as they were, from the strong ground which they had gained ; at the same time, Major-General Leith arriving with a brigade on their flank, joined in the charge, and they were driven down the hill with great slaughter, leaving 700 dead upon the ground. Few prisoners were taken.

" Marshal Ney meantime was not more fortunate with his division. Part of it he formed in column of mass, and ordered it to ascend upon the right of the village which he had occupied. They came up in the best possible order, though not without suffering considerably from the light infantry ; the ground, however, covered them in part by its steepness. Major-General Craufurd, who commanded on that side, judiciously made his troops withdraw just behind the crest of the ridge whereon they were formed : he himself remained in front, on horseback, observing the enemy. No sooner had they reached the summit than the guns of his division opened a destructive fire upon them ; and the men appearing suddenly at a distance only of some twenty paces, advanced and charged. Instantly the French were broken ; the foremost regiments of the column were almost destroyed, and those who escaped fled down the steep declivity, running, sliding, or rolling, as they could. General Simon, who commanded the column, was wounded and taken. Massena was now convinced that the attack could not succeed, and, therefore, halted the support at the foot of the hill. He endeavoured to decoy Lord Wellington out of a position which had been proved impregnable : but the British commander persisted in the sure system on which he had resolved, and the remainder of the day was employed in skirmishing between the light troops. They were directed to retire when pressed, and give the enemy an opportunity of repeating the attack. But the enemy had received too severe a lesson to venture upon a repetition, and, as night approached, they were drawn off to some distance, near the ground where Junot and the reserve were stationed. The village which they had been allowed to occupy in the morning still remained in their possession. Major-General Craufurd sent to the officer who commanded there, saying it was necessary for his corps, and requiring him to abandon it. The reply was, that he would die in defence of the post with which he was intrusted. This tone was neither called for by the occasion nor justified by the event. Six guns were immediately opened upon him ; some companies of the 43d and of the Rifle Corps were ordered to charge the village ; the French were instantly driven out, and the advanced post of the light division resumed possession.

" Victories of greater result at the time have been gained in Portugal, but never was a battle fought there of more eventual importance to the Portuguese nation ; for the Portuguese troops, whom the French despised, whom the enemies of the ministry in England reviled, and whom perhaps many of the British army till then mistrusted, established

that day their character both for courage* and for discipline, and proved, that however the government and the institutions of that kingdom had been perverted and debased, the people had not degenerated. Lord Wellington bore testimony to their deserts: he declared that he had never seen a more gallant attack than that which they made upon the enemy who had reached the ridge of the Serra; they were worthy, he said, of contending in the same ranks with the British troops in that good cause, which they afforded the best hopes of saving. Marshal Beresford bestowed high and deserved praise upon them in general orders; and the opportunity was taken of granting a free pardon to all who were under arrest for military offences, that they might rejoin their regiments, and emulate their comrades to whose good conduct they were indebted for this forgiveness; but persons who had been apprehended for robbery or murder were excepted from the amnesty, for these, it was properly observed, were not to be considered merely as military crimes. After this battle, the knighthood of the Bath was conferred on Marshal Beresford, in consideration of those exertions by which the Portuguese troops had been qualified to bear their part in it so honorably.

"The loss of the British in this memorable action amounted to 107 killed, 493 wounded, and 31 taken; that of the Portuguese to 90 killed, 552 wounded, and twenty taken. One French general, three colonels, thirty-three officers, and 250 men were made prisoners: 2000 were left dead on the field; the number was ascertained, because Massena sent a flag of truce requesting permission to bury them; it was not thought proper to comply with the request, and they were buried by the conquerors. Most of their wounded, who were very numerous, were left to the mercy of the peasants; General Crauford, whose division was the last that withdrew from the Serra, saved as many as he could from their hands, and lodged them in the convent. Unground maize was found in the knapsacks of the French."

Sonnets, and other Poems; partly written in India, by David Leicester Richardson, Esq. pp. 144. Third Edition. Jones and Co., Acton Place. Sold by T. and G. Underwood, Fleet Street, London. 1827.

It is well known that the sonnet is of Italian origin, Petrarca, Casci, Bembo, &c. have all produced the most beautiful specimens of this elegant species of poetry. The peculiar construction of the verse in the sonnet renders its adaptation to the Italian language far more congenial than it can ever be to the English. The frequent recurrence of vowels, the musical flow of its syllabic divisions, in short, the predominating euphony of the Italian tongue, are attributes of the highest importance in constructing a sonnet. Our language, though by no means inharmonious or incapable of melodious modification, is more generally characterized for its sternness, rigid manliness of expressive diction, and vigorous capabilities in blank verse, the heroic measure, &c. Perhaps the only language that at once combines the qualifications required for the tenderest and the sternest, the humblest and the sublimest composition, is the Greek.

From the somewhat complex nature of the sonnet it necessarily follows, that a good legitimate one is rare. It now is very common for diurnal poets to preface "sonnet" to fourteen lines, without any

* Some of the Portuguese charging a superior force got so wedged in among the French, that they had not room to use their bayonets; they turned up the butt ends of their muskets, and plied them with such vigour, that they presently cleared the way.

regard to the structure of the verse: this is an assuming absurdity that really ought not to be tolerated; it throws a false air of facility around that which is really arduous to complete. The sonnet may be divided into two parts,—the first eight lines, and the concluding six, the former contain four different rhymes, two of which are twice repeated; the concluding six rhyme alternately: this is the *real* Italian sonnet, though some of the best English sonnets frequently vary from the *exact* model. In addition to the peculiarity of its structure, something else requires the attention of the poet;—he ought to let one striking thought pervade the whole; its conclusion should be not altogether so epigrammatical as sweepingly reflective,—if we may use the expression. Thus it will easily be perceived, that a thought must have some vigor to permit of its presiding through fourteen lines: to keep it from flagging and dwindling into laborious monotony, is the chief art of the composer.

Although we are ourselves not much attached to the sonnet, we are most ready to read a good one, and to applaud the talents of its writer. We have not been disappointed in the perusal of Mr. Richardson's volume. We remember the appearance of a former edition of his poems, and then participated with the public feelings of approbation with which they were received.

The present edition is considerably enlarged and improved, and cannot fail of yielding delight wherever it is read. Mr. Richardson appears the poet of feeling; one who loves to view Nature in her mildly attractive graces, and to describe the varied emotions of the heart with a fancy mellowed by unaffected melancholy. He is never strained through labor, or tempestuous through the unfettered ravings of a wild imagination. We may compare his poetry to a sweet romantic stream, that winds its limpid current in all the loveliness of a sequestered calm; rippling gently to the fanning breezes, but still flowing on in its ever beautiful self-will. His verse is equable, without being monotonous, and pathetic without being drivelling---something very rare in these days of everlasting chime. We never find any glaring error, grossness, or affectation. Mr. Richardson seems to write, not because he wishes to *show* himself a poet, but because he cannot help feeling as one: thus his language is inspired by the subject, and his poetry becomes the interpreter of his heart. No man was ever yet a real poet without this portion of feeling. There is one more virtue we must mention---one that not only graces the highest strain of poësy, but is likewise the omen of a warm and benevolent soul,—we allude to the philanthropical and tender sentiment that pervades his poems; and which is at times aptly rendered subservient to lofty and consolatory allusions to the Architect of nature, and the home of peace that shall hereafter mansion the blessed. Having thus stated our opinion of Mr. Richardson, we shall have no need to comment on the merits of the succeeding extracts; they will, we are assured, be their own eulogium. We may be allowed, however, to add, that many of the sonnets are charmingly descriptive of Indian scenery; that the "Father's Address" is overwhelmingly tender, and that the "Soldier's Dream" breathes quite a Byronic spirit.

A SOLDIER'S DREAM.

" Those who have trod the field of war, and stained
Their hands in blood, and steeled their hearts to woe
And stanch'd compassion, yet may haply know
That there are moments when the pallid corse
Death has just triumph'd o'er will wake remorse."

Horace Gwynne.

" The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became a boast :---*One* murder made a Villain,
Millions a Hero !"

Porteus.

The Foe had fled---the fearful strife had ceased---
And shouts arose of mockery and joy,
As the loud Trumpet's wild exulting voice
Proclaim'd the Victory ! With weary tread,
But spirit undress'd, the Victors passed
On to the neighbouring Citadel, nor deemed,
Nor reck'd they, in that moment's pride, of aught
But glory won. Or if a transient thought
Recalled the fallen Brave, 'twas like the cloud
That fits o'er Summer's brow---a passing shade :

Yet, on the battle-plain how many lay
In their last dreamless sleep ! And there were those
Who vainly struggled in the mighty grasp
Of that stern Conqueror---Death. The fitful throes
Of parting life, at intervals, would wring,
E'en from the proudest heart, the piercing cry
Of mortal agony ! In pain I sunk,
Worn and disabled, 'mid the dead and dying.
Night's shadows were around---the sickly Moon,
Dim and discolored, rose, as though she mourned
To gaze upon a scene so fraught with woe !

And there was *One* who passed me at this hour,
A form familiar to my memory,
From long-departed years. For we had met
In early youth, with feelings unconcealed,
And passions unrepressed. E'en then he seem'd
The bane of every joy. His brow grew pale
At boyhood's happy voice and guileless smile,
As though they mocked him. Now he sternly mark'd
My well-remembered face, yet lingered not.
There was a taunt upon his haughty lip,
A fiery language in his scowling eye,
My proud heart ill could brook !

E'en like a vision of the fevered brain,
His image haunted me---and urged to madness---
And when exhausted Nature sunk to rest,
The blood-red sod my couch, the tempest cloud
My canopy, my bed-fellows the dead,
My lullaby the moaning midnight wind---
I had a *Dream*,---a strange bewildered dream,
And *he* was with me !

Methought I heard the Messenger of Death
Tell of another world, while awful shrieks
Of wild despair, and agony, and dread,
Shook the dark vault of heaven !---Suddenly
Deep silence came,---and all the scene was changed !
Insufferable radiance glared around

And mocked the dazzled eye. In robes of light,
 High on a gorgeous throne, appeared a Form
 Of pure Celestial Glory! In deep awe,
 A silent and innumerable throng
 Of earth-born Warriors bowed. That Form sublime,
 In these benign and memorable words,
 Breathed holy consolation—"Ye that owned
 Religion for your Leader, and revered
 The Family of Man, and toiled and bled
 For Liberty and Justice! Ye have fought
 A glorious fight, and gained a glorious meed,---
 A bright inheritance of endless joy---
 A Home of endless rest!"

Now straight appeared,
 With lineaments divinely beautiful,
 Fair shapes of bright-wing'd beings, holy guides
 To realms of everlasting peace and love!
 Alas! how few of that surrounding host
 Were led to happier worlds? That hallowed band
 In radiant light departed! but the Form
 That sat upon the Throne, now sternly rose
 With clouded brow, and majesty severe,
 And this dread judgment gave---(while darkness wrapt
 The strange and unimaginable scene)---
 "He that can love not Man, loves not his God!
 And, lo! his image ye have dared to mar
 In hate and exultation, and for this
 Shall ceaseless strife, and agonies of death,
 Be your eternal doom!"

Now with triumphant howls of mockery,
 More horrible than shuddering Fancy hears,
 Raising dread echoes in the charnel vault,
 Uprose the Fiends of Hell! and urged us on,
 Through paths of fearful gloom, till one broad plain,
 Of endless space, burst on the startled eye!
 In the dim distance glittered shafts of war;---
 Despair's wild cry, and Hate's delirious shout,
 The din of strife, and shrieks of agony,
 Came on the roaring blast! A mighty voice,
 Piercing the dissonance infernal, cried,
 "On to the *Hell of Battle*, and the war
 Coeval with Eternity!" That voice,
 Whose sound was thunder, breathed resistless spells,
 For, wrought to sudden frenzy, on we rushed
 To join the strife of millions.

One alone
 Amid that countless throng mine eyes controlled.
 His was the form I loved not in my youth,
 And cursed in after years. We madly met---
 A wild thrust reached him.---Then he loudly shrieked,
 And imprecated Death---alas! in vain!---
 To yield the final pang! With unquenched rage
 He turned again on his eternal foe
 In fierce despair!---But *he* was victor now---
 And in unutterable pain---I woke!

'Twas morning---and the sun's far-levelled rays
 Gleamed on the ghastly brows and stiffened limbs
 Of those that slumbered---ne'er to wake again!

SONNETS.

TO *****.

LADY! If from my young, but clouded, brow,
 The light of rapture fade so fitfully—
 If the mild lustre of thy sweet blue eye
 Awake no lasting joy,—Oh! do not *Thou*,
 Like the gay throng, disdain a child of woe,
 Or deem his bosom cold!—Should the low sigh
 Bring to the voice of bliss unmeet reply—
 Oh! bear with one whose darkened path below
 The Tempest-fiend hath crossed! The blast of doom
 Scatters the ripening bud, the full-blown flower,
 Of Hope and Joy, nor leaves one living bloom,
 Save Love's wild evergreen, that dares its power,
 And clings to this lone heart, young Pleasure's tomb,
 Like the fond ivy on the ruined tower!

WRITTEN IN INDIA.

THE winds are hushed,—but yet the dark clouds lower,
 And shroud the rising Sun! The distant hill
 Lies hid in mist,—the tempest-swollen rill
 O'erflows the dreary vale,—this hoary Tower
 Austere frowns above the withered bower,
 Where sits the drooping Minah, cold and still—
 Yon blasted Tree the gazer's breast doth fill
 With fearful dreams of majesty and power!—
 The mighty Spirit of the Midnight Storm
 Passed where for ages rose the Green-wood's Pride,
 And what availed its glory? Its proud form,
 Cast on the groaning earth, but serves to hide
 The Serpent's dwelling; and Decay's dull worm
 Soon in its mouldering bosom shall abide!

SUN-SET.

THE summer Sun had set,—the blue mist saddled
 Along the twilight lake,—no sounds arose,
 Save such as hallow Nature's sweet repose,
 And charm the ear of Peace. Young Zephyr hailed
 The trembling Echo; o'er the lonely grove
 The Night's melodious Bard, sweet Philomel,
 Her plaintive music breath'd,—the soft notes fell
 Like the low-whispered vows of timid Love!
 I paused in adoration,—and such dreams
 As haunt the pensive soul, intensely fraught
 With silent incommunicable thought,
 And sympathy profound, with fitful gleams,
 Caught from the memory of departed years,
 Flashed on my mind, and woke luxurious tears.

SUN-RISE.

How gloriously yon mighty monarch rears
 His proud resplendent brow—like Faun's first light
 That breaks oblivion's gloom! His tresses bright
 Inwreath the rosy clouds. All Nature wears
 A bliss-reviving smile.—The glittering tears
 Shed by the tristful spirits of the night
 On verdant meadows, vanish from the sight,
 Like rain-drops on the sea! The warm beam cheers
 The drowsy herd, and thrills the feather'd throng
 Of early minstrels, whose melodious songs
 Are borne upon the breeze. Now mortals send
 Their orisons above, while shrubs and flowers
 On whispering winds ambrosial odours blend,
 To charm and consecrate the morning hours!

We must not omit to mention, that Mr. Jones's "Diamond Edition of the British Poets" (among which he has been permitted to incorporate Mr. Richardson's volume) does him infinite credit for its beauty and extreme neatness.—Mr. R.'s volume is adorned with a well executed portrait and a delightful vignette.

A System of Popular Geometry; containing, in a few Lessons, so much of the Elements of Euclid, as is necessary and sufficient for a right Understanding of every Art and Science in its leading Truths and general Principles. By George Darley, A. B. London. John Taylor. 1826.

The title of this work explains its import and utility; its execution bears out its title; we cannot say any thing more expressive of its merits and importance. The author has supplied a generally felt desideratum in the list of elementary treatises; namely, an introduction to geometry, more comprehensive and scientific than Pinnsek, less elaborate and abstruse than the standard versions of Euclid. The diffusion of knowledge, the growing intelligence of our artists and mechanics, and the acknowledged imperfections of the several "Elements" used in our schools, rendered such a work indispensable; all therefore interested in the sound education of the Public, (and who is not?) are much indebted to our Author. To the self-taught student, more particularly, whose means and leisure do not admit of a voluminous course of reading, this work is invaluable; and to the intelligent mechanic anxious to extend his knowledge of the geometrical principles of his art, it will be an excellent guide. The merit of the work, however, does not consist merely in its precise and lucid arrangement; the improvements in the doctrine of parallels, and of the circle, bear strong testimony to Mr. Darley's high order of mathematical attainments; and will no doubt be duly appreciated by the scientific reader.

GAJETTES AND GRAVITIES OF THE MONTH.

CRITICISMS ON THE DRAMA.

LITERARY AND POLITICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Death of the Duke of York has occasioned during the present month a suspension of all conversation and interest upon ordinary topics, and must necessarily here occupy the first of our attention; but with a simple expression of our sympathy with the regret which all England seems to have felt on this occasion, we shall remain satisfied. In another part of our pages we have given two interesting notices of the Duke, one by Sir W. Scott, the other by Dr. Southey, and to these little can be added in the way of deserved panegyric, and in the way of censure we have no desire to say a word. We trust the example of his popularity will not be lost in his two successors, the Heir-Apparent to the Crown, and the Commander-in-Chief; but may stimulate them to imitate a little of that amenity of manners and kindness of disposition, which, in spite of grievous errors, made the Duke of York one of the most beloved of princes during his life, and most lamented after his death.

PORTUGAL.—The news from Portugal is vague, contradictory, and altogether unsatisfactory. We wish it were, indeed, the Spaniards with whom the English had

to contend, even if Ferdinand had the assistance of all the Holy Alliance; but there is too much reason to fear that it is against the majority of the Portuguese themselves, that their aid will be requested.

Some time ago we charged the Editor of the Literary Gazette with the occasional want of common honesty in reviewing, and we had little expectation that he would so soon afford a proof of the truth of our charge. In taking notice of "The Letter on the Affairs of Portugal, from a Dog," the Editor, for the sake of a miserable joke, (he is the witty Mr. J.), accuses the author of being an advocate of the Inquisition, and Despotism. The following quotation will at once show the misrepresentation of the Reviewer! (*proh pudor!*) and explain the object of "The Dog," with whom we ourselves differ as to the propriety of interference:—

"It is possible that Don Miguel and his adherents may be averse to the liberal principles of English Government; which, in the advanced state of civilisation, are proper to this country; but, though we may be perfectly convinced of the advantages of our own Constitution, and may naturally wish that all the world should participate in the benefits of similar institutions; 'although a nation, whose happiness it is to live under 'wise laws, should, on occasion, make it a point of duty to communicate them; and 'we may properly feel obliged to promote, as far as lies in our power, the perfection 'of others; we are not entitled forcibly to intrude our good offices upon them. The 'opinion that one nation could possess such a right over another, would open a door 'to all the ravages of enthusiasm and fanaticism. Mahomet and his successors desolated and subdued Asia, on no other principle.' (Vattel, b. ii. ch. 1. §§ 6 and 7.)"

In the press, and speedily will be published, *TALES OF WELSH SOCIETY* and *SCENERY*, comprising descriptions of several National and Characteristic Customs, hitherto unembodied in narrative. They will consist of 2 vols. post 8vo. and will be published by Messrs. Longman and Co.

The following paragraph has gone through the newspapers:

"The late Mr. Gifford left one work behind him, which will, probably, be most acceptable either to his Executor, Dr. Ireland, or to Mr. Heber, viz.—his copy of *The Quarterly Review*, with the names of the authors, and the price paid for each article, in the margin."

We could name many gentlemen to whom this copy would be most acceptable, among others the Editor of the *Inspector*. If the Executors will so dispose of it, we will accept it, and give in return a work still more valuable, viz. a copy of the *Inspector*, with the names of the Authors, and the price paid to each Author, in the margin. There can be no doubt among reasonable men as to the advantages in generosity on our side.

In the course of February will be published, *Vagaries*, in quest of the Wild and the Whimsical. We have seen some of the contents of this work, which, the poetical ones in particular, are very excellent. There is an elegance of versification, and a variety and novelty of imagery in the poetry, which are scarcely, if at all, inferior to those of the *Irish Melodies*. Can we say more?

The length of our extracts and review of the second volume of Dr. Southey's *History*, has prevented our noticing in the proper place many works of amusement, interest, and importance. One of the most useful works which has been lately published, is "A View of the World," &c. with "An Art of Memory, on an entirely new System," which is by far the best that we have ever seen. We shall certainly recur to the subject at a future opportunity, as one of no inconsiderable importance in education; and many a person, who now complains of a bad memory, might have been spared his cause of complaint by having met earlier with a work so useful as that which we have above alluded to.

It is reported among other literary *on dits*, that a Satire, very extensive in its range, and caustic in its execution, is on the eve of publication. There never were times when the appearance of a Modern Juvenal would be more desirable. If the author, "*ardet, instat, and aperte jugulat*," only the enemies of virtue, freedom, literature, and true religion, we shall hail his appearance.

THE DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—The Opera season having not yet quite orthodoxly commenced, and the performance having been in some degree suspended since the decease of the Duke of York, but little has been done here since the production of Spontini's *La Vestale*. We will therefore defer to our next number our notice in detail of Opera proceedings, now merely observing, that the theatre, considering the earliness of the season, has been very well attended, and that the orchestral department of the music is still very defective. But that the truth is a libel, and, as the *Best of Judges* has decided, a very expensive one, we would attribute this "defect effective" entirely to Mr. Bochsa's mismanagement.

DRURY LANE.—Cant and vengeful hypocrisy having exhausted themselves, and the irritation of John Bull's high toned moral feelings having been allayed, Kean has resumed the tragic sceptre of the British stage on the boards of Old Drury. We are admirers of the genius of this highly gifted actor; but we are not apologists of the crimes and errors of the man. As lovers of the drama, we are deeply interested in the one; we know very little, and care less about, the other. His friends and associates may, if they please, scrutinise his conduct in private life; our concern, as members of the dramatic public, is only with his abilities as an actor; regardless, when the curtain is down, whether he be convivial at the Gordon, or is doing penance and sentimental speechification among the Canada Indians; and well knowing that the severity of criticism is but a type of the severity of the laws to which, as a member of the community, he is and must be amenable. We have seen Mr. Kean in his four master-pieces, *Shylock*, *Othello*, *Richard III.*, and *Sir Giles Overreach*, since his return; and, with our recollection of his former personations of these arduous characters fresh in our minds, we were never more truly gratified. The first and last of these are, in our minds, the most perfect histrionic illusions within the reach of a living audience; as his *Othello* and *Glo'ster* are unquestionably the finest pieces of acting on the British stage. We have here made a distinction with a difference. In *Othello* and *Richard* he excels all his contemporaries; in *Shylock* and *Sir Giles Overreach*, he excels himself. The former may therefore be esteemed the perfection of modern acting; the latter is more than acting—as nature—as perfect illusion. John Kemble was the head of the former school; Kean is the only pupil we have had in the latter since the days of Garrick. Judgment and selection distinguish the one: passion and imagination characterise the other. The one is acting—the other reality. To the former is owing the rant, inequality of execution, mannerism, and sacrifice of good taste, to the obtaining a stormy dominion over the eyes, ears, and sensations of his audience that disfigure his *Richard* and even his *Othello*; to the latter, the admirable conception, and even constraining development, that delight us in his *Shylock* and *Sir Giles Overreach*. His general performance—as compared with his former efforts, (our only standard) is characterised by a more subdued, and, we will add, a more chastened outline. The tints and lightning of genius are present, but diffused with more temperate prodigality: so that his present representations may be likened to the picture of a *Rafael* or *Michael Angelo*—the coloring of which has been mellowed and subdued by the hand of time. In personal appearance, Mr. Kean is thinner and apparently more delicate than when we last saw him. His delicacy is particularly evident in his legs and voice; the former being almost wasted away, and the latter possessing less echo and volume. Between him and the pantomime the treasurer at Drury Lane has no sinecure.

La Porte has at length arrested public gratification in the character of a Bailiff in a lively French one act piece, "*My Best Friend, or £277. 1s.*" Though an excellent actor and the life and soul of the piece, we fear he is not effectively at home out of Tottenham Court Theatre (of which a full account in our next).

COVENT GARDEN.—A new comedy, the "*SCHOOL FOR GROWN CHILDREN*," has been played here (25th) ten nights with the prospect of a comparatively successful run. It is the production of the author of *SPEED THE PLOUGH*, and the *SCHOOL OF REFORM*, &c. and like every thing else from the pen of Mr. Morton, is amusing, absurd, inconsistent, ephemeral, full of sickening sentimental clap-traps, now and then sprightly in the dialogue and farcically humorous in incident, and deficient in the spirit of true comedy; and mainly dependant for its success upon the efforts of the actors. Mr. Morton never did, and never will, write a comedy (his best attempts are but laughable five acts interludes); and for this

plain reason—he has neither the conception, taste, or peculiar faculties of a successful comic writer. He invariably confounds the risible with the ridiculous, and eccentricity with humour; and for the latter attribute almost as invariably substitutes what, we are sure, he intends and believes, is very witty, forgetting that even were it so, in comedy—

Rumour is all. Wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

The plot, which is as ill constructed and intricate as it need be, is founded chiefly on one of Hook's "*sayings and doings*," and turns upon the efforts of an old Nabob (admirably represented by Mr. Farren) with the usual yellow appearances of bile and money, of penuriousness and extravagance, to reclaim his rake-helly, spendthrift son, REVEL (Mr. Jones), and to cure a young uxorious baronet relative (Mr. C. Kemble), of his unjust suspicions of his wife (Miss Chester), who is very successful in her efforts to make her husband miserable. Of course at the end of the play they all become sages and moralists; and are free from the leaven of earthly infirmities. The means of attaining this happy result are droll and improbable enough. The old miserly father beats the son hollow in dereliction and extravagance. In doing this, Farren displayed great versatility of talent; he is the nabob, and a sailor, and a dandy by turns; sings, dances, makes love, and attempts suicide; and says all manner of droll and bitter things in all manner of humorous ways. Next to Mr. Farren the author is most indebted to the ladies. Mrs. Glover's farmer's wife was like every thing she plays—excellent; Miss Chester and Mrs. Chatterley made the most of their parts, and rivalled each other in smiles and beauty. Mr. C. Kemble was seen to great advantage. His forte, and he ought to keep to it, is genteel comedy. Mr. Jones's REVEL, and Mr. Power's DEXTER, were more than respectable. The only pathetic character in the piece fell to the judicious hands of Mr. Serle, whose conceptions of FRANK RYLAND was tasteful and elegant. He is a most intelligent and promising actor.

Miss HARGRAVE, from the Exeter theatre, has made rather an *amphibious* debut in the difficult character of LADY CONSTANCE. She is not wanting in person or manner; but seems deficient in energy of execution. We will wait, however, her appearance in another character, lest we decide upon her pretensions. Lady Constance has not been played since Mrs. Siddons electrified us; to fail in it, is therefore no criterion of useful ability.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The British Institution has this month opened a few days before the usual time. The Directors have managed the rooms in such a way as to have excited the severest and most deserved censure. The south room is half blocked up, and the few pictures which are hung up in it, are placed in such lights that it is impossible for them to be properly seen. We do not impute any worse fault to the Directors than want of judgment, but they ought immediately to abate the nuisance if they wish the public to be as lenient as ourselves.

As usual, many of the pictures are old acquaintances, some that we can hardly see too often, and some that we certainly ought to be paid for looking at. *Medora* by Pickersgill, is one of the former class, a picture of great taste in design and harmony of colouring. Among the new ones, *The Pugilists* stands eminently conspicuous. The idea is excellent, and the execution equal to it; there could be no alteration for the better in the attitude or expression of one of the combatants; let those who can, restrain their risible marks of admiration on approaching this picture. *The Marys at the Sepulchre* is an example of the good effect produced by allowing as it were breathing space for the figures; were painters more aware than they generally seem to be of the advantage of this, we should not so often as we do see pictures that remind us of the giant in Otranto: that we just named has faults, but there is something in its general effect approaches to the sublime. 150, *The Sultana*, has great characteristic beauty. Some of the pictures are placed so ill that it is next to impossible to decide on their merits, among others in this predicament *The Radish State* deserves a far better fate. There are some charming landscapes by well known artists; and there is a *Virgin and Child* by Drummond of pink and slate color motricity. Among the sculpture, 473 and 474 are exquisite little pieces of perfection.

PARLIAMENTARY SKETCHES.

No. III.

THE EARL OF LIVERPOOL.

"Civis, Senator, maritus, amicus, cunctis vitæ (et reipublico) officiis æqualibus, opum contemptor; recti pervicax, constans adversus metus. Erant quibus famæ appetentior videretur, quando etiam sapientibus cupido gloriæ novissima exuitur."

TACIT. HIS., l. iv.

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing—full.

It is a remark oftentimes repeated, since the Stagyrite gave it existence, that the most unattractive period of a people's history is its most virtuous, and that, as a consequence, the interest of the historian's labors is *inversely*, as they are employed in noting the few calm and cloudless days that occur in a nation's annals. The remark is equally true and applicable to the history of individuals; and we may fairly presume the birth of the Millenium will be the death of history and biography. The attention of mankind is best roused and kept alive by startling and fearful incident; the more a man deserves the love of his followers, the less he obtains of their admiration; the more crime and suffering mark his path, the more ardent and general their curiosity about his temper and habits; the more they are scourged, the more they admire the scourger; in a word, the more Ali Pachas and fewer John Howards, the more "Lives" and the more readers.

The source of these seemingly anomalous feelings, is neither profound nor malevolent, nor one of which the lover of mankind need complain; for the moral, sublime, and beautiful, spring from it; and to it we are, at least, as much indebted for what ornaments, as for what disfigures, humanity.

These remarks will explain, in some degree, the meaning of our paradoxically-sounding declaration, that of all the "Parliamentary Sketches" within our reach, the easiest and the most difficult is the present (we fear we should rather say, the late) Prime Minister of Great Britain:—easy, for we might furnish a correct likeness by adding to the pithy epitome of his moral character contained in the title of one of the volumes of the Percy Anecdotes—"Anecdotes of Integrity; Portrait, "the Earl of Liverpool,"—that as a public speaker he is perhaps unrivalled for his precise, energetic *satisfactoriness*,—as a Statesman, for his profound sagacity and foreknowledge, and for his intimate acquaintance with the bearings and various relations of the several interests of his country;—difficult, for the qualities of his mind are so nicely tempered and balanced, that it is not easy to make a selection where homogeneous proportion, if we may so speak, precludes partial developement. If the first would be defective from its indefinite superficialness, the latter, like the unvariegated prospect of a rich country, would most probably be tedious from its monotony and smoothness. As in the physical, so in the moral world, objects to strike and fix the eye, must be in abrupt relief, or contrastingly elevated above surrounding objects. Were Lord Liverpool's character therefore more *idiomatic*, were its elements, intellectual and moral, less in repose, or blended in less harmonious proportions, its picturesque effect would be so much heightened, as considerably to lessen our labors. But in him, firmness in the "stern path of duty" (a favorite

expression of his own,) is so tempered with urbanity, dignity of manner with bland condescension, energy with moderation, and the profound policy of the statesman is so pervaded by the candour and integrity of the man, that he is too often esteemed when he should be revered; and notwithstanding the lively sympathy of all classes with his recent affliction, we fear too often vaguely admired without being duly appreciated. Besides the inherent difficulty in the attempt to strike off a correct, yet spirited, profile of the Prime Minister's character, there is another consequent upon his high station and long-felt influence upon the affairs of his country. A sketch even of Lord Liverpool, to be at all satisfactory, should be a chart of the political history of his times, a table of the "springs of action" of the remote and proximate effects of all the great events that since his entrance into public life (1792) have agitated Europe and the world. For not to take into account the all-important share he took in the actual proceedings of the Government for the last thirty years, his neutralizing, quiescing, and consolidating influence upon the harsh measures and jarring opinions of his Cabinet colleagues (particularly the present), alone would occupy more time and space than the design of this article admits of. To him, the hackneyed "*Æolian*" smile would be most happily appropriate. He was the true *Æolus* of the Cabinet; and how long the *luctantes ventos* will keep together, when the weight of his authority shall have been withdrawn, unfortunately it will take but little time to make evident. But all this, and much more, falls to the office of his biographer, an office which, notwithstanding the alarming symptoms of his illness, we would hope is far distant; ours the humbler task of presenting a summary of his leading acts and opinions.

Lord Liverpool was most emphatically born and bred a Statesman; his early associations, great political connections, and the course of studies laid down for him by his gifted father*, served all to prepare him for the station of an able Minister. His juvenile education was begun at the Charter House, where he was distinguished for his Latin and English verses, and finished at Christ Church, Oxford†, whence he departed with the reputation of "being better versed than any man of his time, or standing, in the political and commercial institutions of his country." When about twenty years old (in the year 1790), he travelled on the Continent, and was present at the demolition of the Bastille in Paris‡, and other early proceedings of the French Revolution. This circumstance, joined with the influence of his national feelings and early associations, may help to explain the vehemence of his Lordship's opposition to the progress of the French Revolution from its commencement to its conclusion, and the fact of his never, for a moment, having been affected with the contagion of sympathy and admiration which the glorious morning of the Revolution spread among the wisest and best meaning men of the empire. Here, we may remark, the first indications of that prophetic

* The late Earl of Liverpool was an extraordinary man, far before his age in financial and statesmanlike acquirements, as the treaty of commerce between England and America evinces. He chalked out a particular line of reading for his son, the present Earl, to which he rigidly adhered; and as the result has proved, with the most beneficial consequence. The novel feature at the time of the course was, the extensive range of works on Political Economy. The reader will see an interesting account of the late Earl in the 1st volume of Wrexall's Memoirs.

† At Oxford, the friendship began between Lord Liverpool and Mr. Canning, which has, if possible, grown with their years. But for Lord Liverpool, the country could not boast of their present Foreign Secretary.

‡ Lord Liverpool first made the acquaintance of Mr. Huskisson at this time at Paris, and has continued his political creed ever since. Cobbett was also at Paris at this time, and tells a story, of his, Mr. Jenkinson's, Mr. Huskisson's, and Tom Paine's dining at some Jacobin club dinner together.

sagacity which has imparted such a Cassandra character to his Lordship's predictions. Lord Liverpool was a strenuous opponent of the French Revolution, not that he clearly foresaw, with the second-sight genius of Mr. Burke, all the consequences which must follow changes introduced with abruptness, violence, and lack of forethought—the tyranny of the mob in the outset, and the tyranny of a military despot in the end. He saw that France required regeneration, that the overgrown evils of a corrupt Government required a check, and that a soil was prepared for the seeds of revolution, which she herself had imported from America. He knew, also, that a State, without the means of some change, was without the means of its conservation. But he knew that the republican institutions of America were not fitted for the genius of the French people; and though despotism was the worst of national evils, and freedom the greatest of national blessings, that the closet theories of philosophers, however perfect per se, were not the most effectual means of extirpating the one, or of introducing the other. While history informed him that all other nations began the fabric of a new Government, or the formation of a new, by establishing originally, or by enforcing more strictly, a particular form of religion, and that they laid the foundations of civil freedom in serene manners, and a system of more austere and masculine morality, he saw France sacrifice her religion and her morals at the shrine of equality, and he knew that out of the consequent chaos of ferocity and levity, in which “all sorts of crimes were jumbled with all sorts of follies,” monsters and factions would spring to their own destruction, and the spreading of universal anarchy, and the upturning of all those institutions which the want of society have founded and require. He saw one of those factions accomplish the ends of justice upon another; “and, that in the same place where dogs had licked the blood of Louis and his Queen, there, in succession, did they lick the blood of Brissot, Danton, Hebert, Robespierre, and their respective associates.” He saw crowds of metaphysical perfectionists and enlightened philanthropists driven off the stage by fanatics, and cut-throats, and intriguers; and these last, in their turn, driven off by others, till all, at length, was swallowed up in the military despotism of Napoleon Buonaparte. Lord Liverpool saw all this, and knowing the influenza nature of democratic contagion, opposed the French Revolution; not from any particular regard, or from hopes and fears, for the safety of the nation of France, but from a thorough conviction that, unless the diffusion of her principles and proceedings were checked in time, they would overflow into this country, and most probably destroy her free constitutions for ever—and that the security of a State was essential to its improvement. His national anxieties may have magnified the real danger; his conduct was not the less praiseworthy, or his forethought the less unerring. A war of opinions, and a war of interests, would certainly have followed—a war illustrating one of Burke's many profound observations, that “Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle.”

We have the testimony of opponents and supporters, of political friends as well as political adversaries, to Lord Liverpool's having made the most solid and splendid *debut* ever made in Parliament. The occasion involved the principle, so elegantly developed in Mr. Canning's late celebrated speech on the invasion of Portugal—the interference of England in the affairs of Continental States to the preservation of the balance of power in Europe. The throne of the Czars was then filled by the Empress Catherine, the most ambitious of an ambitious succession of monarchs, who began and made rapid strides towards the attainment of the great object of Russian aggrandizement, the subjugation of the Ottoman empire. She would most probably have succeeded, but for the wisdom and deep

policy of the English Government, who first mediated and then effected a treaty between the contending parties, known by the name of the Treaty of Uczakow. This treaty was a Russian treaty, made at convenience, to be broken when it had fitted her views; the Porte and she were again embroiled, and Russia redoubled her efforts to overwhelm the degenerate descendants of the Prophet. The Porte applied to England for its assistance; Mr. Fox and his party were entirely against its being granted. Mr. Whitbread, on the 29th of February, 1792, brought the subject before the House of Commons, and after an able speech of four hours length, concluded by moving a resolution to the effect, that no arrangement, respecting Oczakow and its districts, justified the active interference of Great Britain between Russia and Turkey. Lord Liverpool (then Mr. Jenkinson) rose and defended the policy of Mr. Pitt and the Government, with an ability and eloquence never more eminently united in a maiden speech. The effect was, what the French call, a *sensation*, and from that time he has been actually and nominally a British Minister.

Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, Sheridan, the present Lord Grey, Mr. Dundas, Francis, and all the other leading members of the House, took part in the discussion, and congratulated the House on its new powerful accession. Of those who took the opposite side to Mr. Jenkinson, the praise of the caustic and profound (and the probable author of Junius' Letters) Sir Philip Francis, is the most valuable. The concluding sentences are eminently characteristic.

"When I allude," said Mr. Francis, "to sounding circumlocutions, and pompous declamations, believe me, sir, I do not mean to extend that character to a speech which we heard last night from an honorable gentleman (Mr. Jenkinson) who spoke for the first time. Without pretensions myself to qualifications of this kind, at no time perhaps within my reach, and now too late to be acquired, I am not so unread in the learning of former ages, or so inattentive to the talents that distinguish our own, as not to perceive that the honorable gentleman has chosen the best models of antiquity for his imitation, and that proceeding as he has begun, he may rival the most eminent in eloquence of the present times. His speech appeared to me to be a masterpiece of workmanship, in which the labor so completely outvalued the materials, that no comparison could be made, no proportion observed between them. It looked like a beautiful piece of lace; of the fictitious value of many pounds, wrought from a skein of thread not worth sixpence. The honorable gentleman, I think, accomplished every purpose of eloquence—but one—he did not convince; because without substantial truth and reason, conviction is not to be obtained."

The next great question to which Mr. Jenkinson applied his prescient intellect was the Abolition of Negro Slavery. Mr. Burke had recently directed the attention of the people of England to the subject, and framed a code of regulations so admirably adapted to the case, that the experience of forty years has seemed but to confirm their wisdom. The scheme of Burke proposes, by gradually raising the moral condition, and above all, promoting the sound—the real instruction of the Slave, to render his gradual but ultimate manumission at once conducive to his own welfare, and to his master's safety. This great man was too sensible of the dangers to which the planter and the negro would be exposed by the rash interference of the government, not to reprobate all sudden alterations in the peculiar frame of society in the West Indies, and all that clap-trap declamation and fanatical vituperation which have constantly attached popular odium to the well-meaning measures of the Abolitionists. Liberty he knew was, and revolutions and changes he knew might be, absolutely good; but he also knew that *circumstances* (which with the *ultra*-abolitionists pass for nothing) gave in reality to every political question "its distinguishing color and discriminating effect," and that it was they that "rendered every civil and political scheme beneficial or noxious to mankind." All that has proved salu-

tary and beneficial in the measures for the bettering the condition of the negro is—Burke's; and all that has proved noxious and hurtful is—the clap-trap declamation, and *fanaticism*, which he condemned and reprobated. But while popular applause (says an able writer in the Quarterly Review) is lavished on vulgar intellects, incapable of originating anything, and equally incapable of treading in, without trampling into inutility, any path marked out by such a mind as this, the man who first directed the attention of England to the condition of the negro is utterly forgotten, and we may add—not once gratefully acknowledged by the party who have obtained some respectability from being the conduits of his feelings on the question of slavery. In March, 1794, Mr. Wilberforce brought the question before the House, supported by the theatrically ambitious of popular celebrity of all parties—Mr. Pitt, Fox, Wyndham, and the rest—and by the well-meaning, but short-sighted, of those who usually acted in unison with the feelings of their hearts.

Lord Liverpool, whose views even at the early period of his life were never limited to a victory in debate, or to the success or defeat of a party, still less to a theatric display of his own ingenuity, or his own eloquence, —alone opposed this phalanx of official influence, talent, and popular feeling. Being gifted with a most prophetic intellect, he foresaw and predicted the evils consequent upon the want of caution—of *gradualness* in the proposed measures; and being upright, the object of his ambition was not placed solely in the applause of the multitude. He was rarely satisfied with statements and measures of which the description alone is startling to ordinary minds, until they had conducted him to some permanent improvement in the laws, policy, or constitution of his country. He censured, therefore, precipitate legislation; he did more, he recommended a specific scheme of improvement. Gladly would we have availed ourselves of his lordship's language in explaining the scheme, but to give it piece-meal would be to mutilate it, and to give it at length would be incompatible with our limits. Besides, our explanation of the grounds of his reasoning would still be necessary. Certain British merchants were holders of a species of property in the British Colonies, in which property they had embarked all their capital, and which acquired for its alteration a particular species of labour. This species of labor was *per se*, bad; it had, however, been sanctioned by repeated acts of the British legislature. This property is the estate of the planters; the labor—that of negro slaves—of unhappy beings, by the dispensation of Providence, apparently endowed with a modicum of intellect that for ever debars their approaching the moral rank of the white man in the scale of being. Their slavery was, as we have said, an admitted evil. The main question then is, would these slaves, if enfranchised, work as much, or nearly as much, as they now do by compulsion; would the estates of the planters be as cheaply and profitably (or nearly so) cultivated by free men as slaves? Experience has answered decidedly in the negative. The Haytian experiment (tried under the most artificially favorable circumstances) and failure, as communicated by the daily press of the last month, settles the question. The question then is, ought the planters, from a regard to the sacred rights of property, of legislative and moral justice, to be compensated in proportion to their loss by a change from compulsory to free labor? Justice says, certainly yes. But then the estimate of this compensation is so great, as to place it beyond the reach of probability, or rather possibility; for it is almost certain, from the extreme ease with which the West Indian negro procures, or could procure, the articles of his subsistence in the fruitful climate of the tropics, and from the consequent absence of a motive for his voluntary exertions to the degree necessary for the planter's purposes, that the change in the mode of employing labor would effect not only its diminu-

tion, but its entire cessation—in other words, the compensation bought to extend to the whole value of the planters' estates. Precipitate measures must therefore be abandoned; and the enemies of slavery must apply themselves only to such measures as tend to gradual emancipation, and to imparting to the negro the motive for the necessary quantity of voluntary exertion. This last was the main object of Mr. Jenkinson's proposition, that of encouraging the increase of the negro population—in other words, of increasing the competition of labour in the market, for the necessary effect of the operation of the principle of population would be the *compelling, ex necessitate rei*, the free negroes to work to an extent inversely as the demand for their labour. But even this should be cautiously effected, for the “*strike*” of the negroes for one year, would ruin irretrievably every planter in the Colonies.—Lord Liverpool's proposition failed; he was not then a Minister.

The death of Mr. Pitt left Lord Liverpool (then Hawkesbury) an ampler field for the exertion of his talents as a statesman. His historical fame will be dated at the peace of Amiens. For such was the state of parties during the life time of Mr. Pitt, and of his celebrated (and equally exaggerated) rival, Mr. Fox, that none of their followers, no matter how commanding his talents, could ever hope to obtain any ascendancy in the councils of the nation. Every man pinned his political faith either to one or the other; and while the genius, wit, eloquence, and romantic chivalry of disposition of a Windham had fain play second fiddle to a man in all points his inferior, the Sheridans, the Greys, the Whitbreads, and the Tierneys, were content with chorusing the song of their overrated leader. Reflection on the conduct and opinions of either was entirely out of the question; it was, in fact, a political heresy, for with both, faith had supplied the place of reason. One party was perfectly satisfied that all the measures of the Minister were right; and the other as confidently expected the country would be saved, notwithstanding its impending ruin and misfortunes, as soon as the political redeemer came into power. The nation at large seemed to be so deeply impressed with this feeling, that on the death of both leaders in 1806, they spoke and acted as if all hopes of their safety and existence were at an end, and that their only duty was to passively submit themselves to the will of that heaven which, it would appear, had withdrawn its protection, in having recalled its earthly ambassadors. At this time Lord Hawkesbury was offered his present post, the Premiership, by his late Majesty; with a discretion and forethought, peculiarly his own, he declined the nominal honor, and accepted the arduous station of Foreign Secretary. He had already filled with credit and ability the office of Secretary to the Treasury, and Secretary of State to the Home Department; and was already distinguished for his cool judgment and various knowledge of the foreign relations of the country. The difficulties of the Foreign Secretaryship at this time will best appear from a glance at the state of the nation in 1807. The administration presented the rare anomaly in English politics of having no leader, and of having a nominal head who was never seen or spoken of in Parliament, or heard of out of doors—the Duke of Portland. Most of them held their places less by their own strength than by the weakness of their opponents; for of all administrations, that which they had succeeded was the most unpopular. The Grenville party entirely agreed with the government in the fundamental principles of its policy, foreign and domestic, but they opposed it in all the details of administration with a factious animosity which seemed to show how deeply their recent exclusion from office rankled in their bosoms; and thus they lost with the nation much of that weight which they must otherwise have possessed by reason of their acknowledged ability, their constitutional principles, and their high personal

character. Mr. Fox, from the dawn of the Revolution, had opposed the Antigallican war with something of democratic virulence; his followers were still its systematic opponents.

The foreign relations of the country were particularly disheartening. At the commencement of the war of fifteen years which terminated at the peace of Amiens, all Europe was leagued with England against revolutionary France; at the commencement of the war after the peace of Amiens, all Europe was leagued with imperial France against England. The English fleet swept the sea; the armies of France occupied continental Europe. Neither of these tremendous powers, the only ones either could employ against the other, could possibly be brought into contact; and it appeared as hopeless an undertaking for England to attack France with an army, as for the latter to contend for the empire of the sea. This was a time to try a man's fortitude as well as his sagacity. What did Lord Hawkesbury at this hour of trial? What was his tone? War! a war on the Continent! a war not to be brought to a conclusion, "till the *British troops marched in triumph to Paris!*" For this grand, this prophetic, this sublimely patriotic declaration, he was scoffed at by his opponents, and contemptuously sneered at by his friends. It was in vain that he told them, that though the war might appear hopeless, it, or continental vassalage to France, was the only choice the country had left, and that peace would not only be disgraceful, but most perilous, so long as Buonaparte held the continent of Europe as a province. It was in vain he appealed to their national vanity, and reminded them of the days of Edward, and Henry, and Marlborough; and it was in vain that he showed them, that, though the national expenditure was actually seventy-two millions a year, the wheels of the political machine seemed to move more freely than impeded by the weight laid upon them, and that the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial prosperity of the country at least, kept pace with its burdens. All that he could obtain for months, nay years, the most critical, was a lukewarm armament to Portugal; till on the death of Mr. Perceval he became more absolute in the Cabinet. Then, but not till then, it was, that the Peninsular war, under his auspices, was carried on with more vigour and spirit; the battle of Waterloo was fought---his sanguine predictions were realized---his scoffers rebuked---*the British troops marched in triumph to Paris.*

We have dwelt so long in these the earlier, and on that account the less known, events of Lord Liverpool's political history, that we have not left ourselves room to enter upon his politico-economical views, and opinions (which, however, we shall have abundant opportunities of discussing), or upon the merits of his more recent policy as Prime Minister. Its being recent, however, in some degree precludes the necessity.

In his opinions on the subject of the Catholic Claims, we see proof of that long-sighted policy for which he is so pre-eminent. His Lordship thinks that Catholic emancipation would be but the prologue of a drama, of which the abolition of tythes, at least the diminution of the value of Church property, and of the respectability of the Church establishment in Ireland, and ultimately in England, would be a chief incident. We agree with him, but, nevertheless, consider that the peace of millions and the prosperity of a kingdom, probably an empire, are at stake. But more of this at a fitting time.

Lord Liverpool's style of speaking is cogent, argumentative, and synthetical; his language pure*, precise, and English, undisfigured by in-

* The writer of this article has heard an intelligent and experienced Parliamentary Reporter say, that no living speaker's language can be altered to greater disadvantage than Lord Liverpool's; and that none is so free from the *jactantes et ambiciosos institores eloquentus*---which many whom we could name of repute, mistake for oratory.

terpolation from the coined mintage of rhetoric, and free from all puerile exotics, glittering paradoxes, and showy trite generalities; his manner earnest, urbane, and dignified, with much of the *negligentia non ingrata*, so much commended by Cicero. You see at once, from the unassumed downrightness of voice and gesture, that he means what he speaks, and speaks what he means, and that he is inflamed by no desire to catch applause by a sparkling soda-waterish sentiment, or well-turned, sonorous period, gracefully delivered, but that he says what at the moment appears fittest to be said, according to the state of his own mind, or the character of the question; that he is one, *qui et humilia subtiliter, et magna graviter, et mediocria temperate potest dicere*; and that his only aim is to convince you he is right, without ostentation; and that you are wrong, without arrogance. In him are united some very happy and rare qualities: he can trifle without affecting his dignity, can dispute without losing his temper, can be ponderous without exaggerations, can be precise without being quaint; and as his temperateness is free from languor, so is his solemnity untinged by grimace. His arguments are more distinguished for their force than their subtlety, for their acuteness than their refinement; as if, it would appear, the only tactics he would employ to vanquish sophistry and ingenuity, are those furnished by integrity and common-sense. In speaking very lately of the Duke of York, he remarked that the virtues as well as the failings of the deceased Prince, were those of an English gentleman. We can say of him in return, that his virtues, as well as failings, are those of an English Minister. For in him are eminently to be seen the great dignity of a mind roused only by great objects, the absence of petty bustle, the contempt of show, the abhorrence of intrigue, the plainness, downrightness, and strong good nature that constitute the pride and ornament of the English character.

MADEMOISELLE SONNTAG.

The *Furet* has favored the world with a most affecting tale; quite a *conte moral*, we should say, if it were not so desperately romantic, of which Mademoiselle Sonntag, "one of the loveliest, as "well as sweetest, of singers," is the heroine. We had been well aware of the sad havoc which that lady had made among the hearts of the young and old, both at the Berlin *Hof Theatre*, and at the Italian Opera at Paris. But we have no doubt that the opinion which the world have hitherto entertained of the attractions of Mademoiselle Sonntag, will be considerably enhanced if they will but consult the columns of the *Furet*; there they will find that

"In fashion she hath no peere;
And princely wightes that lady wooed,
To be theyr wedded fere."

It will further appear that the heir of one of the first families in Prussia, the Prince de Hardenberg, "loveth her best of all;" and, as the prose version of the *Furet* says, he fell into a deep melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him. At length he wrote to his father, from whom he had received a formal refusal, that not being able to exist without the woman he loved, he was determined to put an end to his sufferings by ridding himself of his life.

"And aye! but I winne that ladye's love,
For dole now I mun dye."

Then comes the best part of the story: the father offering, in his turn, to die rather than consent to a *mes-alliance*; the king interposing his authority, or rather his interest, with his Prime Minister, and requesting old Hardenberg to be a kind father, to consider that Mademoiselle Sonntag's character was irreproachable, that his son's passion was so violent; and just suggesting that it was proper to submit the one to a trial of absence, and the other to a trial of the allurements of life. But here we must take our leave of the ballad of Syr Cauline; the parallel will no longer do: the times are sadly changed, and the age of chivalry is gone. *Then* the King sent off the knight, by way of trial, "to fighte the grimme Soldan;" *now* his Majesty of Prussia sends off the lady to stand the allurements of London and Paris!

Whatever may be the merits of this story, we must say, that it strikes us as rather extraordinary, that young Hardenberg should write to his father, the Prime Minister; and still more so, that he should receive an answer, unless it be by the *petite poste* across the Styx—seeing that old Hardenberg has been dead and gone for several years, long before his son could have seen Mademoiselle Sonntag on the Berlin stage.

But, setting aside this circumstance, we are still surprised, that the Editor of a French journal, though in an atmosphere somewhat heretical in affairs of taste, should venture to insert in his columns any thing so unclassical, so utterly romantic. What will his French readers say, and more especially, what will be the sensation in the *Paris salons*, if they discover, that he relates, with visible satisfaction, something so desperately, romantic, or, as he has very properly observed, so absolutely German? *Gare! M. le Redacteur!*

We are enabled to furnish the Editor of the *Furet* with the clue of the circumstances on which the recital given to him, *se non vero*, at least, *ben trovato*, is probably founded.

The prior part of the story, the love of a young nobleman, the refusal of his father, and the correspondence, has been a current report at Berlin nearly a twelvemonth ago, only they did not trouble the *manes* of old Hardenberg; the lover was not, besides his other feats and hardships, obliged to apply to his dead father; but the misery was, that the father was, and, for aught we know, may be still alive; and though he is not Prime Minister, but only a Bohemian Count, still obstinately refused his consent to the marriage. Besides, they are much too loyal at Berlin to think of introducing the name of his Majesty in a love-story.

We have had occasion, in another article in this number, to mention a novel, which made much noise at Berlin, as Mademoiselle Sonntag was the heroine, and most of the fashionables of the day were among the dramatis personæ. When the last copy of "Henrietta, the fair Songstress," had scarcely been sold, the book was prohibited, and the police were busy in tracing the author. They succeeded, or, at least, they thought they had succeeded, in laying

the crime of all the bold allusions which the volumes contained, at the door of Ludwig Rellstab, the author of a well-known collection of "Legends and Romantic Tales," which are much esteemed for the elegance of the style, which is considered to come nearest to the classical model of A. W. Schlegel's performances. But as the Berlin police are woefully indifferent to the point, whether a man writes good or bad German, Ludwig Rellstab was forthwith commanded to prison, and detained sufficient time to understand, that it is one thing to write Romantic Tales and Legends, and another to exercise his satirical views on the great folks of Berlin.

In that novel, however, the report of the ardent love of the Bohemian Count, has been taken up, and somewhat adorned. He subjects her to a number of trials, both by his agents in Berlin, and by his own appearance before her in disguise. But she is found faithful, *sans tache et sans reproche*; and the novel concluded by introducing her as Countess ***.

There are two facts, on which the said novel, and the recital of the Furet, and the report of all who have seen her, perfectly agree; first, that she really is "one of the loveliest, as well as sweetest, "singers;" and, secondly, that her line of conduct has always been most honorable, and superior to the slightest suspicion. Her style of singing has occasioned some criticism; at Berlin, they considered her exclusively fitted for Rossini's manner; at Paris, they thought she spoiled Mozart and Cimarosa, and that her pronunciation of the Italian was not quite soft enough; but at both places, her manner, in her favorite characters, was declared to be fascinating. Her appearance was the despair of all the other actresses; even the celebrated Fodor went to the sea side, and left the Opera to Mademoiselle Sonntag, and to some minor constellations, who could never think of rivalling her. At Berlin, there was a great deal of intrigue carried on by her rivals on the stage; but the enthusiasm was boundless; they were insatiable to hear, and to admire; and it was said, that as long as she was at Berlin, on every day of the week there was "*bestandige Sonntagsfeier*," which we shall abstain from translating; since the ladies would never forgive us, if we were not to give them credit for a knowledge of German, and the gentlemen must know that a pun is *intraduisible*.

A large field of conjecture is open as to the probable consequences of her appearance in London. Who can tell—to be silent of other possibilities—who can tell, whether we shall not have a fifth edition of Tremaine, with Dr. Evelyn "rubbing his hands" with satisfaction, and suppressing the sermon on the opera altogether? Who can tell, whether Vivian—even Vivian himself—will not say good bye to "the famous tun of Heidelberg," the apt emblem of his boundless grief, and abandon his evening parties "on the moon-lit "Neccar," and start for home with the *Éil-post*, or may be in his *barouche*? And who can tell, whether it will not come to pass, that on taking up the journals, or the novels of the day, it will become customary to ask, "No scandal about Mademoiselle Sonntag, I hope?"

COLONEL HILL'S GIG.

My aunt is a woman of easy fortune, agreeable person, and lady-like manners, who, rather late in life, out of some romantic feeling of attachment to a youthful friend, so far overcame her reluctance to a married life, as to unite herself to the widower of her early companion. She had, according to her own account, while in the prime of youth and beauty, resisted the most advantageous offers to establish herself in the world; but being of a turn of mind more than commonly liberal, though she preferred a single state herself, she by no means approved of the same choice in others; on the contrary, she exerted her utmost influence over all her connections to persuade them of the propriety of settling speedily in life. She had latterly been trying her powers of eloquence on this subject in our family, telling my mother that knight-errantry being long since past, when gallant cavaliers used to hunt impatiently through the world in search of beauties, the change in the fashions of the times now required the beauties to take the trouble of looking for the knights. I fancy my father and mother were of the old school, for they certainly did not act upon my aunt's advice, and my four sisters and I lived on at home unmarried, as she had predicted.

The widower had been left with a family of young children, whom he educated with the greatest care. My aunt was reckoned to make a very indulgent step-mother, and, excepting a few peculiarities which had acquired the force of habits during her long life of singleness, she was as comfortable a second wife as the widower could have met with. She is rather of a sentimental turn, and in her youth had written many pretty pieces of poetry, which being mostly of a melancholy cast, were supposed to have given great softness to her character. As her husband's family grew up, the daughters married, and the sons dispersed, and my uncle himself was the first to propose an invitation being dispatched to one of their nieces. My four sisters and I had been rather in the back-ground with my aunt since the neglect of her advice with regard to our establishment; but she is an extremely good-natured woman, and reflecting that we were more to be pitied than blamed, she determined on burying all former unkindness, and in future to manage our affairs herself. Though I, the eldest, am something past the full bloom of youth, my aunt was too great a friend to order and regularity in families to prefer one of my younger sisters before me. Accordingly, her carriage, her maid, and her trusty servant, Joseph, were sent to my father's for me.

"I wonder, my dear," said she to her husband, on the first night of my arrival, "I wonder, my dear, whether Colonel Hill really came home to-day? Betty tells me a gentleman's carriage passed the gate in good time this morning, and took the turn up to Blessingley."

"So many gentlemen's carriages pass that way," said my uncle, who was drinking his wine after dinner, and reading the newspaper.

"Yes, my dear," pursued my aunt, "but this was a yellow carriage, a chariot, which you know is his, and two men on the

"box, and he always travels with two men, and they turned up past the corner while she stood watching them, and went at a good round pace."

My uncle is a grave man; he only smiled, "there are so many yellow carriages, and the road to Blessingley leads to so many other places . . .," he began.

"So it does, but Mrs. Finch told me on Saturday, her master was expected certainly some time this week. If I had thought, I might have made Joseph enquire at the toll-bar when he went for the bag. I wonder, my dear, you did not think of that?—I really wish he were come, he is such a very agreeable man. The sort of man, Kate," continued my aunt, turning to me, "that I am quite sure you will like."

"Is he handsome, ma'am?" said I.

"Handsome, my dear! who thinks of beauty in a man? You are too sensible a girl, Kate, to be attracted by beauty. No, my dear, I will not do you that injustice. One of your *younger* sisters might indeed with more reason talk of beauty;" she laid a provoking stress on the word younger, "but *you* . . ., no, Colonel Hill certainly is not handsome, not regularly handsome, my dear," said she to her husband, "I don't think you would call Colonel Hill handsome?"

"Who? Hill?" exclaimed my uncle, "I think he's about as ugly a man as I ever saw in my life."

My aunt could not help laughing.—"Well, perhaps he is plain!—Yes, he certainly is plain, but *so* agreeable."

"Is he tall, ma'am?" said I, for I was much amused with the conversation.

"No, not tall, certainly not tall; you wouldn't call Colonel Hill tall, my dear?"

"I call him little better than a dwarf, my dear," answered my uncle provokingly.

"Nonsense, Mr. Pelham; that's ridiculous—that's going quite to the other extreme—that's quite absurd. Colonel Hill certainly is not tall, but he is most extremely clever, fascinating, and agreeable."

"Is he dark or fair, aunt?"

"I declare I can hardly tell. He has been so long in India that —."

"Has he been long in India, ma'am?"

"Why,—a few years. Yes, ten years in India you know, Kate, tell more than twenty at home, &c."

"Dear me, ma'am, I am afraid this friend of your's must be very old and very ugly?"

"By no means, my dear, you take me up quite wrongly, Kate. Besides, he's no such particular friend of mine; you talk so much yourself, you don't hear a word I say. I dare say you would think such a man as Frank much the most charming of the two, because he is six feet high, has fine eyes, and a hussar uniform; girls are so

"perverse and so-self-conceited. Not but what I've a great affection for Frank, my dear," continued my aunt, looking kindly on my uncle, "but to compare a young man just entering life to a man of Colonel Hill's experience, you know is absurd."

"Quite," said my uncle, smiling, "Frank has his way to fight in the world, poor fellow, and Colonel Hill, Kate, has a good house well fitted, and well furnished, and three good thousand a year to spend in it."

"Three thousand *at least*," said my aunt.

After all this, it was a little tantalizing to find that the yellow chariot had not belonged to Colonel Hill. Joseph learned nothing further at the toll-bar than that it had passed the gate to Blessingley; and Mrs. Finch told my aunt's housekeeper, when they met at Farmer Cope's on a bargain for turkeys, that there was no word of the colonel yet. Still my aunt always hoped that some bright morning would bring him over to call; he was an old man, and liked to pop in unawares on people; and we never paid a visit in the neighbourhood that she did not expect he would suddenly arrive to make one of the company. But we were doomed to suffer perpetual disappointment: Colonel Hill never appeared, he was still in London; though what he could be doing there, at this absurd time of year, was more than my aunt could make out. "Courting a wife, perhaps," said my uncle coolly. "Nonsense," said my aunt; "how ridiculous, Mr. Pelham! Wives in London in November!"

About this time, in the midst of our despair, we received an invitation from one of my uncle's daughters, who was settled at some little distance in a neighbouring county. It was a christening party, and there was expected to be a grand concourse of relations. "Surely," said my aunt, "Frank will never be so absurd as to ask leave of absence for such nonsense! But young men are so silly; and he is so foolishly fond of his sister. I only hope he won't offer a visit here. I hate encouraging young people in idleness."

It was a very cold foggy morning when we set out. There had been a great fall of snow followed by a hoar frost, and I did not augur well of the comforts of the journey; for I was immured between my uncle and aunt, neither of them very spare in their persons, and any attempt to enlarge the ledge of seat allotted to me was frustrated by my uncle's great drab coat on one side, and my aunt's handbox, with her best turban and feathers, on the other. In addition to this, two newly killed hares lay at my feet, and a waggon and team of horses, for one of the little boys, beside them.

We turned into the Blessingley road, and my aunt made one effort more to hear news of her favorite colonel. She bid the postillions stop at the Lodge.

"Yes, ma'am, master be come home, that is, he but five miles off," said the woman who came to the gate. "At Lord Carwinton's, ma'am, at the Hall; but we don't expect master home afore Tuesday or Wednesday week; he have another visit to pay twelve or fifteen miles away. We don't expect him afore Tuesday week."

"Twelve or fifteen miles off, Mr. Pelham," said my aunt; "depend upon it, he is going to the christening: he is a great friend of Caroline's. Lord Carwinton's did she say? I am not surprised at that, he has very fashionable acquaintance. Look at Blessingley, Kate, isn't it a pretty place? Capital gardens you see, and every kind of luxury."

It was a comfortable looking place, certainly, but not otherwise remarkable, though my aunt dwelt with emphasis on its perfections, for a mile or two. She was stopt by the men suddenly checking the horses to make way for a carriage that was driving furiously down a cross lane into the public road. It was only a gig, containing two gentlemen muffled up to their eyes in cloaks, furs, and neckcloths. They bowed slightly as they passed.

"God bless my soul," exclaimed my aunt, "is not that the road from Lord Carwinton's, Mr. Pelham? To be sure it is, and that's the colonel, I knew him directly. Stop," cried she to the servant, letting down the glass hastily, and leaning out she bowed most complacently to the hedge.

"My dear," said my uncle quietly, "I don't think that's the colonel."

"But, my dear," returned my aunt, "I am sure it is. Didn't you see how intimately he bowed?"

"But he never travels in a gig," said my uncle. "Oh dear, yes! he does, Mr. Pelham. Don't you remember he came to us, in the summer, in a gig—a green gig. Joseph, was that a green gig?" called my aunt, thrusting her head a second time out of the window.

"I don't know, I'm sure, ma'am," answered Joseph, touching his hat.

"Didn't you look?"

"No, ma'am, I did not," replied Joseph again with equal ceremony.

"That man never sees any thing, I believe," said my aunt, pulling up the glass with a jerk. "It's very odd that some people make no sort of use of their eyes: however, I am quite convinced that was the colonel: I know his fur cap. I wish we could find out: it's so disagreeable not to be certain. I am quite sure he is going to Caroline's, that's the road. How many miles did the woman at the Lodge say, Kate? Twelve or fifteen, wasn't it? Exactly the distance you know, Mr. Pelham. Very odd he should have been so near and never called on us. I declare," continued she, putting her head out again from the side window, "there they are, before us still! a good way on! They will just be hurrying forward to rest their horses at the Nag's Head."

The Nag's Head was a public house in a small village, about half way between the regular stages. My aunt stopped there to get change. As she drew her long purse from her pocket, she looked eagerly round for the gig, but the yard was quite empty.

"How tiresome!" exclaimed she, "I'm sure I thought they took

"this road. Pray, Mr. Hodson, wasn't there a gig went by just now—a green gig—with two gentlemen in it very much muffled up?"

"There might, indeed, ma'am, I was in the stable and didn't see. Thomas, Thomas Hostler! was there ever a gig passed within this few minutes?"

"My dear," said my uncle, "how can you make yourself so ridiculous. What does it signify?"

"A green gig with two gentlemen in military cloaks?" screamed out Thomas Hostler.

"There, now, Mr. Pelham, military cloaks," said my aunt, nodding wisely to my uncle, and setting herself more comfortably in her seat.

"Yes, ma'am," said Mr. Hodson, "the gentlemen stooped a minute just to water their horses, and went on again directly."

"Thank you, Mr. Hodson. Just the people we saw, my dear," pursued my aunt, half appealing to my uncle. "Go on." As she spoke, the noise of wheels approached us, and, before we could any of us utter a single exclamation, the green gig passed again. Again the two gentlemen bowed.

"There, look you out at this window, Kate. Oh! you don't know him. Out at that window Mr. Pelham—quick. Is it the colonel or not? I really begin to believe it can't be he. Where in the world can they have been? Through all the cross-roads in the country, I suppose. It's a very extraordinary thing. Joseph! do you think that's the colonel now?"

"No, ma'am, I don't indeed; I didn't see no sabre cut over the gentleman's left heye; and I looked pretty sharp too."

My aunt threw herself back upon the seat: "Well! it is the strangest adventure!"

"As good as the stout gentleman," said my uncle; "isn't it, my dear? But I hope, for your satisfaction, it will end more tangibly."

"Oh dear no, uncle," said I; "it would spoil the whole plot if the colonel were ever to appear. He should be like 'Antony White'—always invisible."

"I'm not at all clear, now," said my aunt, gravely, "that it's he at all."

"Nor I," said my uncle.

"Yet they bowed," continued my aunt. "They must be going to the christening, however, whoever they are. We shall soon see, the road divides at the next mile-stone. 'I declare,' pursued she, looking intently at the wheel tracks; 'I declare they have taken the right road; they have indeed: I can trace the fresh marks quite plain.'"

Even my uncle was roused by this, and leaning out, he strained his eyes over the snowy path.—"Good, Mary, I believe you're right. If it should be the colonel after all!"

"Why you may depend upon it Caroline would invite him;—take my word for it he will be there. See now, Mr. Pelham, you may track them all the way as plain as possible. Look!"

Out went my aunt's head; out went my uncle's. I was almost frozen between them. Luckily, a minute or two brought us to the town where we were to change horses. There were two capital inns in it. Would the gig, or would it not, choose the same that we did? How my aunt applauded herself, when, on arriving at the Black Lion, we saw it standing at the door!

"Get out, Mr. Pelham," cried she quickly: "get out for a moment, and look what cypher is upon the pannel. I can see two letters from here."

"J. S."

"Nonsense! it must be a mistake, or they've borrowed one. Ask the landlord their names, can't you? He must know something about them. You see they're stopping. We've plenty of time: we've only five short miles to go."

My good-natured uncle obeyed; but he returned with very melancholy intelligence:—The gig had brought two gentlemen, the landlord did not know from where, to look at a horse of Sir Richard Bridges', which was for sale at his stables, and he did not think they meant to go any further this night. We were all thunderstruck.—Even I, after the military cloaks had had my romance about the adventure, and my uncle, under all his calm exterior, had fully entered into the spirit of the affair. It was a very dull five miles from the post town, and we none of us arrived in the best of humours at our journey's end. We were immediately shown into our rooms to dress. I was proceeding very leisurely in the business, when the sound of rapid wheels drew me to the window. I could hardly believe my eyes. Standing at the door, surrounded by servants, in the act of unpacking its various conveniencies, was the identical dark green gig. I ran as quickly as possible to my aunt's room, that she might hear, without a moment's loss, this interesting piece of news; but she was dressed, and gone down stairs. There was a great bustle in the hall, and loud and merry voices reached me, as I returned along the gallery to my own apartment. I left it as expeditiously as I could, yet I found I was about the last to enter the spacious drawing room. It was full of company, and quite a crowd was round my aunt, who seemed to be in her highest spirits.

"Oh, Miss Osborne," said a tall young man, with dark eyes and mustachios, advancing gaily to meet me, "who do you think were in the gig? Dr. Scott, who is to christen my little niece, and Colonel Hill."

STANZAS.

As the floweret blooms to perish,
As the day-god shines to set,
So the ties we fondly cherish,
Gladden but to bring regret.

All whose promise gilds the morrow,
All who cheer the passing day,
Only barb the dart of sorrow,
When the spoiler claims his prey.

— — — K.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

BY "THE LITTLE UNKNOWN."

No. 3.—SIGNOLOGY, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

"There be more things in Heav'n and Earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

SHAKESPEARE.

"That's his sign,
And here's a new mystery and hieroglyphic."

ALCHEMIST.

In so curious an age as the present, I wonder to have met with no orderly treatise on signs, which, in my opinion, would yield matter for a science, as particular and important as heraldry. Of the Virtuosi, who, at one time or another, have made collections of every thing, either in coins and medals, or statues and paintings, none, in my knowledge, have ever made a collection of *signs*; and yet, I cannot see why a man should not take as much pleasure in possessing the sign of the Boar's Head, at Eastcheap, as did Don Quixote in wearing the helmet of Mambrino.

The only reason apparent to me, why the curious and painstaking have never essayed this unexplored region of science, is the general acquaintance which such an attempt requires, with the arts and sciences already invented. As, for instance, who could presume to pronounce upon the sign of the Square and the Compasses, and other insignia of Masonry, so frequently met with, but an adept in that occult art, and one that had devoted many of his nights to the labors of the "Lodge?" or what *Signologist* could determine with authority, the square, the circular, the globular, and all the other figures to be seen suspended from a sign post, or over a shop door, and prescribe the just dimensions of each; or lay down by demonstration how many semi-diameters of a barber's pole, should be equal to its height, unless he had first mastered Vitruvius, and was possessed of the five orders of Grecian architecture, together with the gothic, and could tell at first sight what was *Hypæthral*, and what *Peripteral*? Thus, painting, and poetry, and sculpture, and cabinet-making, are, as it were, the handmaids of *Significature*; with all of whom one must make interest and be in favor, to get an introduction to their mistress. A sign, therefore, may be considered the proper field of the fine arts, wherein they expatiate freely and at large, running out into pleasing vagaries, and easily sliding into new forms and combinations, as being nearer to, and more assisted by nature, the inexhaustible repository of all things. For instance, in one direction you may see his grace the Duke of Wellington, represented with a very *marshal* aspect, and in full costume, and over the next door to him, the god Bacchus, a fat little nudity, astride on a wine cask; while, in another, some window presents you with a Chinese woman, whose head wags instead of her tongue, replying, as it were, to the grin of a naked

black boy on the opposite side of the way, who exhibits himself to the public at the shop door, and preserves his decency with an apron of tobacco leaves. These latter belong to the *statuary department* of Signology, and have their full meaning, though the generality are in *painting*, presenting you with a variety of landscapes, animals, and objects, which have all their particular applications in their various images or devices. Some signs are accompanied by inscriptions, which either are kindly intended as expositions of their mystery, in the manner of the artist who wrote under his sign, "this is a lion," or as morals suggested by their metaphors, or rather as *running commentaries* on *painted ideas*. In this department of literature, therefore, an author is sure of being *concise* without being *obscure*; and, if a *poet*, his *golden verses* will be read by the *passing generation*, without the possibility in an after day of decorating wrapping paper, or the lining of trunks.

The sign, in my opinion, is a "quoddam vinculum" of the Fine Arts, where they are all tied together, and hung up for the world to look at; and sometimes it is even an instrument of music, when it hangs before an inn door, on the brow of a high hill, and is swinging and creaking in a November wind, when the clouds muster and presage a storm; at such time its two hinges discourse sweet music to the traveller's ear.

It is plain, therefore, that one cannot be a master and professor of this science, or, in other words, a *Signologist*, that is not generally skilled in the several arts which it assembles together; and this may be the reason, as before surmised, why no one has essayed to handle and explain it; for myself, I propose no such thing, since, if I took upon me to pretend to the requisite qualifications which my modesty forbids, yet, my reveries and castle-building, and other observations, do not leave me sufficient leisure, to afford what I consider the profundity of the subject, a fair investigation. But, in my daily ranging about, among things knowable and unknowable, and seeking out this object and that for my present amusement, till it is discharged of its office, and I light upon another, I sometimes turn my thoughts to a consideration of this subject, and, I confess, on many occasions, it has rendered me information, not less curious and amusing than one sometimes meets with in ancient history or travels.

Moreover, my reader must be aware that it is the diurnal practice of the "Little Unknown," (and which I consider to be a part of his business,) to take a stroll through the principal thoroughfares of our magnificent Metropolis for the purpose of public observation. Say, at the present time, between the hours of four and six, when he mingles as one in the countless throngs which pour along the pavement, but with a slower and steadier step, a sedate countenance, though a lively eye, and with a slight person in a black frock-coat, his right hand (from an ugly habit of childhood) suspended by his thumb from the second button. Now in his perambulations and vicambulations, among other things, he must principally take notice of signs, which, with the goods displayed about the windows and

doors, may be considered as the *physiognomy* of a shop. Many of these, from a degree of west latitude at Tyburn Turnpike, or the White Horse, Piccadilly, to that of the Saracen's Head, Snow-Hill, and Carrington Bowles', St. Paul's Church-Yard, eastwardly, (the limits of his vicambulation); many of these he is in the habit of seeing and considering so often, that he can distinguish them as accurately as Smilie, says a Scotch shepherd, could each of his three hundred sheep by the expression of countenance, and it is probable would know one again were he to meet with it in Japan or California. But these observations are in other instances grievously interrupted by the fluctuations of trade and speculation, thereby occasioning as many changes in the face of business, as might be noticed in the face of an army engaged in active service, where one man is advanced, another cashiered, this receives his quietus, and that deserts to make room for recruits; while some, on the other hand, remain steady in their ranks, and acquire a veteran respectability.

Thus I have often observed, that at certain periods of the year, and more especially in the spring, many of the shops present a new aspect, a fresh name, set forth in a very *giltty* manner, shines over the door, and the sides of which, with the windows, are all at once dressed out in silks and stuffs, as gorgeously as if some Oriental potentate had arrived and taken up his residence there; but before the next winter has come round perhaps, the name has disappeared, and the rich sails and streamers which seemed to swell and float in the gale of prosperity are gone, and in the musings of memory, when the close, blank, and cheerless shutter is surveyed in its stead, seem as if they had not been real. On enquiry, however, into some of the causes of this circumstance beyond my own apprehensions on the point, I was informed that there is a race, or tribe, of people, well known in the metropolis, that go under the several names of marshalls, sheriffs, bailiffs, &c. &c., who appear to me to bear a strong resemblance to the Bedouin Arabs, as they are in the habit so frequently of making incursions on the peaceable settlements of trade, and seizing and bearing away such goods and chattels, *vi et armis*, as come within their reach, and sometimes even making prisoners of the inhabitants themselves, and carrying them off into captivity. I was also informed of a mode of defence occasionally adopted by a tradesman, when he apprehends any attack from these Bedouins. It is to inscribe the word *Agent* on his sign, in small characters, and often very curiously in German text, done about with flourishes, so that it requires in a casual spectator as much skill sometimes to make out the word, as to decypher an old manuscript. The first time I ever observed this, I conceived that it might be the name of the artist, just as you see—*Such-a-one, Sculpt.* or *Pinxt.* in the corner of an engraving or picture; but this is not the case, for it seems to be a kind of charm or Talisman employed to keep off the Bedouins, in the same manner that the Mahometans wear a verse of the Koran or the like about the neck, as a defence against witchcraft and dia-

eases; and this resource, I am likewise informed, has in many occasions had the desired effect, by rendering the Bedouins fearful of attacking a place so protected.

The innumerable devices and images employed in the science of Signology, constitutes its great beauty and interest. These sometimes allude to the name, character, or history of the signified, and sometimes to his goods or occupation, but very frequently it is not easy to say to what they do allude. A few years ago I remember observing a sign in the neighbourhood of Fleet Market, bearing a Phoenix, and the motto beneath of "*Nil desperandum*," by which I conceive the signified had formerly suffered in some incursions of the Bedouins, but meant to keep up a good heart. The Phoenix, however, did not live a hundred years, as that sort of bird used to do, or perhaps it was a bird of *passage*, as it disappeared long since. Before, however, proceeding to any illustrations of this science in the signs which have particularly come before my notice, I wish to say a few words upon what appear to me to be two branches of this science, which, though of an inferior interest or utility, are nevertheless worthy of notice in the light of relationship;—an advertisement and a sample. And firstly, I could never yet make any satisfactory distinction between a sign and an advertisement; the purpose, plan, varieties, and ornaments of each being so much the same. An advertisement is, like a deed, commonly on paper, parchment, or vellum; but though Lord Coke says a deed cannot be upon *wood*, yet I remember to have seen, on some occasions, a *wooden advertisement*, and, on the other hand, one not unfrequently meets with paper signs in sheltered situations. Indeed, I perceive no absolute difference; for though the one appears to be the miniature of the other in *size*, the other again is of that in *matter*. They may accordingly throw some light on each other by being considered together, and suggest to a spectator, by inference, what else might escape him.

If we begin with the poorest thing in all arts, namely, a quack medicine, and proceed upwards towards things of value and respectability, we generally find the artist, vendor, or exhibitor, puffing and fuming about them in exact proportion to their inferior quality. How innumerable have been my disappointments, when some years younger, in placing an implicit belief in the advertisements which I have read in newspapers, and in taking a direction from these *printed signs* to visit the house or shop that they issued from! One instance I will mention.—Being very unwell, and at a great expence for medical attendance, I read of a famous elixir, which was composed and derived from various medicinal and delightful plants of the eastern world, unknown and unattainable in this country, which had the happy effect of elongating human existence, and defending it, or rather ridding it, of all constitutional troubles whatever. Overjoyed at the idea of possessing such an inestimable friend, I made purchase of a bottle directly, and carrying it home, shewed it to a person competent to give an opinion upon it, who examined it, and remarked that it was compounded of "asses milk, hog's-lard, stick brimstone,

"and sugar-candy." On my first visit to the metropolis, I also remember meeting with a paper sign over a blind archway, back of Holborn, which advertised, "*Genteel Accommodations for Single Gentlemen*;" trying this place, by way of experiment, for a few days, I was served with unsavory food on a cracked plate, and put to sleep in the same room with a snoring *stage coachman*.

Samples, secondly, seem to have less resemblance to signs than have advertisements, but are rather their substitutes, and have an advantage in their portability, that they may travel to foreign parts, and extend the fame of a shopkeeper, while the sign can only be looked upon in one place, though at all times. The most humorous sample that I ever met with, was in the person of a Comedian who performed at one of the theatres, that once a year are opened for public admission, at a period of general gaiety, in a certain quarter of the Metropolis, noted for its congregations of cattle, and that unfortunate race of peasants so denounced and persecuted by Mr. Martin of Galway. The period alluded to, as my reader must be aware, extends but to a few days, yet the amusements being under the especial patronage of St. Bartholomew, are generally well attended, and I don't remember the cause now, but, one among many, I was carried myself in the current of a crowd thither up the long avenue of a lane, and regained my feet directly opposite to one of those legitimate and original theatres of Thespis, which it is now, though I know not the reason, the anti-classic fashion of the times to revile. On the platform which ran in front of the grand entrance, I perceived many "angels ever bright and fair," dancing together in the hilarity of their hearts, and several figures, arrayed in the Roman toga or corslet, and military buskin, who appeared to me to be the resuscitated spirits of those famous Latin soldiers, Marius, Cæsar, the Gracchi, and others, who were so fond of mobs, walking about with a military step and a frowning aspect, and among them the Comedian before mentioned, or in the technical language of his profession, the clown. His dress and manners attracted very general notice, which should be the first aim of every public character. He then threw a somerset, and executed several very interesting specimens of ornamental gymnastics, called tumbling,—when, stepping forward, he informed the crowd, that "he wouldn't think of demanding any thing for these feats, but he hoped that they would be willing to pay for the rest."

But I am afraid I have dwelt too long on these minor branches of Signology, to the neglect of the principal and important subject itself. Having explained, therefore, in the best manner I was able, my opinion respecting this science, without, as I informed my reader, at all entering into a profound investigation of it, I shall content myself by passing on to some illustrations, in the hope that these remarks, simple and unsatisfactory as they may have been, will still have the effect of directing the eye of some virtuoso to a proper consideration of this neglected science; and thus, that the world in a future day may be benefited by a judicious treatise respecting it,

being the duty of a public observer, like the "Little Unknown," to take cognizance of every thing in public that is decent and meritorious, for the information of those who have not time or similar opportunities of observation with himself. Such an act as the above, however praiseworthy, is nothing more than his duty, and therefore should it be attended with the happy consequences he anticipates, he would not wish, or be warranted to receive, any extraordinary quantity of thanks.

Respecting the signs in the Metropolis, as I have considered the science of Signology in a general point of view, I am not bound to speak of them particularly in one place; more especially since, in this case, as they are as public to all the world as myself, however I might edify my reader, by citing them in illustration, I should certainly fail in surprising or pleasing him. However, I have one or two remarks to make upon certain signs, for the purpose of setting public opinion right, an aim which it is both my duty and my wish to be always attentive to.

The sign of the Bull and Mouth, (which by a foreigner has been termed our *national sign*) the public generally believe to have been formerly that of the Boulogne Mouth, which is not the case, for I am warranted in asserting, that its proper name is, and was, the *Bull in Mouth*, having been originally opened by an East Indian, who witnessed the extraordinary operation of a Boa Constrictor dining off of a Bull; which induced him on his going into business, to have as correct a picture painted of the occurrence as he could, in order that customers might be drawn to the house, to hear him give an account of it.

The original proprietor of an inn in Wood Street, Cheap-side, was named Keys, a man distinguished through life for a very irascible and discontented disposition; as an image of his name, he had adopted for his sign, a *Bunch of Keys*, but on his death, his successor ingeniously invented the present device over the door, significant of the characteristic of the late proprietor, viz. *The Cross Keys*.

A public-house, by no means as well known in that quarter of the Metropolis, is designated by the term of the *Cat and Gridiron*, which is certainly a very offensive alteration and disfigurement of its original name. Catharine Griderne, though a foreigner, was an amiable, honest, and pains-taking female, who brought up nineteen children, and buried three husbands; a record is preserved at some length of her in the parish, which furnishes evidence to prove, that though a publican, she was by no means a re-publican, and very little of the sinner.

In the same manner, in a lane which runs north and south out of a principal thoroughfare, a little way distant, stands the house of entertainment, bearing the sign of the "*Pig and Tinder Box*,"—a vile and vulgar corruption of Pigrone Tinderbotski, the name of a noble Russian who, exiled from his own country, fled to this, and wound up the latter threads of life in peaceful obscurity at this house, which circumstance attracted such a host of visitors to see him, that

the landlord, in gratitude, had his picture taken for a sign. Would it not disturb the spirit of the noble Russian, were he now capable of earthly considerations, to think of the manner in which his name is perpetuated?

There are many other signs, equally obscure in their transmutations and worthy of notice, which I am now willing to pass over, or rather pass by, as I find no particular fault with the derivations so generally assigned to them. As, for instance, *The Goat and Compasses*, and *Bag of Nails*—the former of which is said to be the alteration of "God encompasses us,"—a sign which was no means one of the wonders of the times in the days of Cromwell, when it is supposed that one of his companions, who was a very spiritual man, wished to get into a spirituous kind of business, and so turned publican, with the above words for the appellation of his house, which would induce one to think, that he intended his customers to sing psalms instead of songs in his parlor, and very prejudicially to his own interests, hold the vice of inebriation in utter abhorrence.—However, in the vast mutations which *Signology*, as well as man and empire, has undergone since those days; and when we are aware in the present time, that it is the *magistrate* who *encompasses* a public-house rather than *Providence*, I do not murmur so much at the modern acceptance of "The Goat and Compasses," particularly as a few years ago it was the "Goat encompasses," by which no doubt a satiric reflection was intended upon some conservator of the public peace, and arbiter of licences.

With the sign of the "Bag of Nails," as derived from that of the "*Bacchanals*," I am not disposed to quarrel in the least, from the great wit which appears to me to be contained in its meaning. Could a more happy similitude have been invented or adopted? to have called them a "Bag of Screws," might have been wanting wit, and very defamatory to their general character; but between a veritable *Bacchanal*, and a *good Nail*, a great deal of resemblance exists; as, for instance, you would say that such a man was of *good mettle*, somewhat *pointed*, and never *without a head*.

So much for the Metropolis.

In a country town, where once I resided some time, my barber hung up his own likeness before his door for a sign, having shaved himself very smoothly before he sate for it. The influence of a pretty face in attracting custom, is very well known I believe all the world over, for the shopkeepers in Paris pay pretty women for merely sitting in a conspicuous situation all day, and there is no doubt that pretty barmaids have made the fortunes of many a host. But it is dangerous for one to trust too much to his own face as a lure, more especially as a man, since men I've often thought are more apt than women to think well of their personal appearance. My barber, I've no doubt, thought his face a very becoming part of himself, and yet it had no more character than a round of beef; and I'll be bound he didn't make enough out of it to pay the painter.

In travelling through Staffordshire, I once met with a biogra-

phical allusion in the sign of a shoemaker, who had enclosed himself, his tools, and his stock in trade, together with a variety of boots and shoes, in a small box, about the dimensions of Diogenes' tub. His sign was a ship with sails set, and flags floating in the wind, beneath which ran two lines of patriotic poetry, conveying the spirit of the design, and of the shoemaker. Many, I am assured, must recollect that industrious cordwainer, distinguished as he was by an indefatigable melody, while he stitched in time to the tune, as boatmen sometimes row, or beat an accompaniment on his lap-stone. Now it is not easy to imagine any connection between a ship and the manufacture of shoes; nor did the cobbler think there was, for he chose his design from the circumstance of his having previously been in the naval service, on which he prided himself, and took his sign therefore as knights used to do their coats of arms, from some notable action or expedition in which they had been concerned.

The satirical sign, perhaps, is more estimable in its genius than the generality, since it is intended to correct the vices and follies of mankind, while it is unfortunately the object of many others to promote them. One of this description I once observed over an inn door, wherein was represented a man in good apparel, of a pretty sufficient compass of person, and a self-complacent look, well mounted, and appearing to be well satisfied with himself and the world, with these words issuing from his mouth, "I am going to law." Opposite to him in the sign, he is meeting another of a lean habit of body, in a worn-out dress, and of a repenting aspect, with his legs hanging on each side of a bareboned jade, and replying in this manner, "I have been to law." Yet, however just and pungent this satire might have been upon the particular profession which it aimed at, I must confess I never yet saw a public-house sign representing one man reeling away from an inn door intoxicated, and another going *towards it sober*.

Not many miles from London, I once saw, and I dare say it is still to be seen, a sign, which, in the ingenious conceit that it put forth, at least had the merit of frankness. A tailor adorned his shop door with the representation of an enormous *cabbage*, the top of which had recently been snipped by a pair of *shears* (also shewn), which appeared to be just in the act of repeating the operation,

"Still opening to devour."

But lest his customers should think him guilty of any extraordinary offence, he surrounded the whole with the motto in capital letters, of "*Evil be to him, who evil thinks.*"

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

The red-cross Warrior sleeps
Far o'er the Eastern waves,
Where the wild Sirocco sweeps,
And the Syrian whirlwind raves.

No marble decks the ground,
 No cypress droops her leaves,
 But a lone and barren mound
 In the desert o'er him heaves.

The Arab rests awhile,
 The only wanderer there ;
 Then regardless of the pile,
 Hies him on to scenes more fair.

So poorly rests the dead,
 Who knew nor fear, nor shame ;
 Is the land for which he bled,
 So regardless of his fame?

Away,—here lies his dust !
 We honor not his clay ;
 To his spirit we are just,
 'Tis to that we homage pay.

What need of bust or stone,
 To mark where fell the brave ?
 Be his tomb, his name alone,
 And his country's heart his grave.

ZARACH.

THE PERIODICAL LITERATURE OF GERMANY.

It has lately transpired, somewhere or other, that the Germans are not only writing crazy folios on metaphysics, and sickening stories of "the wild and wonderful," but that they are doing a vast deal besides, especially in the line of periodical literature. We have for some time been in the habit of considering their literature as peculiarly fertile in those elegant and short-lived annual productions, which are now naturalized among ourselves: things which make their appearance at a season devoted to merriment, when the graver pursuits of literature are for a while laid aside, and when, besides their own gay flighty host,

"No spirit dares stir abroad."

We have been told of their Forget-me-nots and Moss-roses, of their Minervas and Uranias, and the like names of sweet flowers and heathenish goddesses. We have seen these rivalled, too, by flowers sprung up in our own clime, and which, for aught we know, a good Christian may take up without being thought of the worse for it. Mr. J. even says, he believes he has seen all productions of that sort, published at home or abroad; and he gives us to understand, that still the one, for which he, "the witty Mr. J.," has occasionally been inditing his own good things, is far the best of them all—the very paragon of *Taschenbuch*. We may, perhaps, be tempted, in a subsequent number, to pass in review those that we have seen—and we are afraid they are not all; but this time we propose to confine ourselves to the daily publications of Germany.

Of newspapers, we speak not. When the press is in a state as it is now in Germany, any thing like an interesting political journal is out of the question. The best thing of the kind that they have, the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, derives its chief merit from the circumstance that it professedly disclaims having any opinions of its own. In many cases, it lends its columns to be the organ of both parties, always taking care, that the liberal may keep within the limits of moderation; and, which is still more difficult to effect, that the servile may not be guilty of too glaring a violation of common decency. Thus there is continually a double set of articles from Paris—the one from a correspondent belonging to the *côté gauche*, the other from one who has taken up his abode in the happy mansions of the *côté droit*. Its sentiments on home politics are still of a lower key; that is to say, it takes things as they come, and the Editor is understood to receive a certain round sum annually from the cabinet of Vienna, to induce him to speak tenderly of the wisdom of that government*.

Of their newspapers, then, we speak not; but have to inform our readers, that the daily publications, which we are about to mention, are, each and all, things that we should call reviews or magazines. While we are treasuring up our fond records and saws of books, up to the first of the month, it is the duty, and we look upon it as rather a hard one, of a German Inspector to give his readers a literary treat every morning of their lives, Sundays excepted. Now, if this be hard for the editor, it must certainly be a little awkward for his readers, too; for, if their breakfast tables are stored thus every morning, it must leave a singular blank on the first of the month; for one used to our doings, at least, it must be a sad disappointment, and must make him lament bitterly, with Horace, that he knows not what to do on the first of the month—

“*Cœlebs quid agam Calendia.*”

But then, in the time of the poet, it must have been still worse; literature had not yet been taught to keep pace with the seasons; time rolled on without having its divisions signalized by their representatives, rousing the world at destined epochs, shorter or longer—

“*A dextra lævaque dies, et mensis, et annus,
Sæculaque, et positæ spatiis æqualibus horæ.*”

Meaning by the Horæ, as is clear from the context, the quarterly publications. But at the luckless time we speak of, the heavenly bodies were not yet shining on others, moving in somewhat a lower sphere—planets and satellites, whose revolutions are analogous to their own, circling as they are around the centre of their orbits—the public, of which, as of the sun, it is still a matter of dispute among some irreverent philosophers, whether it be, originally, an opaque, or

* The *Allgemeine Zeitung* circulates daily 18,000 copies. The *Hamburg Correspondent* circulates nearly 24,000; it is of great local and commercial interest in the north of Germany; but is not so well conducted as the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, which, in any thing except politics, is admirable.

a luminous body. We are, of course, of the latter opinion. But if the ancients were woefully deficient in regular gratifications of their literary taste, still there was among them a race of similar publications, which is not yet quite extinct; phenomena which were thought rather irregular at the literary horizon, and eccentric in their appearance; comets with a formidable tail, to lash the follies of the day. Such were the Satires of Horace, of Juvenal, of Persius; such the Epigrams of Martial; such are now in France the pamphlets of Monsieur de Pradt; such were the several cantos of "Don Juan;" such are, at present—but no matter, our business is with the German periodicals.

Of these, we shall first pay our compliments to the *Morgen Blatt*. It has been flourishing for twenty years; and, if not the first, at least ranks amongst the first of its contemporaries. It is regularly published every morning, as its name implies, except Sunday; and contains original papers on the different departments of the Belles Lettres; popular essays on scientific subjects; original poetry; extracts from interesting new publications, and specimens of yet unpublished works, and ample reports from all quarters on the drama, and on "news of literature and fashion." Besides this, it is attended by four or five weekly supplements, exclusively devoted to reviews of new works; and three or four supplements, containing a gazette of the fine arts, with engravings*.

Of the original papers, the tales and minor novels are considered the most attractive. There is scarcely an eminent novel writer of the day, scarcely an author, that delights his readers with the lovely and ethereal forms of celestial maidens, or haunts them with the ghosts of their departed aunts, or frightens them out of their wits with omens and mysterious words and signs, or softens them again by moonshine; scarcely a man of note, whose name is whispered in the drawing rooms of Berlin, or reviewed in Blackwood, but is at present, or was at some former time, favoring the *Morgen Blatt*, in the language of one of them, with "the youngest progeny of his muse."

The fertility of many of these writers is prodigious. There are several who write for three or four of the periodicals, and who, at the same time, favor the world, at Christmas, with divers heart-breaking tales, and with a host of poems in the Taschenbücher. Every third or fourth year they publish a collection of these separate performances, having previously rummaged Willdenow's Botanical Dictionary for the Linnæan name of some flower, both novel and harmonious, to parade on the title page. Nor is this all: for, besides these, their minor lucubrations, they would think it wrong to forego the laudable custom of writing novels in three volumes, post 8vo. We believe we are correct in stating, that there are, at present, upwards of seventy volumes, containing novels and tales, published under the name of

* The second and third series here mentioned sell also separately, under the title of "Litteratur Blatt," and "Kunst Blatt."

Lafontaine, the indefatigable patriarch of the fraternity. We say under his name, for we have it from the very best authority, that several of the most popular novels that go by his name (among them, for instance, *Die Familie von Halden*) have flown from the pen of a worthy lecturer at one of the German Universities, on national economy. That gentleman happened to catch his particular manner and style so well, that he one day surprised his friend Lafontaine with three neatly written quartos, and a humble query whether he thought them deserving to be ushered into the world under the spell of his name? Lafontaine was highly amused; it had always been his ambition to "astonish the natives" by the number of his productions, and thus the work of his friend was, without hesitation, sent to the press. It had a great run at the time, and the example was soon followed by other productions, which Lafontaine occasionally retouched, but which had less success. Besides Lafontaine,—Laun, Kind, Claurin, and *La Motte Fouqué*, are, perhaps, the most fertile of the novelists of the day; and some of their best things contributed in establishing the reputation of the *Morgen Blatt* for its entertaining and romantic tales.

Poetry is not much the fashion, at present, in Germany. In this department, the *Morgen Blatt* is much at a level with the other periodicals; that is to say, very indifferent. It does, perhaps, more often induce us to read its poetry on account of a name, from which we had hoped better things. We must certainly say, that there are exceptions, and that we are sure, from time to time, to meet an old favorite who will never disappoint us. But, in general, we find our time wasted whenever we are tempted to take up any of the poetry in the *Morgen Blatt*,—thus we have lately noticed a poem by Goethe—a welcome in a Masonic circle at Weimar, to the Duke Bernard upon his return home—but it is, as every thing that Goethe has published within the last fifteen years, trivial in the extreme. It is no doubt a curious fact, that there should be the same dearth of good poetry abroad, while the taste for works of fiction is equally prevailing as both are at home. We must, however, except the drama; in dramatic literature the Germans have unquestionably done a great deal in the last ten years. Though they have not, at present, a writer of the "*os magna sonaturum*," that might promise to rival the later productions of Schiller, or the earlier ones of Goethe; yet there are some dramas by living poets, that would stand among the very first in the second rank in any literature.

Speaking of the drama, we may as well add a word or two on the theatricals in the *Morgen Blatt*. That subject is taken up with much more interest, and conducted upon a much more extensive scale, than we have ever seen assigned to it in any of our journals, not excepting the *Opera-Glass*, a publication expressly devoted to it, which we have pleasure in mentioning, having lately seen some papers of much taste and merit in it. If the reader has hitherto conceived, that London theatricals, for instance, are not known on the other side of the water—that Paul Pry has travelled only in the

Literary Gazette—that “the wandering Bavarian,” after her debut on the stage, had been lost sight of by her fair country women:—if the reader has fancied any such thing, surely he has been sadly mistaken. Let him therefore be informed, that tens of thousands of his fellow-creatures, to wit, all the readers of the *Morgen Blatt*, of the *Abend Zeitung*, of the Gazette for the Elegant World, and who can tell how many more periodicals, are as completely *au fait* on those important affairs, as a minute and animated report can render them. Indeed, there is scarcely a novelty brought out even by the numina minorum gentium, but a notice of it is forthwith committed to writing, and goes out in the shape of foreign letters, the weight and postage of which, who can calculate?

If such is the case with the London Stage, it may be readily conceived that they are not backward in reporting whatever is going on at the principal theatres nearer home. The *Morgen Blatt* has long been famous for its extensive connections in all the principal towns of Europe, and for the exemplary sedulity of its agents, in the transmission, besides other literary chit-chat, of theatrical novelties.

It may be asked, what it can be that gives such a peculiar interest just to that sort of intelligence? It is not the result of a passionate predilection for the drama. The Germans are not a nation that would imitate the classical shouts of “*Panem et Circenses*.”—They are not so fond of the stage as the French are; and their enthusiasm, at least as far as our observation goes, is not that bear-like kindness which threatens to subvert the foundation of the house. They are not great admirers of show either; and we have often been shocked at the heresy of our German friends, who expressed their horror at what they called, (without at all entering into the fun of the thing,) the absurdity and vulgarity of the English pantomime.

But they are great reasoners on every thing connected with science, or the fine arts, or literature. When you fancy them in the clouds, they are deep in the philosophy of taste. They speculate upon the things they admire; they want a reason even for the taste that is in them. They want to dissect, to analyse, to abstract, and upon all occasions to be very profound indeed. Besides, they are dotingly fond of making a speech upon nothing, and a comment upon less than nothing; they are enthusiastic upon theory, and romantic with premeditation; and if it gives them pleasure, we cannot see why they should not be so. It is, moreover, a great encouragement to some branches of literature. Look at their catalogues, the voluminous bulletins of the Leipzig fair, such as our table at present is groaning under, and let us see, if that happy propensity to speculate were at once taken away either from the writing or the reading part of the public, (for these are the only two imaginable classes of that body—*tertium non datur*,) what were to become of half the authors, who now put forth *Beitrage*, or *Fragmente*, or *Grundrisse*, or *Versuche*, or other profound works, “*Von*” or

"Ueber," this or that? And if all that scribbling were to go to the devil at once; if the ambition of essayists should subside, and

"Hearts that once beat high for praise
Should feel that thrill no more,"

what would then become of the remaining half of literature? With all its excellencies, it would not be relished any more, unless set off with advantage against a commensurate quantity of trash. Upon these grounds, and out of consideration to that valuable community, we would say to the German book-makers, aye, and to others too,—go on:—and we are fully satisfied, that they will instinctively have followed this sage advice long before this now forthcoming number of their friend, The Inspector, shall have reached them.

But to return to the German theatricals; there are other reasons also, which contribute to give a peculiar interest to that department of their journals. The most distinguished performers of the German theatres are frequently visiting other places, and act their favorite parts: this is attended by very considerable advantages for the state of the dramatic art. It relieves the public from the monotonousness occasioned by a constant repetition of the same acting of a character by the same individual. It frequently presents a novel view of favorite scenes, or throws a new light on the finer shades of a character; and on the Germans, devoted as they are to analyse what they have seen, and frequently qualified for it by acute discernment, no hint of that sort is ever lost. The only fear is, that they will make too much of it—and that they will discover what the poet, or the performer, never meant to have said. The performers, in their turn, are certainly benefited by the lessons which their reception by a different, and an observing, audience may give them. For in most of the German theatres, the upper regions, "the Paradise," in the German phrase, have not yet taken the exclusive privilege of representing the taste of the public. It is obvious, that the readers of the theatrical criticisms, not being strangers to the principal performers of Germany, may be somewhat gratified by the recital of details which otherwise might have been uninteresting.

The reports of foreign dramatics are very welcome, because they are foreign; because the Germans like of all things to know what is going on in foreign parts; because they like to consult, and, we believe, occasionally overrate, foreign criticism and taste: and because they would be bored to death, however interesting their immediate environs might be, if they were to be cut off from foreign intelligence, fashion, and literature. It is astonishing to see what a mass of information from all parts of Europe is collected in their journals; they are the most sedulous, and the most tasteful, translators; there is not a work of note published at London or Paris, but that goes to Leipsic, or Berlin, or Dresden, or Stutgard, to be done, or, as their phrase curiously says, *overset*, in German. Of works which are anticipated to have a great run, the proof sheets have

frequently been known to be sent separately, so that the work was published in Germany a fortnight after it had appeared at London or Paris. Of the Waverley novels, there are at least six different translations, besides three or four editions of the original.

Every thing relating to English dramatic literature, may be supposed to present an additional interest to the Germans. They are under great obligations to the old English drama; and their acknowledgments have certainly been as handsome on their part, as they were well deserved on ours. They were not content with imitating the freer forms of the English stage, and discarding for ever the pretensions of the "Classical" French tragedy, with its "three piled hyperboles, spruce affectation, figures pedantical." They received Shakspeare with genuine enthusiasm; and there is not one of their poets of the first rank, but who has contributed to render his works still more popular in Germany. Those who are at all acquainted with the modern dramatic school of the Germans, can bear witness, that their most distinguished works, though evidently written by men who were imbued with the spirit of the Greek drama and of Shakspeare's poetry, are by no means to be called imitations of either, and that they yet have come much nearer to the true standard of both, than perhaps any thing written since the reign of Elizabeth. We ought not to forget, that what some of their first critics have done for the illustration of Shakspeare's text, and for the knowledge of the English drama, both of his own age, and some time previous to his appearance, though but little known in this country, except from quotations, is yet fully entitled to a place at the side of the most highly esteemed works of English critics. In saying so, we trust that we shall not be accused of undue partiality for the German critics by any one who is acquainted with the writings of Lessing, Schlegel, Voss, Horn, and L. Tieck.

There is one feature in the theatricals of the *Morgen Blatt*, which, as far as German theatres are concerned, has obtained for it a high reputation. Its reports are considered to be drawn up with greater impartiality, and connected with less intrigue, than those of other journals, which would lend their columns to the most harmless of factions—a faction which even the watchful governments of Germany have not yet declared a subject of apprehension, as they would undoubtedly have done, if its machinations and *mentées* were extending beyond a somewhat humorous discussion of the tastes of authors, managers, performers, critics, and the public. We remember some of those feuds, which had originated in local cabals, but which were taken up with a good deal of spirit by the leading journals, whose highest ambition it was, to give both in prose and in verse, the latest intelligence of the actual state and movements of the belligerent powers. Only last year an intrigue of that sort gained great publicity by the lively publications which emanated from several Berlin *coteries*. Who has not heard of Mademoiselle Sonntag, by whose silver sounds all Paris was *enchanté*? Who is not dying to hear her? So they were in Berlin—and Berlin was all

enthusiasm, when the wittiest journal of Germany, the *Schnellpost*, edited by Saphir at Berlin, commenced its scurrilous attacks upon the general favorite. Berlin was in an uproar. The friends of Mademoiselle Sonntag were absolutely enraged. It so happened, that one fine morning as the *beau monde* were making their way through the Friedrichs-Strasse, (next Oxford Street, we believe the longest specimen of the kind in the civilized world) their progress was stopped for a few minutes by a file of heavy loaded waggons, which crossed the street, and were severally unpacked, with great ceremony and mystery, at Herbig's, the booksellers. Novelties from Leipsic! What could it be? Was it an essay on the quadrature of the circle? Was it the hundred seventy-fifth volume of a compendious abrégé of the theory of the human mind? But it looked much too smart for that—it must be a novel—and a novel it was; and, such a novel! The loungers commenced an attack. Great was the glee among some, and long were the faces of others, when they read “Henrietta, the fair Songstress:” and so it was, scenes of fashionable life depicted with much spirit, by one who must evidently have had access in the highest circles; by one who had portrayed some characters at full length, and annoyed others by anecdote and inuendo; by one who more than probably was among them at the moment, and watching with infinite satisfaction the smile that played round many a lip, and the blood that rushed up into many a cheek. The names were altered in a laughable manner, and served only to signalize the characters more distinctly. Matrons and Spinsters, Professors and Hofrathes, Saints and Worldlings, were amused and terrified by turns, by the exhibition of the *chronique scandaleuse*. It was a bolder stroke than any thing achieved by the Prussians since Katzbach and Waterloo. But in a few days, the twelve thousand copies that had been sent from Leipsic, were sold off, and were devoured; the public fancied, with what right is still unknown, they had detected the author; much of the zest was gone; and a week after the book had been published, the thing was declared to be after all but an ill-natured quizz; and the river Spree was seen to pursue its natural course, and so were the beau monde their's along the Friedrichs-Strasse.

We ought to say a few words of the *Litteratur Blatt*, which has for a series of years been published as a *pendant* to the *Morgen Blatt*. It derives its chief merit from the collection of reviews which it gives from time to time of German, English, Italian, and French literature. It is at present conducted with much more talent than it had been before; and it promises fair to be an independent and highly respectable tribunal of criticism—a thing which is an absolute desideratum among the German periodicals, whatever their other merits may be. We find that the Editor, who has acted for some time as the spirited leader of the opposition in matters of taste and literature, has softened down the high tone of party feeling, with which he had conducted another journal, which we shall mention in our next.

The *Kunst Blatt*, or Gazette of the Fine Arts, we consider, upon the whole, as the best conducted and most comprehensive periodical of the kind. The reports from Italy and Paris are regular, and drawn from distinguished authorities; and the articles from different parts of Germany may contribute to prove, that if the Germans have most excelled in music, they have by no means been backward in the cultivation and encouragement of other arts. It is perhaps curious to see, that the most arbitrary and the most liberal government in Germany are the most active in promoting the arts, as far as any government may do by judicious encouragement; and it would be difficult to point out two cities which stand more pre-eminent in that respect, than Berlin and Munich.

We understand that the *Morgen Blatt*, with the exception of the news of literature and the fine arts, is for the future to be conducted by a young writer of considerable talent, who has opened his career by two highly popular novels, by which he has in a short time acquired celebrity, and a great many enemies; they are both of a satirical turn; the first, "The Man in the Moon," is a parody on the manner of one of the most popular novel writers of the day, Clauren, whose literary character certainly deserves to be held out as an example of popularity of the very worst kind. "The Man in the Moon" has done this in rather a severe but *piquant* lesson to the public: the public took the dose very quietly, and they were much amused by the circumstance, that the book was published under Clauren's name; but Clauren himself was supremely provoked at the offence, and brought an action against the publisher, tout comme chez nous. Still, to enable our readers to appreciate the wisdom of the court of justice which had to act on the occasion, we must inform them, that there is not such an author in existence as Mr. Clauren, his real name being Carl Heun; but Mr. Carl Heun brought an action for publishing a book under the fictitious name of H. Clauren, which, he said, was neither more nor less than an anagram of his own name—Carl Heun!! The court, of course, gave a verdict against the publisher, and the fortune of the book was made: it had an immense run. The other novel we alluded to, is entitled "The Memoirs of "Satan:" it is a satire of much incidental merit "on all things and "some others" in Germany; it discusses literature and fashion, lecture-rooms and drawing-rooms, and gives even a political hint or two; and the Argus of the press was uncommonly civil to the old gentleman, considering the naiveté of his appearing for once in his own character, which, at any rate, is much less terrifying than that of a revolutionist or demagogue.

Among the rivals of the *Morgen Blatt*, stands first the Gazette for the Elegant World. Who are the elegant world? It would be difficult to define the idea; but if we may follow the clue given by that publication, we would infer, that the elegant world delight in very pretty poetry, but nothing distinguished; in very pretty tales, but rather lengthy, and spun out with more successful sketching than invention; in a world of theatrical reports, of very different merit

and interest; in occasional attempts at humor, but which must not be bold; and at satire, but which must not be pointed; in a timely notice of forthcoming novels, voyages, and travels, and of lions at all places where lions may be found; and, lastly, in miscellaneous reading, which we should call, in homely phrase, "odds and ends."

Our readers are aware, that with the exception of formal reviews, which are not admitted, the *Elegant World* appear to fall in with the taste of the readers of the *Morgen Blatt*; the difference that may exist between the two journals is rather occasional than the result of different principles. Both journals have, of course, no political principles; and whenever the relation of a court festival is given, their language is equally loyal, and always full of admiration for any government that chooses to support the "*Hof Theater*," or a gallery of painting, or an academy of music.

But there is one department of this same Gazette, which affords endless amusement to the elegant world, and to every reader, whether he belong or not to that tribe, which however are said to have but little of an exclusive character abroad: we mean the said "odds and ends." A more amusing collection of literary curiosities, of extracts from scarce books, of anecdote, literary and fashionable, and of jeux d'esprit and epigrams from all languages, has probably never graced the columns of any journal: the principal merit of that collection is belonging to Mr. Haug, the first now living epigrammatist in Germany, who is inexhaustible in good things. His impromptus have acquired him a reputation far extending beyond the circle of his own acquaintance, and his epigrams are considered a treat from one end of Germany to the other. His resources in conversation are boundless; with a vast reading he unites a prodigious memory, an inexhaustible stock of anecdote, and an irresistible vein of parody and *persiflage*. Thus circumstanced, and having spoken and written epigrams all his life, it is indeed a phenomenon, that he is not known to have ever made any man his enemy; the very worst crimination that has ever been thrown upon his name—let Mr. Hood hear, and rejoice, *socios habuisse malorum*—is an unconquerable passion for the ruinous practice of punning.

We mention the "*Abend Zeitung*," not so much to enter into a minute characteristic of that paper, for its plan is nearly coincident with the two former journals, but to avail ourselves of the opportunity to introduce to our readers another of the German literati of the day, to whose contributions much of the credit is owing, which that journal at present enjoys. Professor Bottiger, of Dresden, has for some time been engaged in conducting the literary part of the *Abend Zeitung*, and giving an *analyse raisonnée* of distinguished performances. It seems to have been his ambition to unite *res dissociabiles*—a vast erudition with popularity and elegance. There is not a man who is more completely at home in ancient literature, who has taken a more comprehensive view of ancient art, and who, at the same time, has been keeping pace with the productions of the day, both in fashion and literature. If our readers should ever chance to meet with a

series of the *Taschenbuch Minerva*, we would recommend them by all means to look over the illustrations of Schiller's plays, by Ramberg, which are done in very good taste, and some of them in superior style, and to read the comments on them by Bottiger. His personal acquaintance with Schiller has enabled him to give a very satisfactory account of many points of interest, and besides a very able discussion of the merits of the plays, he has thrown much light upon the characters, when they are borrowed from history and on the manners of the age. He has not always escaped the imputation of pedantry, and his numerous and learned quotations have frequently been ridiculed, even on the stage. But then quoting is a natural weakness of the Germans: it is the point in which they indulge themselves: it is the first and the last of their natural predilections. It has lately been asserted, somewhere in our own pages, that "there is no luxury comparable with a warm bath;" now a German would probably listen to that eloquent panegyric "with diffidence and respect, but without either conviction or assent." He would conscientiously declare, that, all things well considered, his prime luxury lies in quotation, and that the older the books, the longer the titles, the more intense will be the delight.

The "Gazette of Literary Conversation" is by far the most comprehensive, and at the same time the most expeditious, review of German and foreign literature: it excludes poetry, tales, and theatricals; but it contains, besides the reviews and extracts, a great mass of original information on subjects of general interest from all quarters. The principles of this journal have undergone great changes: it was first established under a different title, by that most contemptible of literary jobbers, Kotzebue. At present, its principles are decidedly liberal, that is to say, as far as the *Censure, monstrum horrendum*, will allow it.

We must not forget to mention, among the daily papers, the "Hesperus."

"O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things!"

says Sappho of old, and Byron after her. We would not venture to say quite as much with regard to the "Hesperus, Encyclopädische Zeitschrift;" but we may say that it is one of the most instructive, or the most instructive, periodical in Germany. It contains a variety of miscellaneous information, statistical and geographical details from the most approved works, and frequently from original sources difficult of access, valuable reports of literature, science, and the arts, and popular essays on topics of general interest. The Editor, Mr. André, was formerly living in the city of Bruinn, in Austria, and has long distinguished himself by his uncommon literary activity. He had very much annoyed the Austrian government by his incessant efforts to promote general knowledge, and, among the rest, popular education. Now in that happy land it is intended to be understood that the rearing of youth should be a process precisely similar to that of rearing turnips: this, and a variety of causes equally provoking,

had the effect, that the government in their turn were doing the best in their power to annoy Mr. André, when he was invited, in the most honorable manner, by the King of Wirtemberg to take his residence in Stutgard. Mr. André, we believe, in his sixtieth year, moved to Stutgard, and recommenced there his periodical, under better auspices. The next step of the Austrian government of course was to put it on the list of prohibited publications. He is besides the editor of a much approved of economical journal, and is astonishing his friends by the unparalleled activity with which he is still keeping up his numerous connexions, and pursuing his literary career, which has from the beginning been marked with a spirit truly popular, disinterested, and liberal.

STANZAS.

"The fever of vain longing."

CHILDE HAROLD, 3rd Canto.

I shed no tear beside thy bier,
 But those who round me wept,
 Had little cause to wish they shared
 The tearless calm I kept.
 I moved to gaze on thee again,
 And made the weepers start;
 They thought that I should then become
 As lifeless as thou art.
 But when mine eye was on thy form,
 It did not tell me more,
 Of that pale shade of life and love,
 Than I had known before.
 Nor had I power that sight to shun,
 If such had been my will,
 For when I turned mine eyes away,
 My spirit saw thee still.
 Then, in my breast, conflicting pangs
 Warr'd with so fierce a strife,
 I thought none mightier could invade,
 And not destroy the life.
 But, oh—to look upon thee now—
 Ev'n on that bed of death—
 To say, but now, I heard thee sigh—
 Even thy latest breath—
 To cure this aching of my heart
 To hold thee there again,
 I'd pray that moment could return,
 With all its nameless pain!
 Aye, Grief, with all her thousand wounds,
 No mortal blow may give;
 It is the lightning stroke of joy
 We cannot feel, and live!

▲♦♦♦♦■.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS,

BETWEEN THE ABOLITIONIST AND WEST INDIAN.

LETTER II. — TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—I resume the statement of the arguments urged by both Abolitionist and West Indian on the Question of Free Labor.

ABOLITIONIST.

Moral duty we insist is always the precursor of civilization. Let it be established, and the stimulus you consider as necessary to promote industry will certainly follow. If any present obstacle appear, it is because there is no sense of moral duty yet impressed upon the negro's mind. Elevate his condition, cease to regard him as an outcast spurned even of God, and the same great principle which prompts mankind in general to labor, will not be lost upon the African. Your sturdy denial of the effects springing from moral duty, proves at once your depravity and the weakness of your cause.—*Wilberforce's Appeal*.

WEST INDIAN.

We uphold, as strongly as yourselves, the manifold advantages of moral duty and religion. All our recent acts are proofs in our favor. We consider that morals and religion are highly essential in subduing violent passions, correcting all the evil propensities of our nature, and thus removing great impediments in the progress of a barbarous people towards civilization. Morals and religion prepare the soil, but they do not themselves sow the seed. You conceive that, *alone*, they will accomplish every thing desired. We deny it, and maintain that *other physical circumstances*, infinitely more powerful in their operation, enter into the question; and that until they are remedied, all hope of steady industry under free labor, in the West Indies, is visionary.—*Maj. Moody's 2d Report*, p. 7, *et seq.*

How do you account for the most moral nations being always the most industrious? Does this not prove the efficacy of morality, and expose the sophistry of your reasoning?—*Crepper's Letter to Wilberforce*.

You substitute cause for effect; nations are not so much industrious, because they are moral, as they are moral because they are industrious.—*Speech of the Right Hon. W. Plunkett, 1810, on the State of Ireland*.—*M^r Donnell's Considerations*, p. 285.

Why should not industry flourish in the West Indies as well as in Europe? Is there any work of our great Creator debarred from becoming an object of appro-

Industry may flourish by free labor, as soon as you remove the grand *physical* difficulty. That consists, as we have already stated, in the *facility of procuring* sue-

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bation in his eyes by its advancement and prosperity?—*Stephen's England Enslaved.*—*Wilberforce's Appeal.*

Your doctrine is monstrous, nay, impious. You call the blessings of Providence a curse. Because nature pours forth her gifts with a lavish hand in the Tropics, you say it obstructs voluntary industry. What minister of religion, what moralist, will pay attention to such views?—*Bishop of Bristol's Speech, March 7, 1828.*

You are justifying the institution of slavery. Every Member of the Legislature expressed himself in opposition to it in the abstract, and this unanimity is decisive proof that the system in the West Indies is, in principle, quite unjustifiable.—*Second Report Anti-Slavery Society.*

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tenance.—Comparative denseness of population, or some counteraction of the spontaneous growth of a Tropical climate, appear to be the only remedies. To expect that men, after they have *satisfied all their wants*, will refrain from enjoyment from some *moral* consideration, is about as reasonable as it would be for a Preacher to erect his pulpit at Hyde Park Corner, and hope to exhort our populace into the practice of staying at home to pray, instead of coming thither for recreation.—*M' Donnell's Considerations*, chap. iv.

The support of truth can never deserve censure; but the least reflection shows how superficial is your charge. Morality is never better promoted than in those difficulties, and by those stimuli, which call forth, as a matter of necessity, the full faculties of man. To labor before we can enjoy, is the very requisite to promote civilization, virtue, and happiness. It is you, in your ignorant clamour, who would arrest the progress of morality, by plunging the negro into the miseries of idleness.—*M' Donnell's Considerations*, c. iv.

There is no one among those whom you oppose, who has not declared, that, abstractedly speaking, freedom is far preferable to slavery. But, if the question turn on the causes of industry, we assert broadly and unequivocally, that cultivation cannot be carried on in the West Indies without coercion. Pursue your fallacious project of establishing a free peasantry, and you bring upon the white capitalist inevitable ruin, and upon the Mother Coun-

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By coercion, you mean, doubtless, a system of slavery. You wish the lash always to hang in terror over the black, to impel him to work, not for his own, but for your exclusive emolument. If man be created a free agent, the forcing him to act contrary to his will can never be justified.—*Mr. Fowell Buxton, 15th May, 1823. ---Anti-Slavery Reports, passim.*

Laboring men in this country may work or not work, as they please, and, therefore, it is untrue to say that they are coerced.—*Wilberforce's Appeal.*

A man in this country elevates his wants according to his earnings. He works sedulously, that he may attain enjoyment; but you debar the negro from this powerful incentive. In doling him out one definite supply of what you ludicrously term *comforts*, you treat him as a machine insusceptible of

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try the irretrievable loss of her Colonies.—*Major Moody's Second Report.---M^r Donnell, chap. iv.*

We ground our principle on the firm basis, that industry must be the precursor to civilization. "The "impending lash," on which you love to expatiate, is merely a figure of rhetoric; for, as in many of our regiments, the utmost discipline may be preserved without severity, so on plantations healthful industry can be conducted without rigour. When you object so forcibly to the term coercion, we must tell you, that in every nation men are *coerced* to labor. In the West Indies, this is effected by the control of a master---in England, by the *dread of starvation!* Which is the hardest taskmaster?---*M^r Donnell's Considerations, chap. iv. xi. xii.*

If a laboring man do not work, he and his family must starve; and, therefore, it is perfectly puerile to maintain that he has an option. He is absolutely *forced* to action by the most powerful constraint in existence. Besides, a laboring man not working, is liable to be sent to the workhouse, and is legally punishable as a vagrant or vagabond.—*M^r Donnell's Considerations, chap. iv.*

Nothing upholds our position so strongly as the examination of facts relating to your argument just stated.—Men work to satisfy those wants which are *habitual* to them—nothing beyond. When the remuneration given to our operatives was very high, they worked only three days in the

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improvement.--*Stephen's England Enslaved, &c.*---*Edinburgh Review*, No. 82.

When you talk of habitual wants, why should they not be elevated, as refers to the general scale of black society? What right have you to prevent a black man from becoming a proprietor, and riding in his own carriage, as well as a white?—*Mr. Brougham's Speech, Anti-Slavery Meeting*, Ap. 1825.

Had not violence and tyranny oppressed the Tropical regions, we should by this time have beheld them civilized, and supplying us with their produce, voluntarily reared.—*Clarkson's History of the Slave Trade*.

When a people have to work their own way to civilization, it may require ages to accomplish it; but the negroes are under our protection; they witness our man-

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week, because in that time they could earn sufficient to satisfy their habitual wants. The highlanders of Scotland not long since wandered about their hills in idleness---so soon as an altered system of farming commenced, and the dread of starving began to operate, they betook themselves to industry. In the South of France the same principle is exemplified. An entire year's labor would do more than satisfy the wants of the peasantry, and the superabundant time is, consequently, devoted to holidays.—*M^r Donnell's Considerations*, chap. iv.

If black men acquire the means by their own industry, we wish to interpose no obstacle. But you consider not the impracticability of the consummation you covet. You overlook the time required for civilization. If century has succeeded century, and neither aboriginal Indian nor African negro have made progress in industry, it is surely proof unanswerable that the love of ease predominates over the disposition to pursuits of irksome labor.---*Major Moody's Second Report*, p. 42. et seq. 49.

When America was discovered, rigorous slavery existed in both Mexico and Peru. If, in the two most advanced States, the institution existed, your argument meets a signal defeat.—*Robertson's America*, iii., 166, 212.

Such ideas are superficial. Civilization, such as you contemplate, can only spring from the amalgamation of the two races. Now, who for a moment could

ABOLITIONIST.

ners, arts, knowledge. It is our bounden duty to assist them---and all would be happily accomplished, were it not for your shameful obstinacy.---18th Report African Institution.

Your argument bears *prima facie* evidence of its unsoundness. It would establish, what our religion denies, a physical inequality between two races of men. It would perpetuate slavery, a state which the concurrent voice of mankind pronounces unjust.---*Wilberforce's Appeal.*

No honest man can feel patience at your miserable expedients to colour your injustice with plausible excuses. But, in point of fact, your own ground is untenable. Who made you the judges of negro feelings? Granting the full scope of idleness to succeed in the Colonies, what moral principle can authorize you to disturb that idleness for your own especial profit? If a black man choose to hunt and fish, and otherwise enjoy himself, what

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conceive, that a white lady would ever tolerate a black man as a husband. The least attention to the influence of manners, proves the idea to be preposterous.---*Major Moody's Second Report*, p. 25, et seq.

You pervert our statements respecting physical inequality. We affirm simply, that a black man can work in the Tropics, while a white cannot. We disclaim the wish to perpetuate slavery. To effect a cure, we must correctly know the disease. To exterminate slavery, we must know the causes of its rise, and its natural decay. Reflecting upon these, we assert, that a man might as well stretch forth his arms to stop the current of a mighty river, as, by means of moral duty, to check the propensity to idleness in men, where there is to them no adequate object to be purchased by exertion. If we seek for subsequent civilization, slavery can be terminated in no other mode than by that of assimilating the maintenance of the negro to the returns for his labor.---*M'Donnel's Considerations*, chap. iv.

It is not for us, but the nation, to answer the charge. It refers to the removal of the negroes from Africa, which all allow to have been a flagrant crime. But the very mooted of the question would establish all that we desire. 1st. That emancipation would expel industry from the Colonies. 2nd. That the capitalist would be ruined, for which the nation, in common regard for its good faith, must provide indemnification; and, 3rdly, That the Colonies

ABOLITIONISTS.

right have you to say to that man, friend, you must hunt no longer ---you must come and work for me, and leave me to amuse myself at your expense.---*Edinburgh Review*, No. 82.

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will be lost to Great Britain. Whether a life of sloth or of industry, however remote, may be its voluntary exercise---whether or not having committed the sin of transporting the slaves from Africa, it would be wise, or even just, to let them relapse into barbarism---whether or not it would be humane to further encourage the Slave Trade, or politic, in so doing, to feed the resources of foreign powers, it is for the nation to decide.---*M^r Donnell's West India Legislatures Vindicated*, pp. 72, 73.

Nov. 9, 1826.

ARISTIDES.

THE FORSAKEN'S REMONSTRANCE.

Hadst thou but cold thro' absence grown,
From Love that *had* been warm,
Or chang'd thy fickle faith alone,
For fairer face or form :

If real passion fir'd thy breast,
However soon decay'd.
Then mightest thou at least have guess'd
The ruin thou hast made.

But there is madness in the fear,
That when thy lips could breathe,
The words I lov'd so well to hear
Thy heart was cold beneath :

Careless to whom it sued and bow'd,
So wealth adorn'd the shrine,
And chose me only from the crowd,
Where most it saw it shine.

Say, 'twas Necessity's cold laws,
Or fate, that made us part ;
Say, thou wert false from any cause
But selfishness of heart ;

And I may half forgive the ill
That thou hast done to me,
And in my fancy see thee still,
What once I pictur'd thee.

ADELA.

HEBREW SAYINGS.

Meanness of disposition, and sternness of character, are the misbegotten offspring of Pride and Folly. Like the icy frost, they palsy and benumb every thing which comes near them, and, like the dark clouds of winter, overshadow and obscure the brightest deeds and the deepest wisdom. Gentleness and Affability are the lovely children of Benevolence and Sociability. They, like the summer rays of the sun, warm and expand every thing which comes within their influence. They gently draw the hearts of men towards them, spread a light over intelligence, and are the loveliest ornaments of true greatness.

THE PATIENT HILLEL.

In the time of Herod, surnamed the Great, lived two men of extraordinary erudition, Schammai and Hillel. The former was morose and irritable, the latter gentle, modest, and cheerful. It happened that a Heathen came to the first, and said to him, "I am much willing to become of your persuasion, on condition that you expound to me the whole law within the time that I can stand upon one leg." The morose teacher, enraged at such an unseemly request, drove the impudent stranger away from him with his staff. The Heathen made the same request to Hillel, who complied with it without hesitation, and fulfilled his condition, saying, "Do not unto others, what thou wouldst not have done to thyself. This is the essence of the law,—all the remainder is only the interpretation; go now and learn." The Heathen thanked him, and became an honest and good man.

The same gentle and good-humored Hillel once occasioned a wager which was laid as to whether it was possible to disturb his equanimity of temper. The better to ascertain this, he who wished to enrage him, went to Hillel, who was possessed of the greatest power and authority next to the king, and asked in a rude imperative tone, "Where is Hillel?" without making him the accustomed salutation. Hillel, without noticing the stranger's rudeness, answered with his ordinary calmness, "Here am I, wherefore dost thou call me?" "I wish to know why the Babylonians have round heads?" "An important question, truly," said Hillel. "The reason is, that they have not experienced midwives."

The man went, but speedily returned, and asked just as loudly and insolently, "Where is Hillel?" The wise man answered as gently as before, "Here am I, what dost thou wish to know, my son?" "I wish to know, wherefore the Parthians have weak eyes?" "Because they live in a sandy soil, which occasions the small particles to get into their eyes, and thereby weakens them."

The stranger once more withdrew, astonished at Hillel's good temper, and almost immediately returned, bawling loudly for Hillel. "Why have," said he, boldly, "the Africans broad feet?" "Because they live in a marshy soil." "I would ask thee yet a question, but I fear thou wilt be angry." "Fear nothing," replied the amiable Hillel. "Ask what thou wilt, I will answer thee if I can." Astonished at Hillel's urbanity, and alarmed at the probable loss of the

wager, the stranger thought that the surest way to win it, was to offend him downright, and therefore he asked him insolently to his face, "Art thou a Prince of Israel?" Hillel replied in the affirmative. "Well, then," replied the stranger, "Heaven forbid there should be many more such princes as thou!" "Wherefore?" said Hillel, but still speaking with a smile. "Because---because---I have lost 400 shekels by thee;" and thereupon he related to him the whole adventure. "Thy gold," said Hillel, smiling, "is not entirely lost; the result will teach thee more prudence for the future, not to wager so indiscreetly. Better it is that thou shouldst lose thy money, than Hillel his temper."

THE ABBE MEZZOFANTI.

There are phenomena among mankind quite as inexplicable as those of the material world. Mezzofanti is one of them. He is Librarian and Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Bologna. As Abbe, he every day reads the service of the Mass, which is in LATIN; and without ever having been beyond the walls of Bologna, he is acquainted with other languages to a number that seems almost incredible. The Baron von Zach relates of him in his astronomical correspondence.

"In our first interview, he addressed me in an HUNGARIAN, and paid his respects in the best MAGYARISCHEN dialect, in a compliment so elegantly worded, as to cause in me no slight surprise. He then spoke to me in GERMAN, first in SAXON, then in the AUSTRIAN, then in the SWABIAN idioms, and in all with a correctness and precision that increased my astonishment to the highest. In addition, this extraordinary man spoke ENGLISH with Captain Smyth, POLISH and RUSSIAN with Count Wolkonsky. At dinner at the Cardinal Legate Spina, I sat near him. After I had conversed with him some time, in many languages, all of which he spoke better than I, it occurred to me, suddenly to address him in WALLACHIAN. Without hesitation, and without ever appearing to notice my change of language, he answered me in the same idiom with such fluency, that I was obliged to say, 'Gently, gently, Mr. L'Abbe, not so fast!' I had not spoken myself in this language for fourteen years, although I had understood it perfectly in my youth, when I served with my Hungarian regiment. The Professor was, however, far more fluent than I; and in this part of the conversation I discovered that he spoke another language, which I had never been able to learn, although I had often tried, and had had so many more opportunities than he---I mean, THE GIPSY DIALECT. But how could a man who had never left his native town, instruct himself in a language which is not written, nor to be found in any printed book in the world? During the war in Italy, an Hungarian regiment was stationed at Bologna, among whom the Professor discovered a gipsy; he made him his teacher, and learned with his ordinary facility a language which appears an unintelligible *patois*, from the source of that of the Indian Parias. And in what manner did he speak all these languages? Prince Wolkonsky gave this testimony as to the Russian---he wished his son, who was travelling with him, could speak it as well. Captain Smyth said, 'The Professor speaks

“ ‘English more correctly than I, who have corrupted mine by
 “ ‘mixing with Irish, Scotch, and foreigners of all nations. The
 “ ‘Professor speaks it so accurately, that it is evident he is a master
 “ ‘of the language.’ ”

The Baron, von Zach having introduced a countryman to him, the Professor conversed with him in German. The stranger afterwards asked the Baron, how it happened that a German was made a Professor at an Italian University? A Bohemian, who conversed with Mezzofanti in his mother tongue, told us, that had he not known the Professor to be an Italian, he should have taken him for a Bohemian. The wonder becomes still greater when we reflect how difficult it must be to an Italian, whose language is so particularly soft and mellifluous, to speak such harsh languages as the English, the German, the Polish, and the Russian.

TO A LADY.

“ That touching and unearthly charm,
 Where early death has set its seal.” KNIGHT’S QUAR. MAG.

Thy step is measured by the beating heart,
 Thy voice is passion’s choking sigh, thy form
 Is trembling with the presence of the storm,
 The eyes that see thee, give thee up their tears
 For all thou dost appear, and all thou art ;
 Too like a temple, radiant with the flame,
 Whose fiery breathings feed upon its frame,
 Thy very peril so sublime appears,
 We hardly dare thy destiny deplore ;
 Such awful loveliness thine aspect wears,
 We feel to wrong that beauty with our tears,
 And lose our pity, learning to adore ;
 Tho’ while we look on thee, we cannot keep
 From weeping, yet we worship as we weep.

A * * * * H.

ANTICIPATION;

OR, BIRDS IN A BUSH.

“ Tute hoc intriste, omne tibi exedendum est.” TERENT.
 Every bird must hatch its own egg.

Βεβαιωμέναξ, νοαξ, νοαξ. Chorus of Frogs—ARISTOPHANES.

Are you married or single, reader? You must be either one or the other; and, married or unmarried, you will suit my purpose, and, perhaps, I may contrive to suit yours, which is, doubtless, to be amused. If I happen to enter into an anticipation of what you have realized, you will not be displeased, perhaps, to find some congeniality in our minds; if on the contrary, you and I shall be still better friends. I hate raising expectations; and, for this reason,

always knock gently at the doors of my acquaintances, for fear they should anticipate some lordly stranger; therefore, that you may not imagine that I am going to do what I have not the least idea of, I will tell you what, in my anticipations, I shall not anticipate. I shall not enter into anticipations of the grave—the sensations we feel at the sound of this word, are by no means agreeable to our life-loving nature. Besides, it is no easy matter to talk of circling turfs and wreathed willows, of scattered roses and luxurious worms, of time-crusted monuments and chilly vaults, of—but I am already belying my promise. I shall not describe anticipations of a new poem; an epic from Southey; a tale from Barry Cornwall; a pun from Rogers, or a witticism from Jerdan; a new comedy at either of the “Rival Houses;” a novel from Colburn, or a decided cause in Chancery. Each, and all, of these, are but melancholy visions, either disappointing if realized, or never likely to be so. Still less shall I anticipate that Joseph Hume will make to night less than twenty speeches in the House of Commons; that the Morning Herald will contain a well-written “leader,” or the Times a bad one; that the Reviewer in the “Sun” will learn to distinguish between an imitation and an original; or, that the now glorious weather will continue unchanged till I have finished this article. I will touch only on probable events.

A LETTER.—Ten thousand blessings on that man’s head who invented letters! and twice twenty more on his head who invented writing. Familiar advantages are generally understood: thus it is with writing; it is such an optional and common thing, that we never pay it the respect of pausing to admire the pleasures and gratification which it imparts. What can be imagined (when we revolve the matter) more delightful than our capability to cheat distance of separation and absence of forgetfulness? What more convenient than to fold up our minds in a sheet of paper, and send them for the inspection of those friends, to whom thousands of intervening miles prevent our personally unfolding it? Letters are our ambassadors: they represent ourselves—aye, and in the noblest way too. Through them we hold a correspondence with the Nabobs of India; we may travel the world by their conveyances; hint to distant uncles the propriety of securing a will; blow up a well-bred scoundrel, and supply our families with jokes sufficient to keep them laughing till our return. The rag-man, the goose, the ink-merchant, the post-office, postman, the mail-coachman, &c., &c., it is true, conspire in our service with these letters themselves, and all deserve a separate meed of praise; but let them wait, I cannot now bestow it.

“There is a letter in the candle” for the next week, I anticipate. From whom will it come? from what part of England? what will it contain? good or bad news?—It is impossible for me to answer these questions, and hence my mind will experience a constant jolt between hope and dread. How will the sound of the postman’s distant rap thrill all my nerves, and startle up my cogitations! I throw down my book, pull out the small drawer of my writing-desk, unburden my purse of a shilling, approach the window, and strain my sight in

vain down the crooked street, to catch a blessed view of the postman's red-coat—pshaw! he has left my street for another. By and bye comes the town postman, half-splitting my street door with the short duplicate of his thundering momento: full of the idea of the general post, I gently open the door of my study, prick up my ears to hear the servant's approach—she is not coming it seems—I give my bell an awakening touch that sets half a dozen more to accompany its chiming ding ding. The domestic drops her spoon in her dripping pan, terrified at the sounds, treads on a kitten's tail as she flies through the door way, gallops up stairs like one of Ducrow's horses, bruises her shins over the coal scuttle on the landing place, and then opening my door with a face writhing like a clown's, moans out,—“Did you ring, sir?”—“Where's my letter?”—“Your letter, sir, ‘twas the tax-gatherer!” Oh! oh! Maddened with disappointment, and still more maddened at my unnecessary anger, I turn round on my chair, mutter “d——n the tax-gatherer,” ferret the hobs with my shoes, and whistle, by way of mockery, at my own caprice. “Go to ‘bed, Tom.” Has the reader ever realized this, or any thing like it? happier he if he has not!

Of course, while anticipating a letter, the eagerness to receive it, increases as the disappointment lengthens. Fancies pile on fancies, and suspicions conjure themselves into a shadowy existence. Perhaps the person from whom you expect it, is dead and buried---drowned or suffocated---or, what you think almost as mortifying, he has forgotten you. “It is very strange I don't hear from him,” is the usual family speech at meal-time. Your sisters, if they are partial to teasing, will not fail to pat you on the shoulder, and say with soft impertinence---“Poor boy, he SHALL have a letter;” while your father will lay his knife and fork down very ceremoniously, fix his eyes steadily on your face, and then gravely remark, “I tell you ‘what, Bob, since you are so anxious to have a letter, why not write ‘one to yourself?’” How then will his eyes be half-concealed with the merry motion of their lids at this juvenile sally?---Poor disappointed man, I pity you, for let the would-be stoics prate as they please,

“These little things are great to little men.”

I can easily imagine you continually listening to the sound of the street door knocker, putting eternal meaningless questions to all the servants, and seizing hold of every bit of paper, that at the room's length appears in the corresponding shape of a letter. With what feverish anxiousness do you await the postman's hours, fancy the clink of each heel on the pavement to be his, and open your sitting-room door at the least sound in the passage! Perhaps you will enjoy “a brown study” for the first hour after breakfast; the second in measuring your room with Bombastes-like strides---and then the postman's hour is arrived.—Well, you are in your arm-chair, and your watch is this moment making its appearance from your fob—“Fifteen minutes past one—surely I have made a mistake—the time ‘must be past.’” What a dreadful hubbub your bell has created

below : I can almost hear it dinging in my ear : but here's the footman—" Pray, Thomas, is the postman gone by yet?"—" The postman!" replies Thomas, with a stare.—" Yes, the postman." You growl in a lion-rage.—" Is the postman gone by, I say?" Thomas stares still more widely ; then answers with a soft voice, mingling anger at your anger, with triumph at your disappointment—" This hour ago, sir!" Now, my dear sir, after this excruciating endurance, if I were by you, I should recommend a cold bath, if it were summer, or a walk in your garden at any time of the year.— Woe be to dog or cat that you meet as you descend your stairs!

This continuance of " the hope deferred," which maketh the " heart sick," will perhaps last a few days longer. At last, on a certain day, after you have walked the streets in a demi-sulky gloominess of thought, and flung envious glances at every letter you behold in a casual stranger's hand, you will return home little improved in temper—knock impatiently at the door—Thomas is shaving in his garret—knock harder—here he is, quite out of breath, and his eyes anticipating your anticipation:—" There's a letter for you, sir, up stairs." Yes, I can see you plain enough; the letter is come at last, and now, as you walk with attempted composure up stairs, you feel an approaching shame for betraying such anxiety for a letter. Thus you determine not to evince much perturbing delight in the presence of your family.—That's right—you shut the door with much philosophical composure.—What! even your gloves off; and no demand for the letter! Why, if I were there, I should read it with my hat on.—Oh, now I hear you, with some trepidation, say, " Anne, where's my letter?"—" Your letter, Bob!—Oh, by-the-bye, there is " one for you. The servant took it in: I have it not." Poor sufferer! you will lose your letter, now, if not very scrutinious. After a half-an-hour's search in every corner of your domain, your temper begins to rise, and with somewhat tumid cheeks, you persist in telling your said sister, that you are certain she has your letter : with one sweep you unload the table of all her silks, ruffles, and serpent-winding ribbons; in performing this angry operation, you fortunately upset her work-box, and there, under its pressure, has calmly slumbered your epistle!! " Tush," you will remark—" tush." And there you are, seated on your sofa, with your back shaped into an inclined plane, your eye-brows fitfully knitting and relaxing, and your fidgetty fingers puzzled with the seal. Still methinks you are disappointed with the hand-writing; however, the letter is opened—your mother has laid aside her spectacles, hoping to hear its contents—your playful sister's needle is stuck contentedly in her muslin, and she too hopes to know its contents.—" No good news, I fear : let me see—A bill, as I am a sinful descendant of Adam :

" Robert Imagination, Esq.

To Timothy Wellft.

	£.	s.	d.
For three pair of Wellington Boots.....	6	0	0
Two pair of Pumps.....	1	2	0
Soling and Heeling three pair of spring Shoes.	0	10	6

£7 12 6

" Timothy Wellst having a bill to make up early next week, will feel obliged to Mr. Imagination by an immediate settlement."

And so this is the letter!!--What a consummation to all your far-travelled dreams and fancies!! Don't think me hard-hearted. Really, if I were by, I should laugh, or do as *Æsop's* frog did. Pray do not bite your lips for rage. I see your sister, yonder, is provokingly inclined to join with me. Your bewildered mother has taken her spectacles again; and the best recipe I can propose for you is, to retire to your study, bury yourself in that comfortable morning-gown, lolling on a chair's back, and read *Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons*, or *Southey's Tale of Paraguay*—and a quiet sleep will infallibly be the result.

Need I describe the anticipation of a love-letter? --The lover's restlessness, hope—the window-vigilant eye, the oft repeated question, the everlasting look-out, and more eternal pull at the watch-chain? I have only time to remark, that when a lover is anticipating a letter from his mistress, pens, ink, and paper begin then to be duly estimated; the post-office is a mundane Elysium, and the postman a perfect *male-houri*!

A WIFE.—That amiable Washington Irving! I love him for his sentiments towards women: yes, I can concur with him in believing there may be bankruptcies of the heart, as well as any pecuniary bankruptcies. Out on the marble breast that cannot love, the tongue that does not grow more fluent or soft when it is to woman's ear it speaks! and may his eye not be blinded that flashes with lightning or dissolved with tenderness at encountering the smile or tear of woman's eye. I hate flirts, abominate prudes, and dislike blues; but give me the creature of passion, refined by education, hallowed by sentiment, and

" I will roam o'er earth and sea,
To prove her my divinity."

Reader—for I prefer addressing you, to introducing the frequent "I"—are you of an age to think? Of course you are; or would have nothing to do with the pages of *The Inspector*. Did you ever think of marriage? if not, immediately set about it: be assured there is no time so exquisitely rapturous, so abundant in assuasive sympathies, so beautifully beset with blissful reflections and congenial hopes, as that employed in courtship and spousal anticipations. You have my best wishes for every fortunate realization---had I been a Frenchman, I would have said my prayers. May you never be jilted through a six months' absence, like a friend of mine; may no guinea-gripping mother, no fox-like father-in-law, no half-hundred third-rate aunts and second-rate cousins, ever intermeddle with your kindling inclinations and sacred delights. May your courtship be placid, your rencontres uninterrupted, your vows never overheard, and your sentiments never misinterpreted. In short, may you soon be the joyous bridegroom at the altar---then a husband---till each anticipated happiness be completed, and every hope die away in enjoyment! This reads very benevolently: I was always considered

a good-hearted fellow: but away with any more kind wishes. I mean to accompany you faithfully through that golden period of anticipation---courtship, or wife-fishing, or partner-hunting, or match-contriving, or any thing you please; of course, I must describe your anticipations ere you met your young fated Pyrrha, and twined her "flavam comam" in the dalliance of your affection.

As you entered into the age of fifteen, you began doubtless to be affected with sundry qualms, trepidations, and palpitations. Your bosom was affected with an occasional fervor from your boundless imagination; and all your fancy craved, was an object to settle on. After five or seven years of the above-named endurances---a fair apprenticeship---your friends prided themselves on your speedy choice; your female cousins began to rally you more than ever; and, as I presume you are rich, catering mammas built foundations on your unison with the choicest of their family flocks. In fact, every body was anticipating for you: your man-servant, when brushing your surtout in the morning, used to shake his head very knowingly at Mistress Cook, and winking his left eye, said, "Dash me if I dont think our young master is on the look out for Miss "Furbish at the end of our street." All your neighbours quickly decided on your love, and every boarding-school miss wrote an account of your discovered affection to some sweet little Louisa that lived in a great country hall. When thus all around you was whispering love, how could you be idle? Indeed, we may say, you were quite bathed in love. Your sisters began to throw out hints over the tea-urn at the breakfast-table; your good father looked graver than ever, and cried, "I hope she is rich!" and once or twice you were detected in thoughtfully tapping your tea-cup with your spoon.

Between nineteen and twenty, is a very awkward and momentous age---awkward, because boyishness is somewhat clumsy in assuming the perfect man; and momentous, because illusion is hasty and inexperience hostile to control. I hope you left off every school-room habit; that you never introduced Virgil, Horace, and Homer at the tea parties; that you entirely forgot those dreadfully boy-betraying phrases---"last half;" "ah! that's what the old governor "used to say!" "by Jove;" "by ---;" &c. &c.; that you never upset a waiter full of wine-glasses in a young lady's lap; and that you never forgot to make your bow at the conclusion of a quadrille. Were you not vacillating in choosing "the happy one?" Bashfulness at first never allowed you to advance further than, "May I have the "pleasure of your hand for the next dance?" or, "Shall I see you "home?" However, this *mauvaise honte* soon melted away in the full fire of intrepid gallantry. Your barber was strictly ordered, your whiskers commenced sprouting; and, to conclude your advance to the man, your card-case became visible, and your conversation elegantly larded; with frequent "hahs!" "exactly sos;" "'pon "honors;" "allow mes;" "excuse mes;" &c. I do not imagine you soiled your nostrils with snuff. I wish, for the sake of common

cleanliness, this befouling kind of enjoyment entirely excluded from society. I will never believe our noses were put on our faces to be loaded with this clogging material—this scented nostril-powder. If I were appointed general dictator for a week in society, I would cure this nose-defamation. I would have a man in an anti-chamber, ready with a large pocket-handkerchief, who, on hearing the sniff attendant on the pinch being taken, should immediately advance and offer his pocket-handkerchief :---this would perhaps be quite an understandable hint. But I return from this digression.

Versed as you were in love stories, and romantic associations, perhaps you had formed very sumptuous ideas of your future wife. Yes, I can easily fancy your anticipations here : she was to be beautiful as Ovid's Corinna ; her eyes were to gleam unutterable devotion ; her cheeks were to have all the roseate witchery the poets prate of ; her lips were to be of the Grecian curl, and droop in a silent delicate eloquence ; and her person---could you yourself explain the one you dared anticipate ? I am sure I can't. On account of these imagined perfections, you were a long time disappointed. To be sure, you often cast an interesting glance in the ball-room ; you sometimes pressed a hand of alabaster with very creditable pathos, and once or twice a servant maid overheard you talking to Miss alone in the refreshment room ; but the next morning dispelled the misty dreams of the preceding evening : you never suffered your conscience to be uneasy for a few sentimental, twelve o'clock perjuries. For were you not aware

" Nulla fides inerit ; perjuria ridet amantùm
Jupiter, et ventos irrita ferre jubet !"

TIBULLUS.

At length, when the lingering fervor of romantic youth subsided into a calmer state, you no longer expected a Venus de Medicis, but looked out for one who condescended to the general appearances of humanity. After a few months' anxious employment, you meet one, that opens every tender feeling of the heart, and all at once attracts you to love her. She is beautiful, but not perfect ; you have begun to consider the qualities of the mind as well as the person, and fortunately, you discover sufficient congeniality in her's, to promise to render the union with her a source of blessedness. I shall not attempt to discover the spot where you first gave her pretty hand that eloquent pressure, which she as eloquently, though scarcely perceptibly, returned. How many preceding conversations you held with your eyes, how you first mentioned, *visâ voce*, the inspiration that quite overcame you, or in what manner you penned your first love-letter. For charity's sake, I'll suppose that you performed all these enchanting offices with the required witchery ; therefore, I shall conclude my paper, by entering into your anticipations, &c. &c. while in the full tide of the lover's servitude.

" Beatus ille qui," woos a pretty maid ; " Amen !" cries every man that is a *man*.---O, you happy lover ! let me ask you, with becoming deference, if your heart is not enlarged by giving it all away ? If your soul is not refined by burying it in love ? Are not your

hopes more delightfully soaring, your fancies more entrancingly framed, and your whole disposition softened, enriched, and cultivated, since you have commenced anticipating a wife?---The moral certainty of your future unison with the object of your heart's admiration, does not debar you from numberless anticipated delights. Now is the time for solitude to be society; for moonlit walks, umbrageous bowers, sentimental waterfalls, midnight sea-shores, and mountain-ascensions---why? because you are constantly engaged in a maze of fluctuating thoughts, that render you "never less alone than when alone." What a charming morn that will be when your marriage takes place!--Yes, the weather will join in the general congratulations which will thicken on you, by being decked in its brightest garment of diffusive sunshine: there will not be a cloudy speck in the azure sweep of heaven---the wanton breezes will murmur compliments round the carriage as you proceed to church, and the very stones will seem to rattle a chorus of joy beneath the bickering wheels. How will your heart tremble just as you arrive at the church door?---How will you dart your eloquent eyes on theauteous bride, as she rests her stainless arm on your obedient supporting one? I trust in the flutter of the moment, you will not entangle the lady's garment; it would make you look a little simple, though you might certainly be forgiven, I think, for this delinquency. Often have you pictured the wedding scene!--The mantling blushes, the pensive beauty, the conscious solemnity, the coy but delectable attitude of your Rosetta, begirt with loveliness; have these not often employed your thoughts? but, I am a little premature. You have anticipated, I am sure, all the delicious engagements preceding your entry in the carnage. I must do, as Hume has done lately, walk backward by coming forward.

Ever since you were assured, that your attentions were not altogether disagreeable (to say more, would be presumptuous even for the successful lover), what an existence has your's been! How different has been the tide of feeling---how wakeful your beauty-picturing imagination?---When have you wandered along the silent meadows, turned your eye enamoured on the far-blooming landscape, nor thought of one who is the cynosure of all your hopes?---Your love has been influential on all that is in you, and all that surrounds us. You have felt that the world contains at least one living heart that beats, and will beat till death shall arrest its motion, in a never-changing unison with your own. Thus the self-loving principle has daily waned away into an absorbing, overruling tenderness, which has gradually enlarged, till it mingles in all your wishes and actions: But time goes on; each month of your engagement is a lovelier one than the last; your Rosetta's beauty does not lessen; no, she has (or you contrive to fancy so, and that's all the same in effect) greatly improved in her mien since you first beheld her; those bright-gleaming eyes nestled under their sleeping lids show sweeter expression than ever---those glowing cheeks are more delicately formed, and that dear little curl which you so often long to touch, and once were seriously quarrelled with for touching, how bewitchingly it trem-

bles on her fair-drooping brow!--As you discover more charms in her person and in her mind (I hope she is not a blue!) your anticipations increase. When you see her approaching you to hang on your arm, and enjoy the breezy evening's ramble, do you not think to yourself, and this angel will be always mine!--But stop, she is by your side. Does she not look overpoweringly beautiful in that light summer dress?

The sun is serenely pillowing himself on his couch of clouds, the crimson streaks shoot along the surrounding horizon, the mid-sky is invitingly blue, and there you are, side by side, with Rosetta. Though encased with smoke at this moment, I have a delicious landscape in my eye (no punning here, mind, reader), but I have not time to say more, than that the grass is softly mellowed by the departing sunbeams, that the hawthorn bushes breathe refreshing fragrance, and that every step you take seems approaching some further happiness. Curiosity was always a great failing of mine—I wonder what you are conversing about? when did your last letter arrive? if Rosetta received your album safe, and your “Elegy to a departed Moonbeam?” how her mother's cold is, that you may call to enquire after it? or when you are to drive her over to your old uncle's in the country? Something after this sort, I vow, is now passing between you: or, perhaps, as your voices fall, and she turns away her head, you are on more important matters, the marriage day—far be it from me to settle that momentous time!

“George, don't you think we have walked far enough? it must “be getting late.” You look up astonished, and discover that the sun has been set some time, that there is rather a chilliness in the air, the stars are up, but as there is no moon it is passably dark: you start off almost running, thinking she will catch cold, “So it is, we “must return.” You walk back in silent speed, and, as you approach her door, when you are to say “good night,” your heart commences a thrilling palpitation; never mind, you are to meet again to-morrow evening! “At 12, George,” says Rosetta, holding up her finger with playful seriousness. You do not speak with your tongue, but what does your eyes say? “Can I forget it?”

Assuredly you will not fail to run against several people or posts as you return thoughtfully to your home, so immured will you be in your soft reflections. Already you have anticipated the marriage day, the honeymoon has winged joyously away, and you are seated in your study, or else in your back parlor, your Rosetta is near you, a little George is prattling on her knee; in short, you have been married fifteen months! Heaven knows what you will anticipate then! I know what I am anticipating, something I shall not realize--stop, there's the postman at the door, a letter from my cousin in Wales. I wonder what news it contains! Reader, if you will excuse me, I'll turn my face to the fire and read it.

London, Feb. 12, 1827.

DEMOCRITUS.

P. S. Just before I unseal my letter, I will add, that the subject of this paper is by no means exhausted. Probably, at a future day, I may resume it.

SONNET.

Mark ye yon reseed, drooping in the shade,
 Ere time unfolds its beauties to the day,
 Like to that flow'r, life's flitting vision's fade,
 And hope illusive smiles but to betray :
 How anguish'd memory weeps o'er what it loves,
 Once redolent of bliss without alloy,
 Breathing soft music on the seraph mov'd,
 Mingling its notes with sweets that never cloy.
 Pure beams of loveliness, such may not now
 O'er widow'd hearts diffuse a brighter sun ;
 When ruin sits enthron'd, whose with'ring brow
 Destroys each beauteous form it gazes on ;
 Thus flows the stream of age—its bubbles bear
 Death's solemn requiem to the sons of care.

London.

W. C. SELBY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROPOSALS OF MARRIAGE.

Mr. Inspector.—You who are a very grave and well-read person, may remember that there were certain subjects in nature and life, which excited both wonder and humility in that wise monarch of old, whose prowess the Queen of Sheba journeyed personally to contemplate. The way of an eagle in the air, and the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, probably impressed his mind with a more lively sense of the brevity of his own information ; they were undoubtedly objects of greater mystery and depth than they would have been, had he enjoyed the scientific beauties of Selby's Ornithology, and known the use and construction of the mariner's compass, and Hadley's quadrant. There are some things, however, in life, which I, who am not, nor pretend to be, any way allied in wisdom to Solomon, can never contemplate unimpressed by the most active curiosity and wonder.

One of these subjects of astonishment to me, is the nature and character of maiden aunts. A genuine maiden aunt, is unlike any other natural object that I know of—terrestrial—aquatic or amphibious. Her habits and manners, differ altogether from others of her sex and race.—A contradiction to Providence—a *lusus naturæ*. Her life is a long interminable warfare ; at peace, neither with sentiment nor action ; requiring respect, yet showing none ; self-confident in virtue ; intolerant to infirmity. She sits enshrined in fancied security, and lives in society as in a wilderness ; solitary, unattached, angry, and alone. I know something of your maiden aunts, as I shall presently state ; and the most singular part of the phenomenon is this, there is no man living, but has one of the species in his family, at the least.

After this, as a subject of enquiry and sad reflection, there is another mystery which I, who albeit have ever been of a thoughtful and meditative turn, have never been able to account for or explain.

Why should the subject of marriage, the gravest, most solemn, and irremediable act of our lives, be treated, as it always is, with so much levity, and, to me, horrifying laughter and mirth? If we happen in society sometimes to be at all rational and contemplative, to a degree which is thought to produce dullness and depression, it is only necessary for some blaspheming witling to turn the subject to the unredeemable bonds, the implacable fetters, of marriage—he has only to discourse of offers rejected or accepted, to create smiles, to produce general vivacity and gaiety.

Nay, more: even the horrors of matrimonial infelicities are thought suitable objects of laughter and derision. If a man is known to live on, what is pleasantly called, bad terms with his wife, and both to have their passions mutually exasperated; until at last the neighbours and watchmen interfere, and magisterial authority is necessary to prevent bloodshed and petty treason, this truly is a subject for young men's wit, and old maid's laughter, for jests and jocularity! To a man of reflection, like myself, nothing which ever appears in the newspapers is one half so petrifying as some of these accounts of wedded rage and hostility. And these inserted for the express purpose of pleasantry and mirth. A woman scraping her infant to death with an oyster shell; a man falling from the fifth story, impaled on the spikes of the iron railings below; smashings, slashings, ulcers, pestilence and plague, are pleasing imaginations, positively oriental luxuries, compared with such accounts. Yet there are fiends who can listen and smile. I once ceased to love a young lady, because I saw her smile at the black eye of a gentleman, when the scandal was, that it had not been given him out of his own house. What, said I to myself, have I to expect?

The whole subject, from first to last, requires amendment and philosophical investigation. The affair of marriage is more undefined, more laxly considered, than the meanest and most trumpety affair of life. I never knew any living soul who could explain to me, or make clear to my apprehension, even in a very loose manner, what, in fact, constitutes an offer of marriage; much less, which must be considered as the most effectual and approved method of making one. The awful fact remains, that you may stand committed when you least expect it, you may undo every thing, lavish every care and kindness in vain, destroy every ray of hope, merely through awkwardness and indecision in the form of introducing the business. Which, then, I ask, is the best, which the surest and least liable to failure, of all the allowed methods of making proposals of marriage? A more momentous or spirit-stirring question, after the immortality of the soul and the effects of vaccination are disposed of, there is not.

There is, to me, who am now in the autumn of life, no sight more impressive and affecting than that of a young man of honor and generous feeling enamoured of a lovely and accomplished girl, but uncertain if his affection be at all mutual or returned. There is something irresistibly touching in his anxieties. Who does not sympathize with his cares, the alternate excitations of his sensitive spirit,

the icy chilliness of his fears and forebodings, the uncertainty of the future embittering all present enjoyment, and interpreting even the tokens of hope as the easy unconcern of indifference and insensibility! What upon earth, I ask, then, is to be his course; or which way is he to proceed to have these distracting doubts removed, his joy or his condemnation signed or sealed? Put the question to her father, and it is long odds but he answer, the best way is to tie up your parchments in a neat parcel, convince me of your worth (in money), and then talk about the matter—make it a prudent affair of pounds and pence. But what says the young lady? She will certainly feel, and probably express, her disgustful abhorrence of such a cold-blooded and usurious proceeding; her most approved parchment would be a copy of tender verses; her irresistible rent-roll, perhaps, a long drawn sigh; her best estate, the possession of the heart. How will you decide? I will give my own experience in these matters.

It was my misfortune to be born rich and modest, remnants of the fall of man: two things, which I venture to say, never fail, when united to make a man the most miserable of his race, to expose him to the scoff of a merciless and unthinking world. A poor and modest man may pass, his poverty assorts with his diffidence; it is a habit which fits him. But a man entitled to carry weight, the best of all weight, a heavy purse, to be unpresuming and retiring! A parson drinking too much punch at a christening, cannot create one half of the infidel merriment that such an object excites. I lost my parents by death before I knew how to estimate the greatness of the loss, and I was left to the care of a maiden aunt. Ah, aunt Rebecca! you, of all my kindred, will at least be impressed on my memory. I think I sometimes see in other faces, some resemblance to thine, something like thy twinkling grey eye, sharp nose, and compressed lips; other forms remind me of thy thin, worn, and extenuated figure, the promptness and decision of thy action and motion. But who can ever come up to thee, who can ever typify one shade of thy merit as a most consummate, artful, and successful match-maker? Thou at once delight and terror of thy friends, thou sometimes scourge, sometimes ministering angel of thy acquaintance!

The first and most subtle and refined method of making proposals, is through the interposition of a friend. My aunt lived upon a handsome annuity, and her whole soul was devoted to making her friends happy, but happy only in one way. Her remedy for all the ills of life, happening to single people, was to get married. Had she been a philosopher, this would have been the starting point of her theories, the basis of all her hypotheses. What a strange unclassified animal, as I have said, is a maiden aunt! She felt the miseries, not of her peculiar life, but of human nature; the solitude of her condition sometimes preyed upon her; she felt no uneasiness, no depression, but what she immediately traced it to her single and unprotected loneliness. Then it was she renewed her vows and wishes to minister consolation and relief, to abate that sorrow and discomfort which she dreaded that others should ever know, as she knew them,

by bitter experience. I was her near relation, and for whom should she care if not for me? If her benevolence, founded on principle, led her to an universal wish to remedy or prevent the wretchedness of others, what must have been the intensity of her anxiety on this account for me? I shall never forget, Heaven grant I may forgive, her affection!

I had been educated in a private manner. My aunt dreaded the turbulence and immorality of public schools—the dissipations of a college life absolutely terrified her. “Pretty husbands,” said she, “these collegians must make.” The extremity of her condemnation could not go beyond this censure. I remember on one occasion visiting her; it was just before I came of age. Marriage, I solemnly declare, had never entered my thoughts, at least my own marriage never had, but it was a subject which had often engaged my aunt’s meditation for me; she cared for one, as she afterwards pathetically exclaimed, who cared not for himself. She had, in fact, gone the length of saving me all trouble of choice, and had selected from her own acquaintance, what she thought a suitable match for me; and to this point her undivided energy, the whole force of her diplomatic agency, was then directed. I had known Fanny R—— from boyhood; we had seen, however, but little of each other, and I viewed her only in the light of a distant, and perhaps an agreeable, acquaintance.

I had, however, grown older, and my aunt thought it time seriously to think, if ever I were to think of marriage. With my aunt, a young man of one-and-twenty, without a fixed resolution of immediately marrying, was lost and undone. No pen or tongue can describe her deep-laid plots to bring us together; her vigilant care in observing us when together, how earnestly and eloquently she praised her to me; then the list of her virtues and accomplishments. Above all, she hoped the poor girl had not thought too much of me; she thought her more pale and sedate than usual; she trusted she had prudence, and would control her affection; but she had always been of an open and undisguised temper. These, and a thousand suitable artifices, were, as I afterwards found, played on the other party. I never, for my own part, dreamed to what these sentimental conversations of my aunt tended. I dreamed not of her deeply laid designs; I always found myself placed, I knew not how or why, next Fanny at cards; my aunt always with a sly and sinister expression to others of the party, contrived that we should walk together; there was always a great draft of air, and danger of cold, where I sat, if I sat not next to her; we sang duets, and my aunt was happy and prospering.

The overwhelming, the damning truth at last burst upon me! I was about to return to the care of the good Dr. O——. “Will you not,” said my aunt, “explain your intentions, or say something more precise with regard to Fanny R—— before you go?” “To what do you refer?” said I; her answer almost annihilated me: the sudden terrors of a thunder storm among the Andes, of a snow-

drift in the Highlands, a sirocco in the desert, of flood, of fire, never could furnish an image of my astonishment and despair. I burst from her with an exclamation which left no doubt on her mind of my unalterable decision. I never saw Fanny R—— again. This was nearly the last performance of my aunt in her profession. Shall I ever forget her incoherent ravings of the injury I had wrought to the feelings of an innocent girl? what did I mean by all my attentions? what sense of manliness or honor would be left me in thus exposing her to slight or contempt? In vain, I felt myself untouched by her pathos: love abhors the artifices of maiden aunts. My ingratitude hastened her death: from others she could have borne the injury, but from me!—I hope she will be forgiven the heavy and injurious sins of match-making, where “none are married, or given in “marriage;” but what can ever efface from my mind the impressive emotions of grief and indignation which I suffered? and perhaps Fanny R—— can as innocently say the same.

I was now left free to choose: I was not, however, without a kind adviser in my tutor; and experience added to my caution. Dr. O—— used sometimes, when we were alone, to inculcate the necessity of a prudential care in these matters. Alluding to the irrevocable nature of such engagements, he more than once turned to a text, which he read with appropriate solemnity and emphasis, and which impressed my mind in a very peculiar manner. “And I find more “bitter than death, the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and “her hands as bands; whoso pleaseth God shall escape from her.” Plainly teaching us how vain it is to look to men or magistrates to aid our escape from these snares and bands, when once brought into play. My resolution was fixed not to employ, nor suffer to be employed, any middle-man or middle-woman in such an affair. It was not long before I found my heart irrevocably engaged to one of the loveliest compounds of body and soul, of mind and matter, which I ever knew. Waves of years have rolled over, but not obliterated the impression of her loveliness. I can recal her form and manner; would I had the power of recalling *all* my agreeable past emotions, with the same fidelity and freshness: this power would indeed be a heaven on earth! I had reason to believe I was not indifferent to her. I determined to make an avowal of my affection. I sought and enjoyed a hundred opportunities, but never could I summon courage and eloquence at the same time. I once endeavoured to shut my eyes and dive into the matter—all utterance forsook me—I groaned and travailed, and while struggling to express my emotion, the gay and worthless S—— entered, laughed in my face, and they were married in a month.

Why should I detail my misfortunes? the horrors of my disappointment and blighted hopes, but to draw some useful moral. My friends very often, out of real kindness, would touch upon the subject and offer advice. My nature, gentle and unruffled upon all other occasions would sometimes assume a new and repulsive character: I grew fierce, energetic, and unkind: the image of my aunt arose distinctly before me: I both dreaded and scorned

interference; and the bitterness of the past would often inflame me into what my friends, unconscious of the real occasion, thought an unaccountable and frenzied degree of heat and asperity. I once more, however, resolved to make an attempt; and not daring to trust my own powers of tongue, I resolved to calm and moderate my passion into the form of a very gentle and neatly expressed letter. Confusion!--I then wanted passion; nothing could excuse my frigid indifference. I talked of love like a merchant: my heart, really warm and sincere, found no adequate representative: I was treated with scorn---rejected.

Now of all these methods, which was the best, where were the real grounds of failure and mortification? I was favored by all, perhaps beloved by all; yet I retired, discomfited and defeated, self-abased and unhappy. I have but a brief remark to offer, concerning that race, who, like my aunt, by the dignity and extent of their practice, are entitled to the appellation of match-makers. I do not refer to that petty and inconsiderable love of meddling, which is at once the disgrace and curse of idleness and ignorance, of vulgarity and common-place; but that fixed and settled passion of interference, sufficient to be extensively destructive, and to bestow a character on its owner. How, in the name of impudence, and Joseph Hume, dare any one to meddle upon such occasions, in such matters? What fiend prompts them to urge their own weakness, to the sorrow and destruction of others? Let them consider; first, the awful, the eternal responsibility attending all such dealings; secondly, the certainty of being the standard mark, at which all parties will certainly direct the bolts of their occasional indignation and spleen; lastly, they are never thanked, as they are never entitled to thanks in any case. Their trade is unnatural and useless, a violation of friendship, the occupation of fools, the thankless drudgery of busy idleness and vacuity.

But the plain point to come at, after all, is this---being in love, which is the wisest course of declaring your passion? There is the rub, that is truly german to the matter. Answer that point satisfactorily, and you confer more benefit on society, contribute more to the universal content and happiness of your fellow men, than if you were the inventor of the philosopher's stone, or the most admirable and mollifying species of shaving soap; I would sooner have the merit of settling this question, than that of discovering the longitude. What the devil, I ask, is navigation, or poetry, or the corn laws, compared with it? I have given the matter every consideration, and pronounce at once for *oral tradition*. No other method, I venture to assert, is deserving the attention of a rational and immortal being, of a being whose greatest distinction from brutes is the possession of the power verbally to communicate and declare his true and honorable love. You will hear boys and simpletons talk of the eye---the language of the eye---love has eyes, is the hereditary delight of Noddledom. The sigh---the gentle pressure, all very well in their places---preludios. I do not mean to gainsay them, but will all or any of these ever bring

the matter to issue, or set the mind at rest; will they ever bring up the question---ring or no ring? This is the theme for men, leave eyes and sighs, squints and squeezes, to the callow brood, the imberbes pueri, which being translated, means bread and butter boys.

It must be admitted, *prima facie*, that all men have not equal possessions of impudence or eloquence: some possess a happy union of both. There are many who are resolute in turning their natural and primitive vein of assurance to good account, to transmute their brass into gold, think no more of making an offer and being rejected, than of attending a horse fair; I put these out of the argument, but supposing a man to hold but a mean share of rhetoric, still, I say, *speak* to the question; ten words spoken, is better than ten quires written. You may falter, but you tell the truth, if not the whole of the truth, your meaning is not mistaken, you are not absolutely undone by a wrong punctuation, not positively ruined by a misplaced metonymy: you may feel abased you can say so little; better that, than be condemned for ever for having written too much; your very silence is sometimes eloquence. Get over the first two sentences, and you are happy; your triumph is certain, such a moment can never be forgotten, it is irrefragable, it is sealed on the spot!

How any young lady can give countenance to a mean-spirited rascal, who is so lost to nature as to sit at his writing-desk and declare, what he infamously miscalls his passion, is to me a mystery. An animal who can coolly make a rough and interlined copy of his ardent emotions, as a butcher writes off his bill, and then inscribe the same on hot-pressed post, sign, seal, and send such a document, is altogether undeserving of love---of love did I say?---undeserving of any thing but a parade at a cart's tail. Depend upon it, that self-same copy has been served on half the neighbourhood, and been returned for future use. It is a barefaced insult to his race. For what has he tongue? for what the distinguishing gifts of speech and language? I have now lived long, solitary, and watchful, in quiet contemplation of life and manners, and this opinion is the result. Would I had always reasoned thus; I should have declared earlier to my first love; I might not then have lost her, nor left her a prey to the heartless, the unimpassioned, the unfeeling S---.

Having adopted my plan, said your speech with approbation, but unhappily see reason to repent, at what point can you retract with honor? Take the advice of an observant old man, never marry, even if you are at the church doors, if you have ground to doubt you shall be happy. Heaven and earth! what is it to be held the test of honor and integrity, to make shipwreck of the happiness of two immortal souls, until death, long desired, shall loose the bonds? The criterion of rectitude to confirm engagements certain of producing sorrow and despair? Marry for honor, and hate to destruction? Frantic lawyers may lay down crude and impossible notions of life: old women, of both sexes, may affirm it to be wiser to marry first and part afterwards; I say that both parties have, in reason and nature, a clear and intelligible right to withdraw their consent at any time. Are we to talk of injured feelings? what injury so deadly as

that of an union with a heart indifferent or averse? what wound so poignant as that inflicted by the icy coldness of the offered hand? "Hath honor skill in surgery?" will the notion of honor thus applied yield any medicament to the bleeding and broken heart? Viewed in relation to society, the uneasiness produced by such separations is as nothing compared with the tortures of one unhappy being, forced by these ill-considered notions to enter into an irrevocable and enduring contract with one for whom he can feel no esteem. Here are misery and anguish; this is sorrow, hopeless and immitigable. But I had not intended to have gone thus far; I fear that in introducing the matter at all, it may seem more an evidence of the garrulity of age, than the proofs of confirmed wisdom and experience.

I remain, Mr. Inspector, a very humble admirer,

* * *

THE REQUEST.

Bring not the bowl to me,
 With sunny wreath:
 Bright though the goblet be,
 Its draught is death;
 Let not for me the ruby face
 Glow to its brim;
 Who would life and sorrow chase,
 Bear it to him.

Bring me not yellow gold—
 A miser's store:
 Blood for that wealth is sold,
 For worthless ore—
 There's blood upon its shine,
 Bright though it be.
 Such gold shall ne'er be mine,—
 Nor heap'd for me!

Bring me not battle brand,
 Pennon to wave,
 Above the warrior band,
 Who dare the grave.
 There's no joy in warrior's toil,
 No bliss in fame,
 Won by a nation's spoil,
 For one bright name.

Bring me not beauty's smile—
 Beauty's blue eye.
 For woman's tear and guile,
 Nations may sigh.
 I could pray for her weal,
 Weep for her woe:
 Love, my heart cannot feel,
 My spirit know!

I ask not back again
 My childhood's hours,
 When life's path was not pain,
 O'ergrown with flowers.

I know my heart too well
 To dream of this ;
 Feel its slow beatings tell
 Not of such bliss.
 No, this may never be ;
 Yet would I crave
 One magic gift of thee,
 This side the grave.
 All of the cloud shall fly—
 My spirit bears ;
 Wet but my burning eye—
 Bring me but—tears.

JULIAN.

Feb. 1827.

DIARY OF AN M.P.

February 5. Why should my wealthy and respected friend, the Member for Callington, feel angry at my censure of his mincing, aw-aw-ing, lisping utterance, and his other affectations of un-mercantile gentility—the more offensive from the contrast of his masculine understanding, manly form, bold forehead, and intelligent countenance? why not rather endeavour to be in deportment as well as station—the Parliamentary head of the British Merchants, and Parliamentary leader of the commercial interest? Alexander Baring is more than a well-informed man, he is an able man; indeed, an authority on those questions of commerce and currency which he usually discusses. He, to be sure, is not a Ricardo; against whom, by the way, he continually exhibited despicable feelings of captious jealousy; but he is, when he gives himself fair play, a clear judging, sensible man. He is never off the back of some particular hobby; and when there, never dismounts till its neck is broken or his own endangered. His hobby for 1827 is, fortifying the line of the St. Lawrence (only some 2500 miles), to protect Canada against the Yankees! His last and greatest favorite was the *double standard*, about the absurdest proposition ever maintained by a Political Economist, and that is, in all conscience, going far enough; as that model of gentlemen and senators, that union of all that is amiable in the English and Irish character, that unostentatiously well-informed and intrepid debater, Sir H. Parnell, demonstrated. Nothing can be clearer than the absurdity of making silver, as well as gold, a legal tender. If both be made a legal tender, it must be in a *fixed* ratio (twenty shillings, for example, for one sovereign); and, to be of practical use, their relative value should be *invariable*. Now their relative value is by no means invariable; on the contrary, is, like Dick Martin, for ever shifting. What is the consequence? all borrowers pay, or endeavour to pay, their debt in the fallen metal; and then all holders of that fallen metal melt it as fast as they can. For, let us suppose, that, from a diminution in the supply of silver, the gold sovereign becomes worth twenty-one shillings in silver, or the quantity of silver in twenty shillings becomes worth only nineteen shillings in gold. In the first case, a speculator procures a sovereign with twenty shillings,

melts it, and sells it for twenty-one shillings; in the other, he buys silver bullion with his nineteen shillings in gold, has it coined into twenty shillings at the Mint; and, by the addition to the currency, raises the price of gold bullion to twenty-one shillings, when he procures a sovereign for twenty shillings, melts it, and sells it for twenty-one shillings. Here, then, are double fluctuations; and whenever, by a change in the relative value of the metals, one of them becomes the standard of the other, the loss of the expense of the coinage, and half the metallic currency in circulation—necessarily spring from the wise proposition of the theory-abusing and “practical” Mr. Alexander Baring. Even betting at Brookes’s that the Corn Laws are not brought forward for one month, though fixed for the 19th; 3 to 2 but little alteration in the proposed measure; 5 to 1 taken that Ministers will be beaten in the Lords.

6. So Lady Georgiana Walpole has got a *pearl* for her other eye—a Rev. Jew Missionary, not unhappily named Wolff, a rival of Mr. ——— and Lord ——— in the beauty and attraction of his face and person, and of the learned Attorney-General in his devotion to the toilet. He certainly is an out-and-out saint; for his odour and sanctity are so orthodox, that sinners, like me, cannot stay within three yards of “the sweet breath” of his reverend body. I pity the Orford family sincerely; ’tis a poor joke to say, that the convert of the innocent and unselfish “nation,” got the *blind* side of a pious (and wealthy) spinster one side of forty, and quoted such divers texts to her becoming bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh, and devoting her life and fortune to the temporal and eternal happiness of the chosen people. I am particularly sorry on John Walpole’s account. Mr. **** declared years ago, before time had a Diana-ing effect on the temperament of Lady G., that she would be carried off by a Methodist parson. I wish there was a Joint Stock Matrimony Methodist Company formed; I’d take one hundred shares in it, and make more than Ricardo did by “the turn of the market.” What would Horace Walpole say?—*Amor vincit omnia*.

9. House pretty full yesterday evening; shameful neglect of mourning attire. Lord P. J. Stuart, the cut of a coachman, with his buttoned-up big coat, and red table-cloth cravat, and knowing broad-brimmed “tile.” Nothing but Corn Laws and Catholic Emancipation. Was glad to see Sir Francis Burdett so well; a noble-minded fellow—heart in the right place, head intended to be so. At fault what course to pursue, on account of Canning’s I am sorry to hear serious illness. My fat friend, Lord Nugent, in spirits; his pamphlet on Catholic Emancipation clever and gentlemanly; intends to make a great speech this time. Give the odds he’s blown first heat, and does not save his distance. Philosopher Torrens sets up to be the Corn Law oracle, to be what my Staffordshire friend Littleton is on private committee legislation—the *Delphic* Apollo. No petition to be laid on the table till it has received the censure or approbation of the “External Corn Trade” Solon! Better for him to mind his Ipswich election; hear the long odds given readily at

White's, that he loses his place. How will the public business go on then I wonder! Hear Mr. Demosthenes John Williams's seat not the securest in the House. Great grief to the Chancellor.

10. Hare's maiden speech last night was neat and elegant. Wonder very much Hume's petition from the "starving Weavers of Blackburne" was received. Only think of its not only charging Ministers with the most corrupt and lavish expenditure of the public money, but with keeping up a large standing army "to oppress and murder their suffering fellow subjects!" Had Peel been in the House, it would have been sent to the right-about with very little ceremony. Mr. Colchester Sunday Times D. W. Harvey, is rivalling the Globe and Traveller Torrens in doing the philosopher on the Corn Laws. That fellow had the assurance to quote my Stanhope joke (in the last number of the Inspector) as one of George Colman's.

11. Mr. Huskisson "indisposed." Hear Lord Liverpool complains of a *fulness* in the head---a complaint not very ripe among modern Members of Parliament.

12. Met Dick Martin, yesterday, in Pall Mall; reproached him with having jostled his countryman (the Grand Duke) at the Opera, "I only wanted (said Dick) to give some of his Staff a *lift*, by calling me or my son out. As to Wellington himself, I will never suppress my contempt for his *non mi ricordo* hauteur towards me, who served him and his family when they wanted it. The Duke of York was the truth of a good fellow---in fact a thorough-bred Irishman. He gave me forty-one Commissions, though I was tooth and nail against him on the Catholic Question. Did you hear the answer I gave him about the extent of my Cunnamara demesne, the King was near being choked from laughter. Mr. Martin, said his Royal Highness, may I ask how many acres of your estate are in the immediate neighbourhood of your castle?" "In truth, your Royal Highness, I cannot tell; but this I know, that from the Lodge gate at the end of my lawn, to my house or castle at the other, is thirty long Irish miles." Heard a good thing of Dick at Brookes's. Some violent attacks of his upon his cruelty-to-animals-opponents were, at his own request, made "*conspicuous*" in the report of his speech. They were printed in italics. Dick, who is always courting the patronage of the reporters, went up as usual to the reporter's room and reproached him with unfair play. They reminded him of his wish to have his points "*conspicuous*." "Yes, but 'sblood, boys, "sure I did not *spake in italics*!"

14. My fellow traveller Villiers Steuart's maiden speech last night of very amphibious success. I don't think it was all out a dead failure---it was ill-timed, and tumid in its style, but still, I am sure, had some latent meaning. Peel, I am glad to say, has profited by my advice; his speech on the Duke of York was appropriately sensible and well delivered. 'Tis not difficult to see that Peel will lead and command the House of Commons at no distant period. That Calcraft still at his airs and assumption of consequence. Why does not Tierney or Canning double him up for life? He was glad to see

no reduction of the navy estimates. I suppose he has a lot of relations in the navy as well as in the army, (disinterested man!) if there were, *he* would have felt it to be *his duty* to oppose it! Bless us, the fly on the chariot wheel is nothing to this.

15. A great congregation of Irish and English M. P.'s about the throne yesterday to hear Lord Lansdowne present the Catholic petition. Wellington listened with the most studied attention while the petition was being read. I watched his countenance closely; not a muscle relaxed; not a fibre changed position, or "broke the line" of his fixed resolution. What a stupid place the House of Lords is! I am not surprised at my father and Lord Grenville's aversion to it. I always feel when I am going into it, as if I were entering a chapel of ease. There is so much solemn grimace, and such an absence of our noisy strife of tongues. We would not listen to six out of the whole peers a second time in the House of Commons. The Tierney of the Lords, is Lord Holland, who certainly says a great number of good things whenever he rises, but has not the point and wit, and ten arm-hitting power, of my respected old friend: the Brougham is Lord Lansdowne, who is to the *full* as wordy and lengthy, but wants the stuffing of the nasal operative. Lord Darnley has the high-toned feeling of Sir Francis Burdett, without his classical intellect; and Lord Calthorpe is as whining and stupid as — Lord Grey—(apropos of Gray---I find a well-meaning, but not very wise, bookseller at Liverpool condemns a friend of mine, who sent the admirable sketch of Huskisson to "The Inspector," as being a writer who ought not to be read by any one who "fears God, or respects good people." What blasphemy some men are guilty of, when they would be most pious!—Lord Grey's eloquence is more ponderous, but less effective and polished, than Mr. Canning's; and Lord King would be rated a bore to all hearers as well as the Chancellor, were he in the Commons', instead of Lords', House of Parliament. The Joe Hume and philosophical Torrens of the house of my *Lard* Lauderdale, who meddles with every thing, finds fault with every measure of the Government, is never entirely right in any thing, and lays down the law on every subject upon every occasion. His lordship has read a great number of pamphlets, reviews, parliamentary reports, and is endowed with a very retentive memory; but has not studied upon general principles; and possesses a judgment by no means happy in separating the chaff from the grain. His clearest views are muddy; his ablest views mystifying; and though he has more in his head on the Corn Laws and the Currency question than any man perhaps in either House, yet, from the absence of logical arrangement, his best arguments fritter before the clear, disentangling, cogent reasoning of Lord Liverpool. His intellect may be compared to a parliamentary drag net, in which the weeds conceal almost all that is valuable in the haul. I perceive his lordship has been renovating his outer man: he was a beauty before, but the new pepper-and-salt *turn-out* make him irresistible. Between the new coat and the dulcet tones of his voice, were he single, he would

be a dangerous acquaintance for Mrs. Million. But for Clifden, their lordships should bring their night-caps: his Irish jokes and his Irish brogue keep them alive, at least protects them from Morpheus.

18. Lord Liverpool's illness has fallen heavily on the minds of all Whigs and Tories. No individual was ever more respected. Brookes's fell all speculating on his successor. General belief, that Lord Wellesley, said to be the ablest man in a critical situation of the day, must resume the Foreignship in the Lords, and Canning take the Premiership in the Commons. Wellington and Peel chief obstacles; Chancellor's influence like his wig—rather antique. Althorpe expects to go in with Lansdowne. Althorpe is solid, but *yawniferous* in speech; Lansdowne chaffy, but specious. Three to one no go with either. Somebody must be sent into the Lords; Bathurst an old woman; Harrowby an old man. My friend the Chancellor of the Exchequer would answer the business to a t—. I wish they would try my cousin, Dudley and Ward. If I mistake not, he is one of the ablest men in either House; rather uncertain, like every other wit, but has it in him, as Tierney says. Tierney is for the Chancellor of the Exchequer's going into the Lords, and for Huskisson to succeed him in the Commons. Not a bad arrangement. The Marquis of Hertford says he was offered office, but refused; a man of real talent; the first to distinguish the genius of Byron, and that, too, at the unliterary employment of a gambling table. Byron was then very young, just before his travels, and was black-balled four times before his friend Major Audney could introduce him to the *Union*, then held in St. James's Square. Audney and Lord Yarmouth played for three days and nights without ceasing, till they were up to their chins in cards; quarrelled the third morning, went off to Richmond to fight; became reconciled there, and returned to the game. Byron admired this, in which he partook intensity of excitement beyond any thing. Hertford declares that he was at once struck by the sublime, intense expression of Byron's countenance, when he became warm on the game; his rolling eye, quivering lip, and dilating nostril of intense excitement. This intensity is the secret of Byron's spell upon the passions of his readers; he has less poetry than his admirers would be willing to admit, but he atones for that by his intense feeling. Hertford at once said, that whatever he would attempt, he would exceed in, from the intense excitability of his mind. Jeffery said the contrary. Who was right?

20. We agriculturists mustered thickly yesterday---wouldn't hear a word of the Common Council petition presented by Alderman Wood against the Corn Laws---kept coughing the whole time---great fun. I declare I don't approve of the grant *just now* to the Duke of Clarence; but as Tierney voted for it, I wouldn't do less. Tavistock and Althorpe made a good stand. Poor Tavistock looks very thin in spirits and flesh: I like him much better than Don Carlos, who thinks himself the genius of the age. What a pair of affected creatures were doing the Army Estimates last night---Palmerston and Col. Davies. The hemming and hawing and I am *shawring* of the

pair is actually disgusting, particularly in that Davies, who is less confident than the other affected creature.

23. The two ladies have been doing a bit of speechification--- Miss Stanley and Miss Major Maberly. Such Master Slender pipes and manner. Maberly is getting more effeminate every day; and my Coz. Stanley is, I fear, incurable. Lord Liverpool still the sole subject of conversation. Mr. Tierney heard his maiden speech from the gallery, and declares it surpassed even the eulogies upon it. Lord Grey (then Mr. Grey) also heard it, and observed in the course of his speech, that were he not personally aware of the fact, he could not believe an oration so sound and eloquent could have been made at the first attempt. 'Tis a curious fact, that Lord Liverpool's first speech was in the style and tone of Mr. Canning's present; while Mr. Canning's first was like Lord Liverpool's subsequent efforts, more directed to the understanding than the passions.

20. A great Duke to take the chair at the meeting for a national monument to the Duke of York. By the way, his Grace is determined to be a Marlborough in the cabinet as well as in the field. Canning struggled hard against his continuing in the administration with the commander-in-chiefship. "An Arab lance," says Gibbon, "aimed at Mahomet, was near, and might have changed the destinies of the world." Strange the effects of what they call chance, the remote connection with yet-mighty consequences of trifling incidents upon the fortune of families. By the chance of play, Marquis Wellesley won some fifteen or sixteen thousands in 1793, and out of his winnings *provided* for his brother Arthur, by purchasing a lieutenant-colonelcy for him in the 33d. His being enabled to do so, was chance, pure chance. In 1795, Colonel Wellesley embarked for service in the West Indies; and was driven back twice by contrary winds. Illness prevented his embarking the third and last time. Would it be too much to say that a point of wind changed the face of Europe. Certainly not to say, if a breeze then struck up blowing off land, the Duke of Wellington, &c. &c. would, most probably, be now Brigadier General Wellesley. But for the chance connection occasioned by a contested election in Oxfordshire, of the late Lord Liverpool with Sir Edward Turner and the Lowthers, and other members of the Bute Leicester-house party, Mr. Jenkinson might have died a subaltern clerk, and the present Earl be a solicitor in the Court of Chancery. But for the Pretender, John Scott would never now have been Lord Chancellor of England: for his parents, in 1745, removed to Newcastle upon Tyne; and, *by chance*, settled in a hundred which has two university presentations, one of which, Wm. Scott (Lord Stowell) by great exertions obtained, and on that built his own and his brother's fortune. But for that chance change of residence, what might have been the condition in life of Lord Stowell and the Earl of Eldon! I could multiply such instances of the chance fortune of living great men beyond credibility. It does not detract from their merit; many men have had at least equal chances; none had more ability to turn them to advantage. By the way, I lost a hundred by

the Chancellor's decision in the Wellesley case—thought the letters would have saved him, backed by family influence. Heard Lord Eldon trembled from agitation when delivering judgment.

27. Was glad to see Mr. Plunket take the oaths yesterday.—Will have a good speech on the 5th. By-the-bye, was rather surprised at Sir Francis's laconic denial of information to Mr. Peel; and the sonorous organ of Somersetshire presented three petitions with a few very happy observations. Gooch repeated two of my points without acknowledgement;—very unfair. Sir T. Lethbridge in great spirits from Col. Torrens having lost his election. Where, in the name of St. David, did the people of Dover make out Pollard Thompson? He is worse even than Lord Calthorpe; such a sing-song, psalm-chiming, nose-snuffing sermon as his speech, I never heard: such a conventicle preacher has not been seen for a century. The House laughed till they got tired of the monotony. Laid Lowther 5 to 2 Thompson was a Saint—would not take it. What a tedious business the discussion of flogging soldiers in the army was last night! The military men against it to a man. Sir H. Vivian spoke well for a soldier. Not a word in the paper to-day of his or General Duff's, or, indeed, of any of the speakers. Hobhouse spoke pertinently but ineffectively. Cam will never make an effective debater; he is too attentive to the manner, and lacks originality of thought and expression. He is very like, in his costume and figure, that Rev. Robert Taylor, the infidel man. I suppose there are other points of resemblance. Cam's eulogy the other night on Peel was unhappy and most invidious against Canning, who has settled Cam for life, by his contemptuousism. Besides, it was an insult to his constituents, to doubt their approbation's being flattering to any public man. I was sorry to hear such a left-handed attack upon him of the "splendid" reputation; it was unworthy the friend and companion of Sir F. Bardett, me, and Byron.

CLARA'S SONG.

(FROM GOETHE'S COUNT EGMONT.)

Sound the trumpets and the drums,
 See! in arms my hero comes,
 Fast and fierce his bands advance,
 As he waves on high his lance.
 O how hot my cheek is flushing!
 O how fast my blood is gushing!
 O that I had belt and brand,
 Stately step and nervous hand.
 Light as air, and gay as flame,
 I would follow him to fame;
 Over all the world for him,
 I would peril life and limb—
 Now our desperate charge is making!
 Now our foeman's ranks are breaking—
 O what bliss beyond compare,
 Manly heart and form to wear!

ZARACH.

CORN LAWS.

DIALOGUE I.—ADAM SMITH AND DAVID RICARDO.

Mr. Ricardo. Mr Canning brings forward the question on Thursday (March 1), chiefly that the President of the Board of Trade may have the detail, reply of facts, and official documents, and to spare "Gaffer" Gooch and others the occasion of taunting the ostensible proposer of the changes with flagrant inconsistency of opinion. You see Gooch said in the House last night (26th), that he would rest the whole case upon Mr. Huskisson's letter to his constituents in 1814. That is but the signal gun of what will be fired upon the Right Honorable Gentleman throughout the discussion.

Adam Smith. Inconsistency and love of specious paradox infect the whole modern tribe of Political Economists. Look at their currency legislation---a crusade against experience and common sense. Even you, David, are not free from the taint. When that would-be Chancellor of the Exchequer, young Peel, was going it on the "col-
"lective," in 1819, you (erroneously maintaining the price of gold to be *alone* the true index of a depreciated currency) stated, this week, that the depreciation did not amount to more than 3 per cent., next week 10, and then fluctuated between 7 and 20; while Baring, Attwood, and Ellice (the Greek steam-boat jobber), took it, with more truth, to be from 30 to 50.

Mr. Ricardo. On that point, Doctor, I subsequently confessed my error; and the imperfectness of my data.

A. Smith. I know you did, I knew you would; but still your opinions were not the less inconsistent with your sounder ones upon the currency, nor less injuriously influential upon the decision of the legislature. Peel's bill, and its consequences, followed your declaration. You were, besides, like all Cockney writers, partial to the paradoxical phrase of a proposition. You dissent. Do you forget the manner in which you propounded a fact, explained by me in the "Wealth of Nations," that a rise in the price of labor (sometimes) lowers the price of a large class of commodities---a proposition, *per se*, paradoxical and untrue; but, taken into consideration with the quickness of returns on *fixed* capital, important and incontrovertible.

Mr. Ricardo. I remember what you speak of; but deny your inference. The truth is, you, Adam Smith; a full, lucid, writer, not less than your humble disciple, a precise and somewhat elliptical scribe, are more talked of than read, and more read than thoroughly understood. But of this every standard author on any abstruse subject with which it is supposed every educated man is acquainted, might complain with equal justice. 'Tis the sin of the age---one, the seeds of which were sown by popular periodicals, and which, I fear, will be nurtured by their Literary and Scientific Institutions. But this is leading us away from the Corn Laws; upon which, allow me to say, the bias of your mind must render your opinion *adoptable*

cum grano salis. Your early rural excursions with the gypsies*, your rooted dislike to commercial legislators, your strong aversion from the "sneaking arts of underling tradesmen," and the flatteries of Turgot and Quesnai, make us rather suspicious of your arguments, where the "agricultural interest" is concerned.

A. Smith. I confess I agree with Cicero, that "Agro bene culto, nil potest esse, nec *usum* uberius, nec specie ornatus;" but still I flatter myself with being philosophically impartial, and am ready to contend, that even upon your own showing, a case may be made against you—the Abolitionists. I will discuss the matter, intus et in cute, with you, when Mr. Canning's resolutions shall have been made known to us. At present, I mean to say a word or two explanatory on rents and currency, and will subsequently endeavour to prove to you, my Stock-Exchange-bias friend, David Ricardo, that according to your own views of both, and from your admissions, "that *all* tithes fall *exclusively* on the agricultural interest†; that "tithes, a portion of the poor rates, and *one or two other* taxes, are "peculiar to the growers of corn, and tend to raise the price of raw produce to an extent *equal* to their peculiar burdens‡; and that "on every principle of justice, and consistently with the best interests of the country, the demand of the home grower to the extent of his peculiar burdens, should be acceded to§"—that prohibitory duties are essential to the prosperity, I will not say of the agricultural interest alone, but of all the great interests of the empire.

Mr. Ricardo. I shall have no objection to your conclusion, if well founded: my motto has always been with him in Juvenal—*patriæ sit idoneus, et utilis agris*. Besides, I have laid it down as a principle, in my *Protection to Agriculture*, (pp. 12 and 13.) "That any cause "which operates in a country to affect equally *all* commodities, does "not alter their relative value, and can give no advantage to a "foreign competitor; but that any cause which operates *partially* "on one, does alter its value to others; if not counteracted by an "adequate duty; it will give an advantage to the foreign competitor, "and tend to *deprive us* of a *beneficial* branch of trade," thus rendering your task easier.

A. Smith. I will begin with an observation that cannot too often be repeated, namely, that Political Economy is not a science capable of mathematical proof, nor, consequently, of mathematical certitude; that its agents are as changeable and soaring as the passions and interests of man; as variable and complicated as the qualities of the soil from which he draws his subsistence; that its general principles, therefore, as in moral science, admit of extensive interpretation, and of numerous exceptions, and receive their distinctive

* The Immortal Author of the *Wealth of Nations* was stolen away when a child by a group of gypsies in Leslie Wood, near Strathendy, and was with difficulty rescued by his uncle; who thus (says Dugald Stewart) was the happy instrument of preserving to the world a genius, which was destined not only to extend the boundaries of science, but to enlighten and reform the commercial policy of Europe.

† Par. Heb. vol. viii. p. 455. ‡ *Protection to Agriculture*, p. 15. § *Ib.* p. 16.

and applicable coloring from surrounding circumstances. I will not now enter into a controversy upon the assumed improvements in the doctrine of rent: it would be a squabble about words. I admit the accuracy of the received definition, that rent is the difference between the return made to the more productive portions, and that which is made to the least productive portions, of capital, employed upon the land; that that difference is determined by the fertility of the soil, and that it is regulated altogether by the cost of growing it on that land which pays no-rent. The last proposition is the vaunted improvement or discovery of you and Mr. Malthus, and your disciples. I will not now gainsay it, but merely notice an inference adduced from it by one of your pupils expressly contradictory to your own declared opinions, and illustrative of my preliminary observation. It is, that a tax on rent, therefore, can have no effect on the price of corn; it cannot operate as a discouragement to its production, and, by consequence, needs not be accompanied by a counteracting duty; all which *logical* inferences from your *improved* doctrine of rent, are distinctly denied and disproved by you and Mr. Malthus, its logical promulgators. The immediate cause and proportion then of rent is the *excess* of price above the *cost* of production. That excess is consequent upon, first and mainly, that fertile quality of the soil, by which it is enabled to yield a greater portion of the necessities of life,—a support of labor, than was consumed in its cultivation; and, secondly, that quality *peculiar to its produce—a necessary of life*; of being able when properly distributed, *to create its own demand**; that is, to generate a quantity of consumers in proportion to its supply. According to the rate of the first and chief cause of excess of price over cost of production; that is, according to the relative fertility of the soil, will be the amount and proportion of rent. Where the whole land in cultivation is fertile, there will be little or no rent, but that of advantageousness of situation. Where there is a variety in the fertility of the soil in cultivation, there will be a variable scale of rents. The different rates of fertility have been happily likened by Mr. Malthus to machines of different power, with the most important and characteristic difference of employment: that, whereas, in manufactures every successive machine employed in their production tends more and more to *diminish* their cost (the quantity of capital and labor expended in their production) every successive machine employed in the production of corn, tends to *raise* its cost; that is, to augment the expenditure of capital and labor necessary to its production. These successive machines, or differently fertile soils, are only employed according as the consumers exceed in proportion the quantity grown for them on the best soils (or first machines); and nobody will of course resort to an inferior machine or less fertile soil, unless the demand is such; that is, unless the prosperous cir-

* This fact shows that cheap corn, if obtained easily (as its advocates contend), would effect its own cure by adding to the population. This effect to them must be terrific, if they knew it. But more of this anon. It is taken for granted in this (and the subsequent) dialogue, that the reader is not totally unread in economical science.

circumstances of the (State, or) consumers are such as not only to remunerate the outlayer of capital and labor on the best soils, but also to afford a profitable return for the additional outlay and capital expended on the less fertile soils. Now the employer of the best machines would have a great and unfair advantage (a monopoly of the worst species) over the worker of inferior machines, unless the owner of both, the landlord, charged the former in proportion to this advantage, or fertility of soil, so as to put him upon an equitable footing with the latter. This compensating charge is rent, and it matters nothing to the argument whether, as I maintained in the *Wealth of Nations*, the use of the most inferior machine in the raising of raw produce from the soil pays any thing to the owner of the machine for its use, or, as you contend, the cultivator of the poorest soil in cultivation pays nothing. You may say I am repeating undeniable truisms. I am, but mark the consequences. Smattering lecturers at the Mechanics' Institute have charged the apparent inconveniences consequent upon this variable fertility of the soil, upon the owners and cultivators of that soil, forgetting, or ignorant, that that variable fertility is not the work of man, but the gift of nature; they have denounced the rent of the landlord as an unjust monopoly, forgetting, or ignorant, that that rent is the necessary and only check upon a most unjust monopoly; and that, in its nature, it is contradistinguished to commercial monopoly, from being *defined* and *limited* by the fertility of the soil last taken into calculation; and they have condemned the taking into use the inferior machines, forgetting, or ignorant, that the very necessity of the cultivation of less fertile soils, is the necessary *consequence and index* of a prosperously increasing population, of an improving condition of society. The truth and most pregnant consequences of these principles will appear evident to the most flippant repeater of both our names, when I shall come to apply them to the Corn Laws. Sufficient now if it appears, that the rent of land is but a partial monopoly, and that it is the consequence, not the cause, of a high price of our produce; that is, of the diminished return to the capital and labor expended in the production of that produce; that is, of the necessity of having recourse to inferior soils for the growth of corn, and that rent is, in the words of Mr. Malthus, a clear indication of a most inestimable quality in the soil, which God has bestowed on man, the quality of being able to maintain more persons than are necessary to work it.

Mr. Ricardo. I subscribe to all principles, and to most of your inferences. I will explain the grounds of my dissent, when we are actually engaged in the discussion of the *politics* of the Corn Laws. But what about the currency? your countryman, Joseph Hume, says it has nothing whatever to say to the Corn Laws.

A. Smith. Hume knows nothing about either. Let him keep to his pence-table, or read the clever pamphlet, not always right, of my other countryman, Sir James Grahame of Netherby. In what I have laid down, my object was to make it appear, that a high price of corn *precedes*, and does not follow, high rent; that it is

the cause, and not the consequence, and that it is the index of a thriving condition of the other interests of the state. I mean now briefly to show, that a high price of corn is the necessary consequent of the quantity and quality of the currency that a National Debt occasions, leaving out of account, the burdens of *peculiar* taxation that you have alluded to, and which you have admitted, require an "adequate" protection." The principle, more clearly laid down by Mr. Locke, than any man since his time, is briefly this---(I need not explain, to you, the effect of a war and high taxation in augmenting the paper ratio of the currency.)—The property, (the trade in its widest sense,) of a country, requires for its circulation a certain amount or stream of currency---the representation of value of which, it is evident, will be as its proportion to the quantity of the property it circulates. Now a National Debt swells this stream of currency in two ways. In the first, by the necessary tendency of all taxation, to convert *dormant* wealth into *active* capital or *transitive* property; and in the next, by the manner (which no man more perfectly understands than you) in which the government bills, or acknowledgement of their debt, add to the paper currency, thereby affecting the value of the precious metals. I shall say more on these points when discussing with you all, and our friend Mr. Horner, the Currency Acts, since his Bullion Report was submitted to the House of Commons. For the present, taking the market average price of gold as a general index of the value (or amount) of the currency, I contend, that 60s. per quarter for wheat, in 1804, (with mere reference to the amount of the circulating representatives of property) was as high a price for corn as 107s. in 1813, or 75s. in 1816, or 94s. in 1817, or 72s. in 1819, and so on; as the following crude table will show.

Year.	Amount of Unredeemed Debt.	Average Amount of Bank of England Notes in circula.	Average Price of Gold per oz.	Average Price of Wheat per quarter.
	£.		s. d. s.	s.
1804....	533,644,814	17,628,680	80 . 0	59
1813....	716,090,573	24,177,145	110 . 0	107*
1816....	864,822,840	26,081,398	93 . 6	75
1817....	848,282,477	29,210,035	80 . 0	94
1819....	844,962,321	24,697,407	81 . 6	72

The slight discrepancies in this document are explained by the state of the crops, and the abrupt tampering with the country paper currency. They are sufficient for my present purpose of showing the connection of the Currency and the Corn Laws.

Mr. Ricardo.—I always admitted it, and am now ready to apply your principles to Mr. Canning's resolutions.

THE RECLUSE.

" 'Tis ten long years since last I heard this strain,
By echo answer'd from her sylvan seat;
Say Forester, how past such lapse of time,
I hear the self-same air, as soft, as sweet!"

* Failure in crop this year.

"Stranger! ambition has not marr'd my peace,
Nor anxious genius prompted thoughts of fame;
Content I've walk'd the woods, nor wish increase
Of worldly store,—my wealth an honest name.

"And those who smil'd on me ten springs ago,
Smile on me still, unchang'd thro' circling years;
No faithless friend has caus'd one hour of woe,
Nor slighted love call'd forth my secret tears.

"Whilst she, the sharer of my fortunes here,
Thrills cheerfully with me her untaught lay,
And thinks the trees, and flowers, bloom brightest where
She sees her bosom's lord contented stray."

"Sing on, glad forester,—oh would that I
With thee had sojourn'd, 'neath the mountain side,
Then had been spar'd me many a galling sigh,
Wrung from my heart by sense of wounded pride."

B. C.

THE BANDIT.

Beside a stream, and 'neath a shade repos'd,
A form accoutred in a vestment rare,
High curv'd his arching brow, his eyes were clos'd
In sleep, which seem'd unruffled with a care;
Ah! who could gaze upon his features then,
And deem them *his*—the Outlaw of the glen,
He of the blood-stain'd hand, unknown to spare—
But that his fire arms, and his belted blade,
And cold dank bed, confess'd his ruthless trade.

He slept, he dream'd, for in repose he smil'd,
Fancy seem'd ranging 'midst the scenes of youth,
Ere he for crime was from his home exil'd,
(That dear abode of innocence and truth)
Or sought by lawless enterprise to live,
Happy with all his humble home could give,
His heart imbued with tenderness and truth;
Thus fancy ranging back with boundless scope,
Tinted his cheek with the bright hues of hope.

Alas! that youth should from such happy sleep,
To scenes of rapine, and to bloodshed wake;
Long did the night breeze low-ton'd breathings keep,
Nor did the slightest branch of willow shake;
But a change came—dark clouds pass'd o'er the moon
With hurrying sweep, and a wild blast rose soon;—
And chill'd, the dreaming youth did sleep forsake,
And suddenly arous'd, gaz'd wildly round
For scenes of bliss—alas! no longer found.

Those scenes were fled, yet left a record strong
Upon his mind, of years so fair, so bland,
That he in waking, could not think of wrong,
And smiling, gaz'd upon his blood-stain'd hand,
Unconscious how 'twas red,—till the loud clang
Of pistol shots, from the deep ravine rang,
And thrice the bugle sounded a command:
He falteringly obey'd—his heart was still
Amidst far dearer views of mountain, grove, and hill.

B. C.

PORTFOLIO.—No. VII.

EARLY GENIUS.

The following lines are extracted from "The Sunday Monitor," in which they were said to be the production of a young-lady scarcely thirteen years old.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

"Love is like the shadow seen;
 "Where the sun first lights the skies—
 "Stretching then all o'er the green,
 "But dwindling as each moment flies.
 "Friendship is the shadow thrown
 "When the day its noon has past—
 "Increasing as life's sun goes down,
 "Even till he looks his last."

E. H.

ADDRESS TO MY INFANT BROTHER.

"Wake, oh baby sweet! awake—
 "It is thy mother's voice;
 "'Ope, ope, thy cherub eye, and make
 "'Her throbbing heart rejoice.'
 "For ne'er may shine a gem so bright,
 "To charm affection's longing sight.
 "O sweet is that fond smile, my boy,
 "That with thy lid expands;
 "And dear is that quick 'touch of joy,'
 "That lifts thy pretty hands;—
 "Then clasp them round thy mother's breast,
 "And bid her heart be truly blest."

E. H.

We do not want to frighten the friends or parents of this young lady, but we never look upon precocious talent without a feeling of melancholy. One of two fates is sure to wait on youthful genius—early death, or the outliving of their celebrity. The latter has been exemplified in many recent and notorious instances. An illustration of the former, has been lately exemplified in the case of the young Luder, son of a teacher of music at Gottingen, whom destiny spared from the misery of surviving his reputation. In his seventh year he was able to play the most difficult sonatas of Hummel; in his eighth, he composed variations and trifling pieces; and in his tenth—he died!

MASSILLON AND HIS CRITIC.

"The *Petit Carême* of Massillon was always thought too favorable to the rights of the people. A remark which has been made on his panegyric of Lewis XIV. will, we think, make our readers smile. When the funeral service for Lewis XIV. was performed, the church was hung in black, a magnificent mausoleum was raised over the bier, the edifice was filled with trophies and other memorials of the monarch's past glories; day-light was excluded, but innumerable tapers supplied its place, and the ceremony was attended by the most illustrious personages of the realm. Massillon ascended the pulpit, contemplated in silence, during some time, the scene in view, then raised his arms to heaven, looked down, and slowly said in a solemn and subdued tone, '*Mes frères! Dieu seul est grand.*' God only is great!--With one impulse, all the auditory rose from their seats, and reverently bowed to the altar.--On these words of Massillon, a French critic, with an exuberance of loyalty, thus indignantly observes,---'*Comme si les Bourbons n'étaient pas grands!* As if the Bourbons too were not great!'

CARDINAL DE RETZ.

"*Patris dictum sapiens temeritas filii comprobavit*,---is a sentence produced by Cicero to shew the great effect of a skilful arrangement of words. On one occasion, Cardinal de Retz shewed, in a very extraordinary manner, the happy effect of such an arrangement. A debate took place in the parliament of Paris, upon a point which the Cardinal was very

desirous of having instantly decided : to prolong the debate, and, if possible, to procure an adjournment of it, was the object of his adversaries ; with this view, they introduced a personal charge against him. To justify himself was not easy ; it evidently would have required a long and unpleasant debate, and thus would, even although he succeeded, have occasioned the delay which he dreaded. In these straits, the genius of the Cardinal did not desert him. As one, confident of success, he rose from his seat,—and thus addressed the auditory :—‘ In the present state of affairs, I neither can nor ought to answer this calumny in any other manner, than by rendering the same testimony to myself, which, in similar circumstances, the Roman orator rendered to himself, in these words :—‘ *In difficilissimis reipublicæ temporibus, urbem nunquam deserui ; in prosperis, nihil de publico delibavi ; in desperatis, nihil timui.*’ ‘ In the most difficult times of the republic, I never deserted the state ; in her most prosperous fortune, I never tasted of her sweets ; in her most desperate circumstances, I knew not fear.’ It is the Cardinal’s own observation, that this sentence has in the original a charm, which no translation can impart. It produced such an effect on the assembly, as permitted him, with their full acquiescence, to step over the accusation, and to fix the attention of his hearers on the point to which he wished it confined. He succeeded beyond his hopes : he appeared another Scipio, leading the admiring multitude from the tribunus, to the capitol. The quotation was in the mouth of every one :—but in what part of Cicero’s works was it to be found ?—It was in vain to search for it : the Cardinal himself had invented it, on the moment.”

MR. SHERIDAN.

“ It has not, I think, been mentioned by any of his biographers ; but the fact certainly is, that Mr. Sheridan was very superstitious, a believer in dreams and omens. One sentiment of true religion the Reminiscent has often heard him express, with evident satisfaction ; that in all his writings, and even in his freest moments, a single irreligious opinion or word had never escaped him.

“ Frequently, he instantaneously disarmed those who approached him with the extreme of savageness, and a determined resolution to insult him. He had purchased an estate, at Surrey, of Sir William Geary, and neglected to pay for it. Sir William mentioned this circumstance to the Reminiscent ; and the English language has not an expression of abuse or opprobrium, which Sir William did not apply to Sheridan. He then marched off, in a passion ; but had not walked ten paces, before he met Mr. Sheridan. The Reminiscent expected as furious an onset as ‘ if two planets should rush to combat * ;’ but nothing like this took place. In ten minutes Sir William returned, exclaiming, ‘ Mr. Sheridan is the finest fellow I ever met with ; I will tease him no more for money.’ ”

INSCRIPTION

On a pillar in an open field near Stralsund, to the memory of Major Schill.

“ Who rests this nameless mound beneath,
Thus rudely pil’d upon the heath ?
Naked to winds, and waters sweep,
Does here some gloomy outcast sleep ?
Yet many a footstep freshly round
Marks it as lov’d, as holiest, ground.

“ Stranger ! this mound is all the grave
Of one who liv’d as liv’d the brave ;
Nor ever heart’s devoted tide
More nobly pour’d than when he died.
Stranger ! no stone might dare to tell
His name who on this red spot fell.

“ These steps are steps of German men,
Who, when the tyrant’s in his den,
Come crowding round, with midnight tread,
To vow their vengeance o’er the dead—
Dead !—no ! that spirit’s lightening still—
Stranger, thou seest the grave of Schill.”

* Milton’s *Paradise Lost*, vi. 310.

Review.

The Gondola. Lupton Relfe.

This work bears, upon the whole, a favorable testimony to the talent and taste of its author; though some of its pages may witness to his occasional neglect of these advantages. He has enriched his volume with some touches of nature, and a great many poetical pretinences of thought and diction; but he has too frequently condescended to employ the flimsy and well-worn materials, which booksellers are in the habit of working into substitutes for genuine sentiment and delineation of real character. We remark, also, a tendency to the introduction of gloomy and horrible pictures, which we greatly disapprove in a work like the present. Terror and pity cannot be beneficially called into action, during a tale of only thirteen or fourteen pages. There is not time to produce an irresistible or permanent impression. The bare relation of a fearful or distressing incident, is no more an improving study for the mind, than a stumble from an accidental obstruction in the middle of an even road, is a salutary exercise for the body. The shock is disagreeable for one moment; in another, we recover our equanimity and our equilibrium, without being obliged to turn for relief to soothing and elevating considerations, in the former instance; and, in the latter, without feeling stimulated to additional exertion or greater weariness in our future progress. We particularly object to the incident which occurs near the conclusion of the book: a blemish considered only with respect to composition; for it is quite out of keeping with the other parts of the narrative to which it belongs. Moreover, the very newspapers do not record a suicide without stigmatising it as "a rash act;" and, though we do not pretend to outrageous morality, even this slight and accustomed censure acquires value and veneration, in our eyes, when opposed to the singular sang froid with which this writer, in relating a story of self-destruction, has abstained from all condemnation of the act itself. Self-destruction, too, arising from a cause the most frivolous and inadequate; a disappointment in love. But we will not afford our author an excuse for emulating his hero, in the unmitigated severity of our criticism. We like his fancy and vivacity well enough to be desirous of parting from him with pleasantness. We beg, therefore, to express much approbation of the first journey of Karl, and his horse Nicolaus. We remember to have met, and been amused, with it before. The following Stanzas, though liable, in a trifling degree, to some of our previously-stated objections, appear to us very touching and pretty.

STANZAS TO ———.

" A vision cross'd me as I slept,
 A vision unallied to pain;
 And, in my day-dreams, it has kept
 Possession of my heart and brain.
 It is a portion of my soul,
 And, if the soul may never die,
 That vision, now, is past control,
 And shares its immortality.

It took a form that time may change
 In others' eyes, but not in mine,
 For coldness—hate—cannot estrange
 My still unshaken heart from thine.
 I saw thee, then, as I have seen
 The cheriah'd one of earlier years:
 Ere pale suspicion came between
 Our hearts, and poison'd both with fears.

I heard thee speak, and felt the tone
 Of welcome o'er my spirit steal;
 As if our souls had never known
 What those who part in coldness feel.
 Thy hand, to mine, in fondness clung,
 And when I met its shrilling press,
 I almost deem'd it had a tongue,
 That whispered love and happiness.

'Tis said, that dreams may herald truth;
 But dreams like these are worse than rain;
 For what can bring back vanish'd youth,
 Or love's unshaded hours again?
 They do but mock us—giving scope
 To joys, from which we wake and part;
 And then are lost the hues of hope,
 The rainbow of the clouded heart.

They are the spirits of the past,
 That haunt the chambers of the mind;
 Recalling thoughts too sweet to last,
 And leaving blank despair behind.
 They are like trees from stranger bow'rs,
 Transplanted trees, that take not root;
 Young budg that never come to flow'rs;
 Frail blossoms, that ne'er turn to fruit.

They are like wily fiends, who bring
 The nectar we might joy to sip,
 And yell in triumph as they fling
 The goblet from our fervid lip.
 They are like ocean's faithless calm,
 That with a breath is rous'd to strife,
 Or hollow friendship's proffer'd balm,
 Polluting all the springs of life.

I thought we met at silent night,
 And roam'd, as we were wont to roam,
 And pictur'd, with a fond delight,
 The pleasure of our future home:
 That home, our hearts may never share,
 'Tis lost to both for ever now;
 The tree of hope lies wither'd—bare,
 Without a blossom, leaf, or bough.

To words—vain words—no pow'r is giv'n,
 The torments of my soul to tell;
 I slept, and had a dream of heav'n—
 I woke—and felt the pangs of hell.
 Yet, I would not forget thee—No!
 Though thou hast wither'd hope in me—
 Nor for a world of joys forego
 The one sweet joy of loving thee."

Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to England, by Bussorah, Bagdad, the Ruins of Babylon, Curdistan, the Court of Persia, the Western Shore of the Caspian Sea, Astrakhan, Nishney Novogorod, Moscow, and St. Petersburg, in the year 1824. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel. Second Edition. 2 vols. 8vo. Colburn. 1827.

We may say of Captain Keppel's work, that its value (or rather its merits) arise entirely from the interesting portions of his journey. As to genius or talent,---we will not do this gentleman the injustice to reproach him with any. Our opinion is, that the narrative is more calculated to compose the contents of a letter to a father and a family circle, than to meet the eye of a less interested audience. The traveller's observations are quite in the easy, colloquial style; betraying neither much discernment nor stupidity:---in fact, we are rather inclined to consider the gallant captain a man gifted with the ordinary capacities. We have taken the most interesting extract we could find, from each volume.

"Half an hour before sunset we arrived at a village of wandering Arabs. One of the men, a wild-looking savage, on seeing us approach, ran forwards in a frantic manner, and throwing down his turban at our feet, fiercely demanded Buxis (a present). He was made to replace his turban, but continued screaming as if distracted. This fellow's noise, and our appearance, soon collected a crowd of men, women, and children; the greater number had evidently never seen an European before. The men advanced close to us with aspects far from friendly. The commander of our guard expressed a wish that we should not enter the village; but so ardent was our curiosity in this our first interview with the Arabs of the Desert, that we disregarded his advice. Seeing us resolved, he let us have our own way; but would not allow any of the people to approach, being doubtful of their intentions towards us.

"The village was a collection of about fifty mat huts, with pent roofs, from thirty to sixty feet long. The frame of the huts somewhat resembled the ribs of a ship inverted. It was formed of bundles of reeds tied together; the mat covering was of the leaves of the date tree. An old Mussulman tomb stands on a mound at the south end of the village, and is the only building in which any other material than reed and date-leaves have been employed.

"When we reached the banks of the river, we had to wait for our boat, which was tracking round a headland, and was still at some distance from us: so we stood with our backs to the water to prevent any attack from the rear. In the mean time, crowds of the inhabitants continued to press forward. As their numbers were greatly superior to ours, and their demeanour rather equivocal, we tried by our manners to show as little distrust of them as possible; not so our guards, who, from being of the same profession as these marauders, treated them with less ceremony, and stood by us the whole time with their guns loaded and cocked, their fingers on the triggers, and the muzzles presented towards the crowd. Some of the Arabs occasionally came forward to look at our fire-arms, particularly our double-barrelled guns, but whenever they attempted to touch them, were always repulsed by our guard, who kept them at a distance. In the midst of this curious interview, the sheikh, or chief of the village, a venerable-looking old man with a long white beard, came, accompanied by two others, and brought us a present of a sheep; for which, according to custom, we gave double its value in money. The sheikh's arrival, and our pecuniary acknowledgment of his present, seemed to be an earnest of amity, as the crowd, by his directions, retired to a small distance, and formed themselves into a semicircle---himself and his two friends sitting about four yards in front.

"The scene to us was of the most lively interest. Around us, as far as the eye could reach, was a trackless desert; to our left was the rude village of the wanderers, and

immediately in the foreground were their primitive inhabitants, unchanged, probably, in dress, customs, or language, since the time of the 'wild man' Ishmael, their ancestor. There was little variety in the dress of the men—a large brown shirt with open sleeves, extending to the knee, and bound round the loins with a leathern girdle, formed their principal, and sometimes only, habiliment; a few wore the handkerchief or turban. They were armed either with long spears or massive clubs. The dress of the females was also a loose shirt, but not being bound at the waist, it left the person considerably exposed. Some of the women had rings in their noses, others wore necklaces of silver coins, and the hair of several of the girls was divided into long plaits, and completely studded with coins: they were all more or less tattooed on the face, hands, and feet, and some were marked on the ankles with punctures resembling the cluck of a stocking.

"This village is called Goomruk, and its inhabitants are notorious robbers; they are subject to the sheikh of Montefelkh. It is customary to exact a stipulated tribute from every boat that passes; this, after some conversation, we paid, and (our people not wishing to stay) we proceeded on our voyage, having much better luck than a boat we left here, with horses for the Pasha of Basra, which, not being strong enough to resist the demand, was detained for an additional exaction. Five boats which had left Bussorah a week before us, had proceeded that morning on their voyage to Bagdad.

"We continued our voyage while moonlight lasted, and then anchored till daybreak. At nine in the evening we passed an Arab encampment, pitched so close to the bank that our track-ropes damaged several of the tents. This occasioned an uproar from a crowd of men, women, children, and dogs. They all rushed out together to discover the cause of the disturbance. On our guard's calling out Abdillah, their chief's name, we were welcomed from the shore, as a friendly tribe, with an assurance that they would send off milk, butter, and whatever else their camp could furnish.

"March 10.—We now came in sight of the Hamerim Mountains, to the north-east. At a little before daylight, we passed a building, called Il Azer (Esra), reported by tradition to be the tomb of that prophet. It is surmounted by a large dome covered with glazed tiles of a turquoise color. The tomb is held in high veneration both by Jews and Mahometans, and is said to contain great riches—the offerings of pilgrims, particularly those of the former persuasion.

"We saw numerous encampments of the wandering tribes, many of whom brought us milk, butter, and dates, and appeared to be most kindly disposed towards ourselves and crew.

"Three of our party went out shooting in the Desert, and had excellent sport. Hares, black partridges, and snipes, were in the greatest abundance. For my own share of the game, I claim a brace of partridges, not a little proud, that nearly the first birds which ever fell by my gun, should have been killed in the garden of Eden. Another of our party killed a hare, but the boatmen objected to our having it dressed on board, as it had not undergone the ceremony of being made *halel* (lawful). This is performed by repeating a prayer, and by cutting the throat of the animal, with the neck placed towards the tomb of Mahomet. Yet, according to the Jewish law, from which nearly all Mahometan prohibitions respecting food are taken, the hare is an unclean animal, "because he cheweth the cud, and divideth not the hoof."

"At two P. M., we passed the residence of Sheikh Abdillah Bin Ali, an Arab chief. As we continued our shooting excursion over a desert tract, unmarked by human habitation, we approached a boy tending cattle, who, immediately on perceiving us, set up a loud cry, and ran with all his might to a small mound, so gradually elevated, as to be scarcely perceptible to us. In an instant, like the dragon's teeth which Cadmus sowed, a large body of men, armed with spears, appeared on the brow of the hill, and seemed to have grown out from the till then unpeopled spot. The men set up a loud shout, in which they were joined by the women and children, who now made their appearance. All, with one accord, rushed impetuously towards us, demanding the nature of our intentions; they were no sooner assured of our pacific disposition, than their clamour ceased, and in two minutes we were on the most friendly terms.

"A little after this, several women, accompanied by a host of children, brought

* "For the circumstance of the hare chewing the cud, vide Levit. chap. xi., and also the account given by Cowper of his three hares."

milk, butter, and curds, for sale, and followed the boat for some time. One of the women, from whom we received a vessel of milk, was offered a quantity of dates in return, by our servants. Not being satisfied with them, she desired to have her milk again. A piastre was thrown to her, which after taking up and examining, she ran off to a considerable distance, dancing and shouting with joy. Another very handsome young woman, with a child in her arms, asked for some cloth to cover her infant's head; we gave her a silk handkerchief, which so delighted her, that she approached the boat, and, with her right hand raised to Heaven, invoked every blessing on us in return. The handkerchief appeared to excite great curiosity, for a crowd collected round her, and it was held up and examined in every direction, seemingly with much delight.

"The behaviour of these females formed a striking contrast with the manners of the Indian women, and still more with those of the veiled dames of Bussorah. They came to our boat with the frankness of innocence, and there was a freedom in their manners, bordering perhaps on the masculine; nevertheless, their fine features, and well-turned limbs, presented a *tout ensemble* of beauty, not often surpassed, perhaps, even in the brilliant assemblies of civilized life. True it is, their complexions were of a gipsy brown; but, even on this point, there may be some who see

" 'A Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.'

"The woman who was so grateful for the handkerchief, as she stood on the edge of the bank, her beautiful eyes beaming with gratitude, would have been a fine illustration of some of the striking passages in Scott's forcible delineations of female character."—Vol. i. p. 84.

"At the appointed hour, Meerza Abool Hassan Khan, Major Willock, Mr. Hamilton, and myself, set out for our interview with his majesty. The Persian was in his court-dress, we were in full uniform; and we all wore green slippers, and the court boots of red cloth, without which no one can approach his majesty.

"The king received us in a small palace in the middle of a garden, called the Gulestan—Rose Garden. When arrived at the top of the avenue which led to it, we imitated the motions of the Meerza, and bowed several times, our hands touching our knees at each reverence. We had, at this time, a good side-view of the king, who, apparently from established etiquette, took no notice of us. We repeated our bows at intervals. When within twenty yards of the palace, we left our slippers behind us, and the king, turning towards us for the first time, called out 'Bee-au-bala'—Ascend. A narrow flight of steps brought us to the presence-chamber. It is an elegant apartment, open at two opposite sides, where it is supported by spiral pillars painted white and red; a large carpet is spread on the floor; the walls and ceiling are completely covered with looking-glass. One or two European clocks stand in different parts of the room; but the accumulation of dust upon them shows that they are considered useless lumber.

"On entering this chamber, we walked sideways to the most remote corner from that which the king occupied. After the usual compliments of welcome, his majesty asked several questions respecting our journey, and surprised us not a little at his geographical knowledge, both with regard to the country we had quitted, and that which we purposed to visit. The audience lasted twenty minutes; his majesty was in high good-humour, and conversed with unaffected ease on a variety of subjects. The titles used at the interview were 'Kubla-hi-Aulim and Shah-in-Shahi'—Attraction of the World, and King of Kings. He was seated on his heels on some doubled nummuds, the Persians priding themselves on this hard seat, in contradiction to their enemies the Turks, whom they charge with effeminacy for their use of cushions.

"The king had a variety of toys, which gave employment to his hands, and assisted his gestures in conversation. One of these trinkets was a Chinese ivory hand at the end of a thin stick, called by us in India a scratch-back, a name which faithfully denotes its office: another was a crutch, three feet long, the shaft of ebony, and the head of crystal. His majesty has the appearance of a younger man than he really is, but his voice, which is hollow from the loss of teeth, is a better indication of his age. I should have known him from his strong resemblance to the prints I had seen of him in London. I think, however, they hardly do justice to his beard, which is so large that it conceals all the face but the forehead and eyes, and extends down to the girdle. He was very plainly dressed, wearing a cotton gown of a dark color, and the common sheep-skin cap. In his girdle was a dagger, superbly studded with jewels of an extraordinary size.

"The dress of the modern Persian has undergone so complete a change, that much

resemblance to the ancient costume is not to be expected; still there are some marks of decoration, which remind one of the ancient monarchs. The eyelids of the king, stained with surmeh, brought to our recollection the surprise of the young and hardy Cyrus, when he viewed for the first time a similar embellishment in his effeminate uncle, Astyages; and in that extraordinary chapter of Ezekiel, wherein Jerusalem is reproached for her imitation of Babylonian manners, the prophet alludes to this custom, when he says, 'Thou paintedst thine eyes*.'

'A bracelet, consisting of a ruby and emerald, worn by the king on his arm, is a mark of ancient sovereignty. It will be recollected that the Amalekites brought David the bracelet found on Saul's arm, as a proof of his rank; and Herodotus mentions a bracelet of gold as a present from Cambyses, King of Persia, to the King of Ethiopia.

"I must not omit the mention of a circumstance connected with our interview, as it illustrates a piece of etiquette at the court of a despotic monarch. A few minutes before we were presented, we observed two men carrying a long pole and a bundle of sticks towards the audience chamber. Curiosity led us to ask the Meerza what was the meaning of this. 'That machine,' said he, 'is the bastinado; it is for you, if you misbehave. 'Those men are carrying it to the king, who never grants a private audience without having 'it by him, in case of accidents.' The pole we saw was about eight feet long: when the punishment is inflicted, the culprit is thrown on his back, his feet are secured by cords bound round the ankles, and made fast to the pole with the soles uppermost; the pole is held by a man at both ends, and two men, one on each side, armed with sticks, strike with such force that the toe-nails frequently drop off. This punishment is inflicted by order of the king upon men of the highest rank, generally for the purpose of extorting money. If Persia was not so fond of illustrating the use of this emblem of power, she would have as much right to the 'bastinado,' as we have to the 'Black Rod.' "—Vol. ii. p. 142.

Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces. By a Travelling Artist. London: Charles Tilt. 1826. 12mo. pp. 256.

There is a deal of good sense and elegant writing scattered through this interesting little volume. The author appears to be a man possessed of a sensitive and pleasing fancy. The only fault that we have to find with the tales, is their barrenness of incident;—a fault which good writing will scarcely excuse. However, on the whole, we may conscientiously recommend *Head-Pieces and Tail-Pieces* as an agreeable *melange* to wile away an idle hour.

Field Flowers: being a collection of Fugitive and other Poems. By the Author of "Odes," "Portland Isle," &c.

We should have felt happy in quoting a piece from this volume, had our limits permitted; as it is, we can only say,—that the author feels poetically, and frequently writes so. The "*May-Morn of Life*," contains several meritorious lines.

Reminiscences of Charles Butler, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn. Vol. ii. London: Murray. 1827.

"*Accipe, sed facilis*," is the motto prefixed by Mr. Butler to the second volume of his *Reminiscences*; and hard indeed must be that heart, which should receive or judge any thing proffered by a being so amiable as the author, with harshness or severity. But unless the taste of the public be very different from that we believe it to be, there is no occasion to apprehend but that the attraction of the work itself will make it very generally read and approved of. There are in this

volume less "Reminiscences" of persons, than of the Author's observations and opinions of books and studies; to that part of the reading public who can only be excited into amusement by anecdotes of individuals, there may possibly arise some disappointment, but we confess, that we, for our own parts, are perfectly satisfied with being conducted over the often traversed field of books with which we have been acquainted from our childhood, by a guide so amiable and intelligent as the Reminiscent. It is pleasant to observe the different ways in which a man of abilities, surpassed only by his virtues, has meditated, thought, and felt, upon productions on which we have ourselves meditated, thought, and felt. Gibbon's *Journal of his Studies* is, on this account, of the most delightful of publications, and the *Reminiscences* of Mr. Butler, though they contained nothing beyond his reflections and criticisms on subjects so familiar to the public, as the auto-biographies of the Chancellor D'Aguesseau, the Cardinal de Retz, Gibbon, Madame de Staël, &c. will certainly be not the less chosen as a companion to Gibbon's *Miscellaneous Works* upon the shelves of our library. But this volume contains more than this, being interspersed with reminiscences and sayings of men of fame and rank amongst the ornaments of human kind. Porson, Pitt, Fox, and Sheridan, and Dr. Parr, have all contributed something to the adornment and embellishment of the Reminiscent's work.

The second chapter or division is a review of some of the auto-biographers of celebrated men, with very judicious extracts and criticisms, and new anecdotes of the Author's. The next is a short account of the Southey Controversy, which we particularly recommend to attention, on account of the strong contrast which it displays in the tone of feeling of such a mind as Mr. Butler's; and that of the O'Connells and Shiels, of whom we cannot either speak or think without indignation. Had the Catholics--the great body of them, been such as Mr. Butler is, they would not now have to be contending for release from their civil disabilities.

The third chapter contains some "Reminiscences" relative to Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Burke, from which we give a few extracts.

"The Bishop of Winchester briefly mentions, in his *Memoirs*, Mr. Pitt's tour to France in September, 1783. During his stay in that country, he principally resided at Paris and Rheims. Great attention was shewn him by the archbishop of the latter city: he met, at the prelate's palace, the celebrated *Talleyrand Perigord*. When this distinguished personage was in England, he mentioned this circumstance to a friend of the Reminiscent; and, what many will be surprised to hear, he described Mr. Pitt as un *grand adulateur*. Talleyrand was asked, if he foresaw, at that time, Mr. Pitt's future eminence. 'Mais,' he replied, 'nous le trouvions tres amiable: et d'ailleurs, son pere nous avoit foudroyé.'

"Of the other parts of the Bishop's work, we shall say nothing, except to notice that, in his account of the bill, which was passed for the relief of the Catholics in 1791, he does not render justice to Mr. Pitt. From the first, Mr. Pitt declared himself explicitly in favor of the measure. In order to attract the attention of the public mind to it, and to prevent the effect of prejudice against it, he devised the plan of obtaining the opinions of the foreign universities upon the three points submitted to them. When the opinions were obtained, he readily declared that they satisfied him. An unfortunate division having taken place among the Roman Catholics, Mr. Pitt, so far from availing himself of it to impede, or even retard, the success of the bill, generously exerted himself to compose

the difference; he watched over the bill during its passage through the House, with the greatest assiduity: sometimes by energy, sometimes by conciliation, he removed the obstacles which opposed it, and he unfeignedly participated in the joy of the Catholics at its ultimate success. For this, they were indebted to none more than to him. The Catholic desires nothing more, than that all who glory in his name, should inherit his principles, and imitate his conduct in their regard.

"In 1793, an Act was passed for the relief of the Irish Catholics. It was principally owing to the exertions of the Irish delegates, Mr. Devereux, Mr. Edward Byrne, Mr. John Keogh, and two other gentlemen, who had been appointed to negotiate with Mr. Pitt. They were directed chiefly to insist upon five objects:---the elective franchise, the admission of Catholics to grand juries, to county magistracies, to high shrievalties, and to the bar. Mr. Keogh was the soul of the delegation: he possessed a complete knowledge of the subject, uncommon strength of understanding, firmness of mind, and a solemn imposing manner, with an appearance of great humility. These obtained for him an ascendancy over almost every person with whom he conversed. On one occasion, he was introduced to the late Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville. That eminent statesman was surrounded by several persons of distinction, and received the delegates with great good humor. A long conference ensued, the result of it was unfavorable to the mission of Mr. Keogh. After a short silence, Mr. Keogh advanced towards Mr. Dundas, and, with great respect, and a very obsequious, but very solemn look, mentioned to him, that 'there was one thing which it was essential for Mr. Dundas to know, but of which he had not the slightest conception.' He remarked, 'that it was very extraordinary that a person of Mr. Dundas's high situation, and one of his own humble lot,'---(he was a tradesman in Dublin,)---'should be in the same room; yet, since it had so happened, and probably would not happen again, he wished to avail himself of the opportunity of making the important disclosure: but could not think of doing it without Mr. Dundas's express permission and express promise not to be offended.' Mr. Dundas gave him the permission and promise: still, Mr. Keogh was all humility and apology, and Mr. Dundas all condescension. After these had continued for some time, and the expectation of every person present was wound up to its highest pitch, Mr. Keogh approached Mr. Dundas in a very humble attitude, and said,---'Since you give me this permission, and your liberal promise not to be offended, I beg leave to repeat that there is one thing which you ought to know, but which you don't suspect:---You, Mr. Dundas, know nothing of Ireland.' Mr. Dundas, as may be supposed, was greatly surprised: but with perfect good humor told Mr. Keogh that 'he believed this was not the case: it was true that he never had been in Ireland, but he had conversed with many Irishmen. I have drunk,' he said, 'many a good bottle of wine with Lord Hillsborough, Lord Clare, and the Beresfords.'---'Yes, Sir,' said Mr. Keogh, 'I believe you have; and that you drank many a good bottle of wine with them, before you went to war with America.'"

V. 2.

MR. FOX.

"The public is still in total want of a good account of the life of this great man. Considering the space which he filled in the national history of our times, the number of illustrious persons who fought under his banner, their talents, and the warm attachment both to his principles and his memory which they still profess, it appears surprising that he has yet had no adequate biographer.

"Mr. Fox thought that true genuine principles of civil and religious liberty were not very common. 'You will not,' he once said to the Reminiscent, 'meet with real friends of freedom as frequently as you seem to expect: but you may always depend on Fitzwilliam and Petty.'

"Mr. Fox's own principles of civil and religious liberty were of the most enlarged kind.

"On one occasion, he desired the Reminiscent to attend him, for the purpose of conferring, as he condescended to say, on Catholic emancipation. He asked the Reminiscent, 'What he thought was the best ground on which it could be advocated?' The Reminiscent suggested it to be, that 'it is both unjust and detrimental to the state, to deprive any portion of its subjects of their civil rights on account of their religious principles, if these are not inconsistent with moral or civil duty.' 'No, Sir!' Mr. Fox said, with great animation, 'that is not the best ground; the best ground, and the only ground to be defended in all points is, that action, not principle, is the object of law and legi-

'lation; with a person's principles no Government has any right to interfere.'---' Am I ' then to understand,' said the Reminiscent, wishing to bring the matter at once to issue, by supposing an extreme case,---' that, in 1713, when the houses of Brunswick and ' Stuart were equally balanced, a person publishing a book, in which he attempted to prove that the house of Hanover *unlawfully* possessed the British throne, and that all who ' obeyed the reigning prince, were *morally* criminal, ought not to be punished by law?'--- ' Government,' said Mr. Fox, ' should answer the book, but should not set its officers ' upon its author.'---' No,' he continued with great energy, and rising from his seat, ' the ' more I think of the subject, the more I am convinced of the truth of my position: *action*, ' *not principle*, is the true object of Government.' In his excellent speech for the repeal of the test, Mr. Fox adopted this doctrine in its fullest extent; and enforced and illustrated it with an admirable union of argument and eloquence.

" On a further occasion, the Reminiscent took the liberty,---he hopes his readers will believe he did it with the utmost respect,---to renew the conversation. ' Does not ' your doctrine,' he said to Mr. Fox, ' turn on the much agitated question of Matter and ' Spirit? If you *impel* the hand of a man, who holds in it a knife, into the side of another, ' and the knife enters it and kills him, you are guilty of murder; if you write a book, ' which *induces* a man to thrust a knife into the side of another, are you not equally ' guilty?'---' You are,' replied Mr. Fox; ' but the jury must find,---first, that the act ' was done;---3dly, that your book was written with an intention of inducing the person ' to do it;---and, 3dly, that he did the act in consequence of your book.'

" So far as civil and religious liberty are involved in the Catholic question, the Reminiscent has found the truest lovers of both. On one occasion, he went to Mr. Whitbread, to solicit his attendance on the Catholic Relief Bill, then in the House of Commons. ' You may always,' said Mr. Whitbread, ' depend on me: if Parliament should give you ' a limited relief, I shall rejoice that they give you something; if they should grant it ' without limitation, I shall rejoice that they give you all.'

" From Mr. Whitbread, the Reminiscent went, with the same request, to Mr. Windham. ' Give yourself no trouble,' said that amiable and informed statesman, ' to ' call upon me on these occasions; I shall always be sure to be at my post.'

" In 1807, Lord Grey, Lord Holland, Lord Grenville, Mr. Fox, Mr. Wyndham, and Mr. Whitbread, shewed the warmest and most uncompromising attachment to the Catholic cause. All repeatedly expressed to the Reminiscent, their wish, that ' at that ' critical time, the Catholics would not provoke a parliamentary discussion of the question: ' all also declared explicitly, that if, ' contrary to their recommendation, the Catholics ' should bring it forward, they would give it their cordial co-operation.' A conduct more honorable to themselves, or more kind towards the Catholics, they could not have adopted. That, in advocating the cause of the Catholics, they lost their official situations, no Catholic should ever forget."

We disagree with our " Reminiscent" in his opinion, that Sheridan would not have made a great poet; we are convinced that he would have made a great anything, which he attempted with assiduity and perseverance; and we maintain the (what some persons call heretical) opinion, that an individual of great powers of mind will, if he applies himself to study, obtain success as a poet, as well as in any other pursuit in which men raise themselves to the admiration of the world. One introduction relative to Sheridan, and we close our quotations.

" On one occasion he and the late Mr. Sheldon, of Weston in Warwickshire, supped with the Reminiscent. Mr. Sheldon was born of Catholic parents, and brought up a Catholic; he embraced the Protestant religion, and sate in two parliaments. The Catholic question being mentioned, Mr. Sheridan, supposing Mr. Sheldon to be a Catholic, told him, ' he was quite disgusted at the pitiful, lowly manner in which Catholics brought ' forward their case: Why should not you, Mr. Sheldon, walk into our house, and say, ' ---' Here am I, Sheldon of Weston, entitled by birth and fortune to be among you: ' but, because I am a Catholic, you shut your door against me?' ' I beg your pardon,' said Mr. Sheldon, interrupting him, ' I thought it the duty of a subject to be of the religion of his country; and therefore---' ' You quitted,' said Mr. Sheridan, interrupting

him, 'the errors of popery, and became a member of a church which you know to be 'free from error. I am glad of it; you do us great honor.' The subject then changed; but it was evident that Mr. Sheldon did not sit quite easy. At length, the third of the morning hours arrived; Mr. Sheldon took his watch from his pocket, and holding it forth to Mr. Sheridan, 'See,' he said to him, 'what the hour is: you know our host is a very 'early riser.' 'Damn your apostate watch!' exclaimed Mr. Sheridan; 'put it into your 'Protestant fob.'"

The remainder of the volume contains remarks on Mr. Burke; the author of Junius; the late Bishop of Durham; Erasmus and Grotius; the Revelations of Sister Nativité, with an interesting essay on MYSTICISM of Religion, a compendium of much interest between Mr. Butler and Dr. Parr, and the proposed Reform of the Court of Equity.

From this part we cannot afford room for extracts, and we must indeed hasten to take our leave of the Author, with an expression of the highest esteem and respect for his virtues and talents, and a fervent wish that his gentle and temperate spirit could so influence the hearts of his fellow religionists, as to give hopes that the boon which Mr. Butler has so long and earnestly contended for, might be granted with safety, in time to gild the declining years of the amiable Reminiscent.

Travels in Mesopotamia, including a Journey from Aleppo, across the Euphrates to Orfah, (the Ur of the Chaldees,) through the Plains of the Turcomans, to Diarbekr, in Asia Minor; from thence to Mardin, on the Borders of the Great Desert, and by the Tigris to Mousul and Bagdad: with Researches on the Ruins of Babylon, Nineveh, Arbela, Ctesiphon, and Seleucia. By J. S. Buckingham. London. Colburn. 1827. pp. 571.

We are most happy to meet Mr. Buckingham once more in his legitimate sphere: to speak the truth, his late controversy had given us rather more than a "*quantum suff.*" High praise is due to this enterprising gentleman for the contents of this superb volume. The descriptions are lucid and interesting, the routes well depicted, and the style of the volume, though never eloquent, is at all times pleasing, and now and then approaching to elegance. He is far more exact in his remarks on the Ruins of Babylon than Captain Keppel: there is, indeed, no comparison between the two volumes. The illustrative cuts at the head of each chapter, are most beautifully introduced, and the whole volume is a perfect model of the typographical art.

There is no room for minute criticism in works of this description; we therefore at once proceed to our extracts; in the selection of which, we have catered as well as possible for the amusement of our readers.

"At their giving the word, a halt was made, till they could ride round the caravan to survey it; when, one of them remaining behind to prevent escapes, and the other preceding us, we were conducted, like a flock of sheep by a shepherd and his dog, to one of the stations of their encampment, called El Mazar.

"It was near noon before we reached this place, as it lay about two hours north of the road from which we had turned off, and was just midway between the common routes to Diarbekr and Mardin, being therefore a good central station from which to guard the passage to both. There were other local advantages which rendered it eligible to these tribute-gatherers, and occasioned it to be a frequently-occupied and often-contested spot.

The first of these advantages was a spring of good water, forming a running stream, and fertilizing a fine pasture-ground on each side of it. The next was a high and steep hill, which, if artificial, as, from its abruptness of ascent and regularity of form, it appeared to be, must have been a work of great labor, and served the double purpose of an elevated post of observation, from which the view could be extended widely on all sides round, and a place of security for the flocks at night, it being quite inaccessible to mounted horsemen. The last peculiarity, which recommended this place as a station for a tribe exacting tribute, was, that the passage to one particular part, at the foot of the hill, was so exceedingly difficult, either for horses or foot-passengers, even in the day-time, that it could not be gained but very slowly, step by step, and under constant exposure and disadvantage. This last spot had been chosen for the tents of the Arabs themselves, where they were as secure as in the most regularly fortified garrison; and we were ordered to encamp in the pasture-ground below, at the distance of about a quarter of a mile from them.

"The first tent was scarcely raised, before we were visited by three of the chief's dependants, mounted on beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, and dressed in the best manner of Turkish military officers, with their cloth garments highly embroidered, and their swords, pistols, and khandjars, such as Pashas themselves might be proud to wear. Every one arose at their entry, and the carpets and cushions of the Hadjee, which had been laid out with more care than usual, were offered to the chief visitor, while the rest seated themselves beside him. All those of the caravan who were present, not excepting the Hadjee himself, assumed the humiliating position of kneeling and sitting backward on their heels, which is done only to great and acknowledged superiors.

"This is one of the most painful of the Mohammedan attitudes, and exceedingly difficult to be acquired, as it is performed by first kneeling on both knees, then turning the soles of the feet upward, and lastly, sitting back on these in such a manner, as that they receive the whole weight of the body, while the knees still remain pressed to the ground. I at first assumed this attitude with the rest, but an incapacity to continue it for any great length of time obliged me to rise and go out of the tent, on pretence of drinking; which simple incident, though I returned in a very few minutes afterwards to resume my seat, from its being thought a disrespectful liberty to rise at all in the presence of so great a man, without a general movement of the whole party, gave rise to very earnest inquiries regarding a person of manners so untutored.

The answers to these enquiries were highly contradictory. Some asserted that I was an Egyptian of Georgian parents, and of the race of the Mamlouks of Cairo, from their knowing me to be really from Egypt, and from my speaking the Arabic with the accent of that country, where I had first acquired it, while they attributed my fairer complexion than that of the natives to the same cause. Others said that I was a doctor from Damascus, and suggested that I had probably been in the service of the Pasha there, as I had given some medicines to a little slave-boy of my protector, by which he had recovered from an attack of fever; coupled with which, they had heard me talk much of Damascus as a beautiful and delightful city, and therefore concluded this to be the attachment of a native. Some again insisted that I was a Muggrebin, or Arab of Morocco, acquainted with all sorts of magical charms and arts, and added, that I was certainly going to India to explore hidden treasures, to open mines of diamonds, rubies, and emeralds; to fathom seas of pearls, and hew down forests of aloes-wood and cinnamon, since I was the most inquisitive being they had ever met with, and had been several times observed to write much in a small book; and in an unknown tongue; so that, as it was even avowed by myself that I was going to India, and had neither merchandise nor baggage with me of any kind, it could be for no other purposes than these that I could have undertaken so long a journey. Lastly, some gave out that I was a man of whom nobody knew the real religion; for, although I was protected under the tent of Hadjee Abd-el-Rakhman, and treated as an equal with himself, I was certainly not a Moslem of the true kind; because, at the hours of prayer, I had always been observed to retire to some other spot, as if to perform my devotions in secret, and never had yet prayed publicly with my companions. A Christian they were sure I was not, because I ate meat, and milk, and butter, on Wednesdays and Fridays, as well as on the other days; and a Jew I could not be, because I wore no side locks, and trimmed the upper edge of my beard, after the manner of the Turks, which the Israelites or Yaboudis are forbidden to do. As I had been seen, however, at every place of our halt, to retire to a secluded spot and wash my whole body with water, to change my inner garments frequently, to have an aversion to vermin which was quite unnatural, and a feeling of disgust towards certain kinds of them, amounting to something like horror, as well as

carefully to avoid being touched or lain upon by dirty people, and at night to sleep always aloof from and on the outskirts of the caravan, they concluded, that I was a priest of some of those idolatrous nations of whom they had heard there were many in India, the country to which I was going, and who, they had also understood, had many of these singular aversions, so constantly exhibited by myself." . . .

"JUNE 21st. We set out at a later hour than usual this morning, as the sky was lowering, and the sun at its rising obscured by a red mist. The air was calm, but a disagreeable and suffocating heat prevailed, all which were considered symptoms of an approaching southern wind. Two hours after sun-rise the heat was insupportable, and, even from the people of the country, the general cry was to halt.

"It was about this time when the wind began to be felt by us, coming in short and sudden puffs, which, instead of cooling or refreshing, oppressed us even more than the calm, each of these blasts seeming like the hot and dry vapour of an oven just at the moment of its being opened. The Southern Desert was now covered with a dull red mist, not unlike the sun-rise skies of our northern climates on a rainy morning, and soon after we saw large columns of sand and dust whirled up into the air, and carried along in a body over the plain with a slow and stately motion. One of these passed within a few hundred yards of us to the northward, having been driven along a long tract of stony land, to a distance of perhaps twenty miles from the place of its rising. It was apparently from eighty to a hundred feet in diameter, and was certainly of sufficient force, by its constant whirling motion, to throw both men and animals off their legs, so that if crossing a crowded caravan, and broken by the interruption of its course, the danger of suffocation to those buried beneath its fall would be very great, though, if persons were prepared for it, it might not perhaps be fatal. The wind now grew into a steady southern storm, and blew with a violence which rendered our march confused and difficult, till at last we were obliged to encamp, before the usual number of hours' march had been performed.

"The course we had pursued to-day was nearly east-south-east, and the distance not more than ten miles in five hours of time. Our road still maintained the same character of a fertile plain, and was covered by the same kind of black basalt, now seen in smaller pieces, of a still more porous substance, some of them resembling the ragged cinders formed by the coal and iron of a smith's fire. We passed over a piece of ground where the native rock was visible, pointing its ragged surface above the level of the soil, and forming a bed of pure stone, without any mixture of earth. It was here that I remarked the same appearances as those observed in the basaltic masses of the Hausera, namely, in some places presenting circular and serpentine furrows, as if the matter had been once a fluid, and had suddenly cooled while in the act of a whirling motion; while, in other places, where the masses were of a semi-globular form, and coated like onions, it had the appearance of a fluid matter suddenly becoming solid, while in the act of ebullition, and throwing up thick bubbles, such as are seen on the surface of boiling tar or pitch." . . .

"As this pile of the Birs Nimrod is here assumed to be the remains of the celebrated Tower of Belus, the place of which has been long disputed; and as mature consideration, added to a close personal inspection of the monument, has only strengthened and confirmed the original impression of its identity, it may be well to enumerate such features of resemblance between the present ruin and the ancient temple, as are considered to justify the decision of their being one and the same edifice.

"In recurring to the ancient descriptions of this celebrated monument, Major Rennel justly observes, that 'all these are very brief, and Strabo is the only one who pretends to give the positive elevation of the tower, though all agree in stating it to be very great. The square of the temple, says Herodotus, was two stadia, (one thousand feet), and the tower itself one stadium, in which Strabo agrees.' The former adds, 'In the midst, a tower rises, of the solid depth and height of one stadium, upon which, resting as a base, seven other turrets are built in regular succession. The ascent is on the outside, which, winding from the ground, is continued to the highest tower, and, in the middle of the whole structure, there is a convenient resting-place.' Strabo says, that the sepulchre of Belus was a pyramid, of one stadium in height, whose base was a square of like dimensions, and that it was ruined by Xerxes. Avrian agrees in this particular, and Diodorus adds, that on the top was a statue of Belus, forty feet in height, in an upright posture; from which Major Rennel has inferred, by an unobjectionable rule,

that the tower must have been about five hundred feet in height, corresponding to the dimensions assigned by the others. Its destruction by Xerxes must have taken place before any of the writers, whose descriptions are cited, could have seen it, and that destruction must no doubt have been an unusually devastating one, since the Persian monarch is said to have forcibly stripped it of all its treasures, statues, and ornaments, and even to have put its priests to death. Both Strabo and Arrian indeed say, that Alexander wished to restore it; the former asserting that he found it too great a labor, for it was said that ten thousand men were not able to remove the rubbish, in the course of two months; and the latter stating that it had been begun, but that the workmen made less progress in it than Alexander expected*.

"Here then we collect the following leading facts:—first, that the Tower of Belus was a pyramid, composed of eight separate stages successively rising above, and retiring within, each other; second, that its whole dimensions were a square of one stadium, or five hundred feet at its base, and its height exactly the same; third, that it had around it a square enclosure, of two stadia, or one thousand feet for each of its sides; and, fourthly, that attached to this was a temple, the relative position and dimensions of which are not specified, but the ruins of which were very considerable.

"To all these features, the remains of the monument called the Birs Nimrod perfectly correspond. The form of its ascent is pyramidal, and four of the eight stages of which its whole height was composed are to be distinctly traced, on the north and east sides, projecting through the general rubbish of its face. Its dimensions at the base, as accurately measured by Mr. Rich, give a circumference of seven hundred and sixty-two yards, or two thousand two hundred and eighty-six feet, exceeding the square of a stadium, or two thousand feet, by no more than might be expected from the accumulation of the rubbish around it on all sides. The height of the four existing stages is equal to about half that of the original building, or two hundred and fifty feet; which, as the eight stages are said to have risen above each other in regular succession, may be fairly supposed to represent the four lowermost of them. The square enclosure to be traced around the whole appears, from the summit of the building, to occupy a line of more than three hundred yards for each of its sides, which may be thought to correspond accurately enough with the enclosure of two stadia, or one thousand feet, assigned by the historian†.

* "The temple of Belus is situated in the heart of that city (Babylon), a most magnificent and stupendous fabric, built with brick, and cemented together with a bituminous substance instead of mortar. This, with all the rest of the Babylonian temples, was subverted by Xerxes, at his return from his Grecian expedition; whereupon Alexander determined to repair it, or, as some say, rebuild it upon the old foundations; for which reason he had ordered the Babylonians to clear away the rubbish, for he designed to build it in a more august and stately manner than before. But, whereas they had made a much less progress in the work than he expected during his absence, he had some thoughts of employing his whole army about it. Much land had been consecrated and set apart by the Assyrian monarchs for the god Belus, and much gold had been offered to him; from these the temple was formerly rebuilt, and sacrifices to the god provided."
---*Arrian's Hist. of Alex. b. vii. c. 17.*

† "In a Second Memoir on Babylon, published subsequently to my visit to its ruins, in answer to some remarks of Major Rennel, on Mr. Rich's First Memoir, and which I have only seen since my return to England, this gentleman, to whom I had freely communicated all the results of my researches there, thus alludes to this portion of them:—The whole height of the Birs Nemroud, above the plain to the summit of the brick wall, is two hundred and thirty-five feet. The brick wall itself, which stands on the edge of the summit, and was undoubtedly the face of another stage, is thirty-seven feet high. In the side of the pile, a little below the summit, is very clearly to be seen part of another brick wall precisely resembling the fragment which crowns the summit, but which still encases and supports its part of the mound. This is clearly indicative of another stage of greater extent. The masonry is infinitely superior to any thing of the kind I have ever seen; and, leaving out of the question any conjecture relative to the original destination of this ruin, the impression made by a sight of it is, that it was

"The great mound to the eastward of the tower is such as must have been left by the destruction of some spacious but less elevated building attached to it, and is of sufficient magnitude for any temple: while the rubbish formed by the destruction of the whole, including both the tower and the temple which Alexander is said to have wished to restore, is greater than the whole solid contents of the Mujallibé, or Makloubé, and would certainly occupy a body of ten thousand men nearly two months in effectually removing.

"To this may be added a suggestion of little weight perhaps when standing alone, but worthy of sanction when supporting other facts, namely, the probability of the name of *Birs*, at present applied to this monument, being a corruption of *Belus*, its original name*. *El Birs* is the epithet by which it is exclusively called by some; and whenever *Nimrod* is added, it is merely because the inhabitants of this country are so fond of attributing every thing to this 'mighty hunter before the Lord,' as the inhabitants of Egypt are to Pharaoh, or those of Syria to Solomon. Mr. Rich, whose authority on a point of oriental philology is of great value, says, 'The etymology of the word *Birs*, would furnish a curious subject for those who are fond of such discussions. It appears not to be Arabic, as it has no meaning which relates to this subject in that language, nor can the most learned persons here assign any reason for its being applied to this ruin.' The change from *Belus* to *Berus*, which requires only the change of a constantly permutable letter, would be less extraordinary than a thousand others which have been insisted on as decisive; and the difference between *Berus* and *Birs* is nothing in any of the Semitic languages, or those written without vowels, since both would be expressed by the same characters, without addition or diminution, and both consequently be the same in sound.

"The objections which might be urged against the identity of the ruin at the Birs with the Temple and Tower of Jupiter Belus, deserve a moment's consideration. The first may be found in the apparent novelty of the theory, and in the fact that no one who has hitherto visited, described, or written on this ruin, with the single exception of Mr. Rich, has yet assumed it to be the temple in question. This, however, may be easily accounted for. 'All travellers,' says Mr. Rich, 'since the time

a solid pile, composed in the interior of unburnt bricks, and perhaps earth or rubbish; that it was constructed in receding stages, and faced with fine burnt bricks, having inscriptions on them, laid in a very thin layer of lime cement; and that it was reduced by violence to its present ruinous condition. The upper stories have been forcibly broken down, and fire has been employed as an instrument of destruction, though it is not easy to say precisely how or why. The facing of fine bricks has partly been removed, and partly covered by the falling down of the mass which it supported and kept together. I speak with the greater confidence of the different stages of this pile, from my own observations having been recently confirmed and extended by an intelligent traveller, who is of opinion that the traces of four stages are clearly discernible. As I believe it is his intention to lay the account of his travels before the world, I am unwilling to forestall any of his observations; but I must not omit to notice a remarkable result arising out of them. The Tower of Belus was a stadium in height; therefore, if we suppose the eight towers, or stages, which composed the pyramid of Belus, to have been of equal height, according to Major Rennel's idea, which is preferable to that of the Count de Caylus,† we ought to find traces of four of them in the fragment which remains, whose elevation is two hundred and thirty-five feet; and this is precisely the number which Mr. Buckingham believes he has discovered. This result is the more worthy of attention, as it did not occur to Mr. B. himself."—*Rich's Second Memoir on Babylon*, p. 32.

* Pliny says, the Temple of Jupiter Belus was so called from Belus, a prince, the first inventor of astronomy. The city was however gone to decay, and lying waste in Pliny's time, from the vicinity of Seleucia, which had drawn off all its population.—*Nat. Hist.* b. vi. c. 26.

The Belus of the Assyrians is thought to be the Mahabali of the Hindoos, and the Shah Mahbool of the Persians, the last of the third dynasty of the ancient kings mentioned in the Dabistan.—*Hist. of Persia*, v. l. p. 248.

† See *Mem. de l'Academie*, vol. xxxi.

'of Benjamin of Tudela, who first revived the remembrance of the ruins, whenever they fancied themselves near the site of Babylon, universally fixed upon the most conspicuous eminence to represent the Tower of Belus. Benjamin of Tudela, Rauwolf, and some others, saw it among the ruins of the old Felugiah; and, fully bent upon verifying the words of Scripture, fancied it infested by every species of venomous reptile.' Pietro della Valle seems to have been the first who selected the Makloubé as the remains of this celebrated structure, for the reason assigned above, because it was the most conspicuous eminence among those which he had seen, and his opinion naturally remained authority, until some better was produced. Père Emmanuel, indeed, saw the Birs, but, as has been said with great truth, 'from the account he has given, or the clearness of the idea which he appears to have formed of it, he might with equal advantage to the world and himself, have never seen it at all.'

"Niebuhr appears to have seen it first from a distance, when he took it for a watch-tower; and subsequently to have been upon the ruin itself, as he describes the little hole in the wall, which cannot be seen from below. After describing the ruin very briefly, he says, 'Mais en relisant ensuite ce que Herodote dit (l. i. s. 170) au Temple de Belus, et de sa forte Tour, il m'a paru très vraisemblable que j'en avois retrouvé là des restes; et c'est pourquoi j'espère, qu'un des mes successeurs dans ce voyage, en fera de plus exactes recherches, et nous en donnera la description t.'

"This was the impression made on M. Niebuhr, in merely snatching a hasty view of the ruin. This was my own impression at the first moment of approaching it, without any recollection at the time of what Niebuhr had written, and this also was the effect produced on Mr. Rich. 'Previous to visiting the Birs,' says that gentleman, 'I had not the slightest idea of the possibility of its being the Tower of Belus; indeed its situation was a strong argument against such a supposition; but the moment I had examined it, I could not help exclaiming:—Had this been on the other side of the river, and nearer the ruins, no one could doubt of its being the remains of the Tower t.'

"The next objection to the identity of the Birs with the Temple of Belus, may be in its situation; as it has been the commonly received opinion, that this temple stood on the eastern side of the Euphrates. The only ground upon which this was assumed by Major Rennel, is a presumption that the Belidian gate, which was known to be on the east side, was so named from its vicinity to the Temple of Belus. This has been so satisfactorily answered by Mr. Rich, as to leave nothing to add to his remarks on this subject §. The difficulty is then reduced to its distance from the river, which is

* Memoir, in 'Les Mines de l'Orient.'

† Vol. ii. p. 236. 4to.

‡ Memoir, in 'Les Mines de l'Orient,' p. 155.

§ The passage, in which Major Rennel's objection, and Mr. Rich's reply to it, is contained, is worth extracting entire. It is this:—

'I believe it is nowhere positively asserted, that the Tower of Belus stood in the eastern corner of Babylon. Herodotus, Strabo, Pliny, and Quintus Curtius, do not affirm this, but it is certainly the generally received opinion; and Major Rennel says, 'It may be pretty clearly collected from Diodorus, that the temple stood on the east side and the palace on the west. A presumptive proof of the supposed position of the temple, should the words of Diodorus be regarded as ambiguous, is, that the gate of the city named Belidian, and which we must conclude to be denominated from the Temple, appears pretty clearly to have been situated on the east side. When Darius Hystaspes besieged Babylon, the Belidian and Cissian gates were opened to him by Zopyrus; and the Babylonians fled to the Temple of Belus, as we may suppose the nearest place of refuge. The Cissian or Susian gate must surely have been in the eastern part of the city, as Susa lay to the east; and by circumstances, the Belidian gate was near it. Now, I do not think these premises altogether warrant the conclusion. In these countries, as has before been remarked††, gates take the name of the places to, and not from,

•• Illustrations of the Geography of Herodotus, pp. 355—357.

†† Vide, also, Rennel,

thought so great as to exclude it from the site of the city according to the generally received extent of its area, and its not apparently occupying that central situation in its own division which has been assigned to it by the ancient writers already quoted."

Vagaries, in Quest of the Wild and the Whimsical. By Pierce Shafton, Gent. Andrews. Bond Street.

This is a collection of tales, essays, and sketches of character, grave, gay, sentimental, satirical, and humorous, interspersed with poetry of a description similarly varied, and held together by a slight chain of story.

The author succeeds better in the humorous and satirical, than in the sentimental or the sublime; but even in the last description of writing, the highest that can be attempted, the reader will find a very successful specimen under the title of "The Wandering Jew."

Much of the poetry is of a high order; and we particularly recommend the following verses to our readers. The last stanza is one "after our own heart," affording a contrast much needed to the miserable puling which is the cant of so many of the rhymesters of the present day.

"MY BIRTH-DAY.

"And can it be my birth-day, this?
The day which in my boyish years,
Came like an April beam of bliss,
Let in upon life's vale of tears?
Is this the same bright day of love and joy?
And, oh! should thoughts like these that happy day employ?

I then was the too favor'd child,
Of those whom 'tis not mine to blame;
Yet had they been less weakly mild,
The woes that with my manhood came,
Would have been more relenting, or unfelt;
For then this heart so soon had never learnt to melt.

I stood for a brief dizzy time,
Exalted in my youth's first pride;
But my bold spirit, in its prime,
Fell with the earliest hope that died,
And I was left, self-doomed and self-abased,
To sigh after the shade I had so vainly chased.

' which they lead. The gates of Babylon are instances of this; and the very gate next the Belidian was called Susian, from the town to which the road it opens upon leads; so that, if the Belidian gate really derived its appellation from the temple, it would have been a singular instance, not only in Babylon, but in the whole East, at any period. It is, consequently, much easier to suppose there may have been a town, village, or other remarkable place without the city, the tradition of which is now lost, which gave its name to the gate, than that such an irregularity existed. As to the inhabitants, in their distress, taking refuge within the precincts of the temple, it is probable they were induced to it, not from its proximity to the point of attack, but as the grand sanctuary, and, from its holiness and great celebrity, the one most likely to be respected by the enemy.'—*Memoirs, in 'Les Mœurs de l'Orient.'*

I am scarce yet of manhood's age,
 And yet am aged in my woe;
 I have felt passions in me rage,
 And meaner follies lay me low;
 And whatso'er of good or ill there be
 On earth, is as a tale more than twice told to me.

But let my spirit from its sleep
 Waken and work while yet 'tis day;
 For man was never born to weep,
 And sigh and languish life away:
 It is a gem which, howsoe'er bereft,
 Has worth and beauty still, in every fragment left."

In addition to their intrinsic merits, the "Vagaries" are compressed in an exceedingly pretty volume, which is exactly in appearance, as well as in contents, what we should have liked some thirty years ago, when we were making love, to have had handsomely bound and presented to Myra. Previous to the author printing his second edition, which we foresee he will soon do, we shall send him notice of some slight errors in grammar, which have shocked our critical senses; but, in spite of these peccadilloes, we think "Pierce Shaf-ton" deserves to be a great favorite wherever he appears.

Second Letter from a Dog in the Country to his Friend in Town.
 Wilson, Royal Exchange.

Late events have certainly corroborated, in a very signal manner, the inferences drawn by the author of the pamphlet, alluded to in our number for February, regarding the probable state of the public sentiment in Portugal. Another letter has since appeared from the same hand, in reply to the Edinburgh Review. Like the last, it derives its chief merit from that simple logic which appeals directly to the judgment; being otherwise deficient both in point of arrangement and language.

The author does not contend step for step, against the regularly trained forces of the Reviewer, but maintains a sort of Guerilla warfare, which the able position of his adversaries, and probably a consciousness of inferior generalship on his own part, would naturally suggest. After exposing, we think successfully, the unsoundness of the view taken by the Edinburgh, with regard to the rights of succession, he makes the following very pertinent remarks:—

"It is to be remembered, that the abdication of John the Sixth was not a voluntary act, but a necessary consequence of the declaration of the independence of Brazil; or, in other words, *the declaration of the incapacity of one monarch to reign both in Portugal and Brazil*. And if John the Sixth were thus expressly declared incapable of holding both these crowns, is it not a manifest contradiction to assert that Don Pedro, as *the representative of John the Sixth*, may yet succeed to both? Is it not a most flagrant absurdity to maintain, that the same circumstance which constituted the incapacity of John to reign over both, should not equally affect the claim of his heir to succeed to both?"

Some strong reflections on the author's want of candor appeared in the Morning Chronicle of the 12th ult.; but they are really so little borne out by a reference to the pamphlet itself, that if they had not purported to proceed from the Reviewer, we should have passed

them unnoticed. In the first place, the error which it was the purpose of those remarks to expose, had been *previously* corrected and explained by the author himself; the faulty copies being recalled, and others supplied in their place. Secondly, there does not appear any such extraordinary regard to accuracy in those remarks themselves, as would entitle their author to assume a dictatorial tone on that head. For instance, he says that "the answerer informs us that "Don Miguel is detained at Vienna; that he has there taken an "extorted oath, and *that he thinks there could be no doubt of that* "Prince being released from it by a dispensation from the Pope."

We own that it occasioned us no inconsiderable surprise that an observation like this, having no other foundation than what it may derive from the following passage, should proceed from the individual who immediately before had laid it down, with the authority of a censor, that "a disregard of accuracy is a disposition very near akin "to intentional falsehood." The author, p. 15, Second Letter, says—

"It argues something like ignorance of the human character, as well as of the most evident principles of moral obligation, to insist, as this writer does, on the probability that Don Miguel will pay any very scrupulous regard to his oath of fidelity, &c. Whatever may be our general view of the obligation of an extorted oath, there can never be any question between natural and voluntary obligations in any case where they may be opposed to each other. If a man lay under an engagement to resign the direction of his family to another, who might betray their interests, no one would be inclined to dispute the paramount nature of his obligation to defend them. And if this is a case perfectly applicable to that of Don Miguel; we may go on to conclude, that if any weakness of mind should still raise doubts and scruples on his part, the very same *weakness of mind* would suggest a ready means of dispensing them, by a simple dispensation from the Pope."

Surely it would require some exertion of ingenuity to justify such an interpretation of the above passage as that put upon it by the Reviewer. But the way in which, in the article alluded to in the Morning Chronicle, he has endeavoured to stigmatize these pamphlets, is totally unwarranted; they bear throughout evident marks of the author's sincerity and patriotic views. And until something more decisive of the sense of the majority in Portugal, than has yet been afforded by Ministers, shall effectually remove all doubt upon the subject, we shall not permit ourselves to be frightened by the cry of "*the apostolicals*" into a hasty approbation of the measures of Don Pedro and Mr. Canning. For we believe, to use the words of a late eminent philosopher, that "no system, be it ever so perfect "in itself, can be expected to acquire stability, or to produce good "order and submission, unless it coincides with the general voice of "the community. And he who frames a political constitution upon "a model of ideal perfection, and attempts to introduce it into any "country without consulting the inclinations of the inhabitants, is a "most pernicious projector, who, instead of being applauded as a "Lycurgus, ought to be chained and confined as a madman."—*Miller on Government, chap. iv, p. 83.*

GAITIES AND GRAVITIES OF THE MONTH.

DIARY OF A P. M.

February 2d. Heard a joke at Whitehall: Captain H——, my old friend, met Sir T. L——, with whom he is intimate, at the Opera:—"Well, my friend," said the worthy landholder, "were you appointed on Saturday last?" "No," replied the Captain, "I was disappointed."

3rd. Went to the Covent-Garden pantomime; like pantomimes. Chesterfield says it is vulgar to laugh in a playhouse; on this occasion there were a good many to keep me in countenance. Liked Grimaldi; he is a bewitching "muscle monger"—What a mouth!—Better actor than Kean, though in the same way. Heard a pun—some one said "he was very pleasant to-night." "Yes," replied another, "but I understand he 'is Grim-all-day.'"—(Very bad—laughed notwithstanding.) Struck with a view of the boxes: the Golden Cross, Bull and Mouth, Cross Keys, and Saracen's Head, had sent all their coachmen: every one in Jehu costume.—Perceive the reason—*fond of the stage*.—(Not new; but pretty good.) All the tiers in the house were in roars of laughter. Miss Romer a pretty columbine.—Roamer, a good name for a person that runs about so much. Liked Parsloe in the Cat: some one remarked "he was as roguish as a lawyer." "True," replied I; "his character to-night being in the *Few-line*."—(Bad; very bad.) When he quailed, asked what singer he was imitating; some one replied, "*Cat-alani*." (Not so bad.) Improved it—"What singer did he look like?" "*Cat-alasny*." Parsloe, from the school of Mazurier. (Note. I wonder these tumblers are not as brittle as glass.) A gentleman by my side, lately from the French capital, gave me an interesting account of the mode of Mazurier's taking his rest:—he ties his legs about his neck in a knot, and puts his hands in his mouth.—(Query. Is there a Mrs. Mazurier?—Query. Why does a pantaloon wear breeches? Ellar, a very gentlemanly gymnastic, as harlequin, kicked Mr. Barnes in his seat of honor, in a manner that would have been creditable in a club-room. Took a peep at the rope-dancers—Very good in their line. Some one observed that "Mr. Wilson displayed some great feat on the cord." Very true: he and his pupil keep good time together; it was quite proper, being *ac-cord-dance*.—(Very good.) Took an observation of Miss Bannister through my glass, and mistook her ancles for the calves of her legs. All over—home, and to bed.

5th. Dined with my friend Frederick H——, and talked of politics:—Sheil's affair in Ireland:—always thought that man wrote poetry better than he *spouted* it: his compatriots bailed him. Asked my friend Fred. his opinion of the Catholic claims. "Why," he replied, "since the Catholics send all us heretics to the Devil in the next world, they should not grumble if we send all them to the Devil in this."

7th. Went to the Oratorio.—Bad altogether; Braham bawled away as usual the words to the galleries, the music to Mr. Wagstaff in the orchestra. Stephens was away, but Graddon supplied her absence very well. Incited to hear this lady sing from an acquaintance of mine, William Winter, attempting his first funnyism in the following manner:—

"Miss Graddon,
Not a bad one."

A young dog, by the name of Baker, yelped away amidst the general howlings of the chorus, with considerable earnestness. Phillips, however, was admirable.

8th. Dined at Long's off a Maintenon cutlet, and heard a dispute at the next table respecting the West India Question. A proposition to satisfy all parties:—**PLANTERS TO BE MASTERS ONE YEAR, AND THE BLACKS TO BE MASTERS NEXT.**—(Excellent: *mem.* address a letter on the subject to Earl Bathurst.)

9th. Went to the Chinese exhibition: saw two young ladies, by name, I believe, *Rum-sha* and *Bam-u*. Strong resemblance between them and two females I have the pleasure of seeing every morning, at the bottom of my breakfast-cup. Chinese divinities about the room, mid-nid-noddin a chorus in great glee: no great catch.

10th. Went with the Honorable Tom P—— to the Opera. Ran against Truefit's foreman. The benches rather plebeian: the *airy-stock-racy*, as my friend Fred. calls them, individual and particular. A good English singer here, by the name of Kelly;

having had his education in Italy, he calls himself Sue Kelly, I believe—a better name for his wife. Tom and I did the satisfactory with our kids. Caradori, as usual, delightful. Some women create envy and jealousy among the audience; but she “sweets to the sweet;” gives a nod and a smile to every fellow in the house. Did the *laudatory* to her with vulgar animation. The dancing this winter very horrible: Tom pronounced it to be Quakerian, New Zealandish, and Polichenellocian. I have heard of women padding their shoulders and legs, but never before of their padding their *ancles*, which the *figure-antes* (or, as Tom remarked, by their looks, the *figure-assants*) of this house certainly do. Tom observed if that was the case, they ought to be termed theatrical *foot-pads*.—(Not bad.) They rob Ebers of his money, and the spectators of Christian-like dispositions. Hear Madame Breesy, a fine singer, is expected over shortly to delight us with her *sirs*, and Madame Sonntag, the lady who carried the whole Vauxhall of Frankfurt before her, through three streets, and as one paper said, up into her bed-room. Heard a venerable dilettante, comparing her to *Pasta*, say “she *Sur-past* her.” Intend to cut the Opera for the Gymnasium, and Monsieur Delville for Professor Voelker.

12th. Invited to a public dinner. Purchased a new book of puns; last year's edition, reprinted on an Irish plan; make the end of the book last year, the beginning of the book this, and so go through from the end to the beginning, instead of from the beginning to the end: originality in this; the *last* puns must be the *newest*. Derivation of the word *Pun*, from the Latin of *punito*, to punish—a pun being considered in those sensible times as an infliction. *Pundicti*, the classic term for a P. M.: *pundit*, the Bramin ditto for the same animal. In English we have two—punsters, or a stirrer of puns, which is the vulgar; and pun-gent, or a gentleman who perpetrates puns: the latter, in my opinion, has the more point and respectability in it.

13th. Went to the new comedy at Covent Garden, “The School for Grown Children;” heard it was from the pen of a master, a gentleman who if he has not more wit than many of his cotemporaries, has certainly *Mors-ton*. The comedy very amusing altogether, and some good acting in it. Kemble played well, and looked like one of Barclay and Perkins's draymen; Chatterley, an interesting chatterer; Farren, an abominable machinist, an actor that works by a crank;—“The School for Grown Children” brought a brilliant attendance that evening to the boxes, namely, Mr. Joseph Hume, Sir Thomas Lethbridge, Alderman Curtis, Lord Lauderdale, George Colman, Mr. Waithman, and the Duke of Buckingham. Cobbett was in the pit. Heard a story of his Grace, the Deputy Licenser. Sam. Beasley carried him a farce, which contained an exceptionable line—“The Lord have mercy on us” (a very natural exclamation in the mouths of some actors) Colman drew his pen over it—“Sir,” says the author, “that's the best joke in the piece.”—“Do you call that a joke, Mr. Beasley?” “Yes, Sir.”—“Then, I tell you what, Sir,” replied the man in office, “your farce will be d—d in this world for containing it, and you in the next.” *Mom.* Heard that Colman is to be appointed to the first vacancy in the Tabernacle Chapel.

14th. Fred. brought me the Cheltenham Chronicle, to shew me the accounts of some extraordinary circumstances. The first was as follows—“Last week, a young girl in the neighbourhood of Gloucester, being upon the point of marriage, and not possessing the money to purchase her wedding clothes, consented to have seven of her front teeth “extracted by a dentist, who gave her two guineas a-piece for them.” This must have been a very valuable wife, few women in the present day so convertible into cash. Her husband must have loved her in spite of her teeth. The other relation was still more extraordinary—“A few days since a Medical Gentleman was called in to prescribe for a youth, aged 18, who was reported to have swallowed an East India silk handkerchief, a yard square. The Physician, as may be supposed, was rather puzzled in this instance how to combat such an unusual intruder, and even went so far as to express his doubts of the fact; when the mother of the lad, with unanswerable authority, pointed “to the boy's lips, which were stained blue (the colour of the handkerchief): here—upon the Doctor having his doubts removed, prescribed some strong doses of castor oil, and, in a few days, to the astonishment of all, and the verification of the mother, the “handkerchief made its appearance, and the lad is now very well.” This circumstance is a very interesting one, in my opinion, in the history of the human anatomy. And the possibility existing, as is clearly shown above, of a handkerchief performing a medical tour through a man's internals, I require of one of the faculty, to inform me, whether this novel and much more genteel mode might not supersede the use of stomach pumps, and Epsom salts. *Mom.* Take in the Cheltenham Chronicle henceforward.

16th. Bored to death on all sides by the Corn Laws; so long as I have my roll for breakfast, and my toast for tea, what care I who has the providing them? Advised to read Stanhope and Whitmore's pamphlets. My friend Fred. had read William Whitmore's pamphlet, and I asked him his opinion. "I consider him," said he, "to be *wit-less*." Very good.

19th. Met Mr. H—, my medical attendant, who told me a bit of Hospital pleasantries:—On new-year's day a man was carried into Guy's, with his ear partly bit off. Mr. Abernethy healed it, and looking at him in the face when the operation was performed, wished him a *happy new ear*. Query; Did the patient laugh? I should have been very impatient.

20th. Stepped into Colburn's to pick up some literary mums. and heard Theodore's last upon the forthcoming *Life of Napoleon*, by Sir W. Scott. Sir Walter had observed, that "all preceding biographers in treating of the character and conduct of that great man, had only gone *skin-deep* in their investigation." "Aye," said Hook, "and now, I suppose, Sir Walter will take hold of the *Bony-part*." Moore's *Life of Byron* in expectation. Some one advises that it should be published as a romance, and under the title of a Moorish tale. Rogers remarked, that if he had been Sheridan's *murderer*, he would become most probably Byron's *undertaker*.

21st. I, at the pressing solicitation of a female acquaintance, read Almack's. Tom could not sleep, he told me, after opium: prescribed him three pages of it going to bed—*probatum est*. O'Hara; or Old Harry; *Tales*, as my friend Fred. calls them, devilish queer things: wild Irish boys, and wild Irish girls—a bore; don't like getting into such low company, even in a novel. *Tales* are fashionable reading, but there is no end to them. Query. What is the *last* species of novel writing? A *tale*.—(Pretty good.) Miss Porter getting *stale*: her last work, Tom says, is half-and-half: Lord Palmerston says he cannot bear her.

22nd. Colman writing his life I understand. This is an age for actors' recollections—gossiping Kelly, twaddling Reynolds, doting O'Keeffe, pedantic Boaden, and last, not least, *serious* George Colman. Hook met him in the street the other day; "Colman," said he, "many people have told me you have led a life of error, and now I understand you are *righting it*." "Yes," replied he, "and I am sorry that what I intended to *write* has been *left to so late a day*." "Never mind," said Hook, "in this kind of scribbling we want *u-more*, and certainly you are a *whit* better than any of your predecessors."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—Just published, No. I. of a series of Views in the West Indies, engraved from drawings taken recently in the Islands, with letter-press explanations, made from actual observation. The intention of this work is to convey a faithful outline of the existing state of Slavery on the Plantations in the British Islands, the Costumes of the Negroes, Process of Sugar-making, &c.; combining at the same time a selection of such scenes best calculated to form pictures, and describe the character of the scenery in the several Colonies. Each number to contain four coloured Views to imitate Drawings.

The first number of a work, to be entitled "The Quarterly Juvenile Review; or, "a Periodical Guide for Parents and Instructors in their selection of new Publications," is in the press, and will appear in the course of the present month.

NUMBERS OF THE JEWISH NATION.—We extract from the *Weimar Geographische Ephemeriden*, the following statistical accounts, which we think will be found curious.

The number of the Jews is at present nearly the same as it was at the time of David and Solomon. There were then nearly four millions; and at present they are about 3,200,000, which are divided as follows:

In Bavaria	53,402
In Saxony	1,300
In Hanover	6,100
In Wirtemberg.....	9,068
In Baden.....	16,933
In the Electorate of Hessen.....	5,170
In the Grand Duchy of Hessen.....	14,982
In the rest of the German States	18,248

In the city of Frankfort	5,200
In the city of Lubeck	400
In the city of Hamburg	8,000
In Austria	453,545
In Prussia	134,980
In Russia	426,908
In Poland	232,000
In Great Britain	12,000
In the Netherlands	80,000
In France	60,003
In Sweden	450
In Denmark	6,000
In Switzerland	1,970
In Italy	36,900
In the Ionian Islands	7,000
In the city of Cracow	7,300
In Turkey (in Europe)	321,000
In Asia.	158,000
In Africa	504,000
(of which there are 300,000 in Morocco)	
In America	5,700
In Australasia	50

In most of these States they are merely tolerated ; in Germany, Prussia, and the Netherlands, they have all the rights of a citizen, but are inadmissible to public offices. France is the only country in Europe, where this restriction does not exist, as the constitution knows no political disabilities on account of religious opinions.

THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

Introitus, nam et heic Dñ sunt!

BEN. AP GILL.

It has often struck us, that notwithstanding the distinguished and deserved attention bestowed among us on classical learning, we should have yet been so deficient in our acquaintance with one branch of it, and certainly not the least important and interesting—we mean the religions of antiquity. We confess we are unable to account for this, be it indolence or ignorance. The classical authors are in the hands of every one, and in the memory of many. They are construed in the grammar-schools, and quoted in the House of Commons. The most intimate familiarity with the idiom in which they wrote, is contracted, or, if it is not, at least it might be. We are taught to write nonsense verses, and whose fault is it, if we cannot afterwards afford both reason and metre? We are taught to scan the trimeter, and to blander about the choruses. We know what feet admit of the anapaest, and under what circumstances; and, thanks to Porson, we know a good deal more about the metres, than the Greek tragedians themselves. By dint of application, we have a fair chance of getting the Crases Atticæ at our fingers' ends. We do not wish to say any thing to depreciate these studies; no. We entertain personally a very high regard for the Crases Atticæ. We are well aware, that all our great men have been materially assisted by an exact knowledge of them.

Hac arte Pollux et vagus Hercules
Ensis arces attingit igneus.

But while we should be sorry to see those pursuits abandoned, which lead to exact scholarship, an attainment in which we feel confident that our Universities will be found equal to those in any part of the world, we could wish at the same time, that the range of our studies were extended. We could wish that more were done to encourage those studies, which not only promote accuracy and precision of knowledge, but also expand the mind. Too much is, in our opinion, done for the acquirement of a kind of knowledge, which at best can but be considered as subordinate. We spend a great deal of time in studying the languages, and we pay little attention to the ideas of antiquity. The most important lessons which an acquaintance with the ancient world would teach, the most interesting results which it would offer, are far from being generally known, or sufficiently appreciated.

For a proof of what we have just observed, or rather for an exemplification of the fact, we would particularly refer to the subject to which we have alluded above—to the religions of antiquity. We are sick with the endless repetition of the terms heathenish superstition and scurrilous stories affixed to ancient mythology, by those from whom we had expected better things. It is in vain to tell us,

that the multitude believed in the most absurd traditions, and practised the most ridiculous ceremonies. We know too well, that there was, in all ages, something superior to the belief of the multitude. To say that there was not, or that it is not worth knowing, is a fair way to be sure of getting rid of the trouble of investigating it. A round denial of facts, an affected depreciation of knowledge, are commodious apologies of ignorance or listlessness. But we are surprised that those also, whose learning and genius we revere, have not thought it worth while to add to their extensive acquirements a knowledge of a subject, of which we should expect that it could not be indifferent to any one interested in the history of mankind. When we speak of the history of mankind, we do not mean a dry, or be it even an animated, recital of battles and political events, and of the overthrow of empires—of “moving accidents by flood and field:” but we mean the history of man, of human nature, with its passions and energies, its efforts and errors. And we know not a better mirror of the intellectual and moral worth, of the “age and body” of the time, than the opinions which were entertained on the highest problems that can occupy the ingenuity, or interest the heart, of man. In tracing the history of opinions, and religious opinions especially, in canvassing the errors of the least enlightened, and in admiring the aspirations of the best and wisest of our race, the mind is deeply imbued with that sentiment, than which nothing can be more worthy of humanity,

“Homo sum: nihil humani à me alienum puto.”

And on this very subject we regret to find that so little has been done among us. Bacon's hints on “The Fables of the Ancients” are forgotten. The volumes of Cudworth are laid on the shelf. If original research is out of the question, who is there that has even turned Cudworth's labors to account? We admire the ingenuity of Bryan, and the acuteness of Payne Knight; but it strikes us that the one is more fanciful than accurate, and the other more bold than just. We could wish that more justice had been done to Mr. Taylor. We do not mean the “Reverend” Mr. Taylor, but Mr. Taylor the Platonist. He has entered into his subject with more congeniality of feeling. But though his labors are voluminous, his results are but fragmentary: and it has been his misfortune, that his peculiar manner has been still more unpopular than his subject.

We have indeed one name, one brilliant name, which, whatever others may have done, or may still do, for the science we allude to, we shall always quote with exultation as our own, one of the few who have shone in every branch of literature which they attempted, and whose genius was born to sympathize with the noblest and most beautiful effusions of all ages, and all nations; one in whose laurel were twined the roses of the West, and the palm of the East.

There are few, indeed, who, for extent of knowledge, for elegance of taste, and universality of genius, deserve to be mentioned together with Sir William Jones. Among them, it is our conviction,

that there is Herder, and we shall perhaps have occasion in a subsequent article to justify this statement. Sir William Jones was the first to point out the affinity of the religions of classical antiquity with the still existing philosophy of the oriental nations. Had he lived to give the full proof of his propositions, and were it not the fate of all distinguished men to throw out leading ideas rather than to detail systems, he might have finished the work he commenced. But though after his death the volumes of the *Asiatic Researches* still continued to give valuable articles on the subject of the oriental systems, yet the spirit with which he had known to combine the phenomena of the most distant epochs and climates, was no longer conspicuous in most of the essays which the Society caused to be printed.

But the ideas of Sir William Jones were taken up with increased interest in a country which was never known to be backward in the honor paid to genius and talent, with whatever nation the impulse of a new pursuit may have originated. The classical scholars of Germany, among them, or rather at the head of them, Frederick Creuzer, gave much of their time and their best abilities to the investigation into the subject of the ancient religions. Creuzer's work, *Symbolik und Mythologie*, first appeared in 1810; the sensation which it created, the interest with which these studies were taken up by the young, and the juvenile ardor with which men of a more advanced age joined in a new course of research, the opposition which it met with from a party, whose acute criticism was generally feared, and whose dictatorial authority had been offended by the confident tone of the new school, the sober and judicious inquiries of impartial judges, the follies and extravagant speculations of mythological *Ultras*—all this produced a most animated scene in the literary world, which grew still more animated, when a new edition, or rather a new work, of Professor Creuzer appeared. He had in the mean time an opportunity of gaining access to many sources of information unknown before; he had been confirmed in many of his views; he had improved upon others, and he had been irritated by opposition, and called upon to make his arguments good by proofs, and to develop them with spirit. There is scarcely at present a distinguished scholar or "humanist" in the better sense, in Germany, who has not formed and pronounced his opinion on the subject. The most illustrious names, and among them the celebrated Schelling, have engaged in the question, and in a friendly sense to the efforts of Creuzer.

The first scholars of France have done the same. But our leading reviews, and our eminent scholars, have been observing a course of dignified silence. That the existence of Creuzer's work is known to them, we have no doubt; for we feel confident that they all read the *Literary Gazette*, which mentioned it last year "with a word, and with a sign." But it seems to us extraordinary, that while our scholars hunt up and translate grammars and dictionaries from the German, while Matthiæ is the great oracle, while our

classical booksellers are reprinting the notes of German commentators, and publishing classical authors edited by Berlin professors, while even other labors of German scholars are noticed and reviewed, it seems to us extraordinary, that the works of Creuzer and other writers on the same subject should remain altogether unknown.

It cannot be our purpose, in a publication like this, to offer a critique of the works which we have mentioned. But it is our intention, as far as our limits will allow us, to give an idea of the subject, and of the mode in which it is treated. We cannot of course engage to reproduce any thing but a faint outline of some parts of the work. But it is our wish, that those who are interested in these studies, may be induced to consult Creuzer's work, either in the original, or in the French translation, by Guignot, which, we understand, is about to be completed. And it is our ulterior wish, that they may be sufficiently interested in the subject, to take up these studies, to follow them up to the original authorities, and to cultivate a science, in which our antiquarians have too long been deficient of original research, and ignorant of the character and results of foreign compositions.

Our prefatory remarks have been carried to greater length than we had intended: and we shall confine ourselves, in this number, to a rapid sketch of the principal results of Creuzer's Essay on the Religion of Egypt.

The earliest inhabitants of Egypt were, no doubt, wandering tribes of shepherds and fishermen, scattered on the banks of the river, and by the side of the sea. Among such a population, we cannot expect to meet with religious ideas very different from those which are commonly found among savage nations.

Man, in the lowest stage of civilization, is not much given to reasoning. He has causality very small, and wonderment (ideality, we believe we should say) very large indeed. For a share in the mental faculties which he is possessed of, he gives credit to every thing around him. He ascribes reason to the irrational, and life to the inanimate creation. On some objects he looks with feelings of sympathy, on others with veneration. When we refer to the pages of Buffon, he looks back with a contented eye on the feats of his youth, on the scene of his life; when we call for the solar microscope, or for the Philosophical Transactions, he kneels down to worship.

Take the poor fisherman in his canoe in one of the mouths of the Nile. The luxuriant growth of the water plants, moving on its surface, the monsters lurking in the deep, the mighty ocean itself, must inspire him with mingled feelings of admiration and horror. Or take the shepherd in the plain. His is a more peaceful lot. He lives among his flock; he almost raises them to a level with himself. His dog is his favorite companion; the faithfulness and the sagacity of the animal must raise it in his estimation very high in the scale of beings. Who can describe the sort of commerce that exists between the shepherd and the rest of the flock, and most of all, the stately bull who strides at the head of them, with silent and impressive gra-

vity, looking unutterable things? The Bedouine even now gives a hundred names to his camel, and holds converse with his horse. And we would submit it to the consideration of Dr. Evelyn, whether the delight taken in a rookery does not, after all, originate in the same feelings which gave rise to the hylozoic system.

This system, by which we mean, of course, the habit of ascribing a consciousness of purpose to irrational and even inanimate objects—this same hylozoic system was favored, in a great measure, by the peculiar nature of the country and the river. There was the regular rise and fall of the Nile; and as regular the appearance of the crocodiles, the serpents, and other uncouth animals; there was the wild gazelle, with its hurried retreat when the river threatened to overflow, and its return when the danger was over, a very convenient index of “high water” at Syene; and these extraordinary movements of the waters, and of the animals, regularly corresponding with the movements of the celestial bodies, so that the Nile was called an earthly satellite of the sun and moon. Besides, the burning plains of the Libyan and Arabian deserts formed a striking contrast with the warm and well-watered valley of the Nile.

Considering all these circumstances, it appears highly probable, that the primitive inhabitants of Egypt worshipped the same objects as the tribes on the borders of the Syrian lakes, or the first colonists in the deserts of Dodona, or the Negroes of this day in the interior of Africa. We may then conclude, that they worshipped plants and animals, the river and the ocean, the sun, moon, and stars. In addition to this, they had an idea, not perhaps of the migration; but at least of a continuation of existence of the soul after the death of the body. Nothing is more frequent than the formation of a sort of natural mummies in the sandy deserts, where the Samum wind completely dries up and thus preserves the dead bodies for some time. This occasioned the belief, that though animal life is fled, yet the soul still hovers near its former seat, until it is domesticated in another body; an idea, which afterwards encouraged the belief of its transmigration, and perhaps also the practice of embalming the mortal remains.

But though we have reason to suppose that so poor was the original creed of the Egyptians, yet in the first historical record in the Scriptures they appear already in a more advanced state. In the book of Genesis, Memphis* is described as a city, with all the advantages that prosperity and civilization can give in a country which is chiefly agricultural and very fertile; it is even described as the resort of foreign caravans, refined and depraved, and, in fact, in wealth and manners quite a capital. And yet, it appears from the historical dates still extant, that Memphis attained that importance only when Thebes was already declining, or had fallen altogether†—Thebes,

* The name of Memphis is not mentioned in the book of Genesis; but it is evident, that the description applies to the capital of Middle Egypt.

† This is at least decidedly the opinion of Cruizer, and adopted by him on the testimony of Jomard who examined the ruins of Thebes. But we must not omit to state,

the city of hundred gates, one of the wonders of the world. Both cities were governed by kings, at whose side is conspicuous a powerful hierarchy.

What, then, was the reason of this great change in the state of the country? We can only say, that strangers of a foreign and nobler origin, left their own seats, and took possession of Egypt. They found one of the most fertile countries of the world without agriculture, without any permanent forms or institutions of social life. It was easy for them to assert their superiority over the wandering hordes. Their own government, their discipline, their arts and pursuits, were soon established throughout the country.

The policy employed by these strangers was admirable. It is probable that they were superior in number to the natives. But it does not appear that they made use of violence in establishing the new system of things. They wielded other arms, far more powerful. The chief engine for the promotion of their influence was religion. The religious ideas which they found, the various kinds of superstition in vogue among the people, were combined to an artificial system. This system itself was made subservient to the civilization of the country, and to the exclusive encouragement of agricultural pursuits. It contained symbolical representations of the various employments, and of the peculiar circumstances, connected with agriculture, in a country that was fertilized by the Nile. It was calculated to rule the minds by its mysterious reference to the phenomena of nature, and to please the imagination by the variety of its emblems, "the pomp and circumstance" of many of its ceremonies.

The lower classes could not be expected to enter into the hidden sense of the tales narrated, and the religious duties imposed to them. Their former superstition was retained, though in somewhat a modified shape. If their mind was little enlightened, their manners at least were civilized, and a salutary restraint was put upon the idle habits of their former unsettled life. Industry was enjoined to them; and there is scarcely a country in which industry is so much encouraged by nature, and so plentifully rewarded, as in the valley of the Nile.

In that happy country, in which no living creature ever dreamt of Corn-Laws, or the abolition of them, the produce of the labor of one class more than provided for the wants of all. The leisure which

that by many antiquarians the arguments on which it rests are considered by no means conclusive. Among them is Professor Baur of Tübingen, who in his learned and ingenious work (*Naturreligion des Alterthums*, vol. i. p. 333) insists on the express testimony of Herodotus (2, 99) that Menes, the first king of Egypt, was also the founder of Memphis, which would appear to go directly against the supposition of the higher antiquity and earlier splendor of Thebes. Professor Baur also alludes to the difficulty of ascertaining the exact antiquity of the remains which Jomard had occasion to examine, as the materials of their construction, and still more the peculiar climate of Upper Egypt must have contributed to preserve them in an appearance different from that of the ruins of other cities. We cannot help thinking how odd it must be, when, after thousands and thousands of revolving years, some antiquarian from another part of the world will blunder about the exact period of the construction of Belgrave Square, or write an essay on the probable extent of Mr. Nash's original labors.

this circumstance afforded to the rest, contributed in forming the broad line of distinction, which separated the different classes from each other. It is unnecessary to say, that the progress of civilization was the work of the intelligence and influence of the priests. They laid down the principles, and established the foundation upon which the fabric of the social system was constructed. They kept the cultivation of arts and sciences for themselves, and especially the art of governing, of which they were unquestionably great masters. They were looked up to as beings of a higher order; their various knowledge; their skill and ingenuity, their exemplary life, gave them the most unbounded power. The form of government was monarchical; but it is clear enough, that the supreme direction of the affairs of the realm was in the hands of the hierarchy. The state of the people appears to have been comfortable and happy, as far as exterior circumstances go; but they were for ever shut out from every kind of mental improvement; it was criminal for the son to endeavour to look further than his father had done before him; but a man might enjoy his life if he was prepared to obey the laws, to reverence the priests, and, above all, to abstain from reasoning.

The institutions of Egypt, and the curious customs and manners prevailing there, are sufficiently well known from Herodotus, and other authorities. The writers of antiquity are also full of the most strange and contradictory reports of the religious opinions, and the mysterious tenets which were held by the priests and believed by the people. These reports have given rise to numberless speculations, on which much learning and ingenuity has been wasted. The chief difficulty was, to separate the vulgar belief of the multitude from the more enlightened philosophy of the priests.

Creuzer has tried to combine and explain the various accounts in the following manner: there are two leading ideas in the Egyptian system, which contain the stamina of the whole culture of the nation, political and religious. By a personification familiar to the ancient world, they are attached to the two deities, Osiris and Hermes. The one is the representation of active nature, the other of creative intelligence. The tales connected with the history of the one, are symbolical descriptions of the phenomena of nature, the sketches of which the other is the hero, are illustrative of the agency of the mind. In their application to the state of things, and to the institutions of the country, Osiris is the foundation of the royal dignity; Hermes, of sacerdotal authority. The first is the beau idéal of the Pharaoh, the second of the priest.

We shall mention a few of the details which Professor Creuzer regards as the foundation of his theory. The principal incidents of the story of Osiris are well known. Osiris and Isis govern Egypt; they first invent agriculture, they give laws, they humanize the people, and lay down the first civil institutions. But Osiris is not content with this narrow sphere; he wishes to spread happiness not in the valley of the Nile only, but throughout the world. He leaves Egypt, and with a numerous attendance he visits the

various countries of the earth. But he has no need of arms; he conquers all nations by the power of eloquence, and by the charms of magic. During his absence, Typhon, his brother, an envious and malicious character, makes several attempts, in which he is frustrated by the vigilance of Isis, to possess himself of the throne. At length Osiris returns. Typhon has conspired against his life with Ane, the queen of Ethiopia, and with seventy-two companions. He invites Osiris to a feast, under the pretence of friendship. When the wine was going round, Typhon caused a splendid and curiously wrought chest to be brought; he promised to present it to any one who would lie down in it, if he found it to agree with his dimensions; they all try, but are all disappointed. Last of all, Osiris tries; it fits admirably; by a *coup de main*, Typhon and his friends shut the chest up, throw it into the river, and let it drive down towards the sea. Isis is informed of the cruel fate of her husband; with loud lamentations she wanders through the country to seek for the dead body; at length she learns that it had been driven down one of the mouths of the Nile towards Byblus. She follows it, but it was too late; the chest had been stopped in its progress by the rushes on the shore near Byblus; the power of life that was still inherent in the dead body of the king, made the plants shoot up into a beautiful tree. Malcandrus, the king of Phœnicia, caused it to be felled, and used as a column in the building of his palace; there, then, the sacred remains were concealed; and there Isis appears in mourning, and in humble attire. The queen invites the mysterious stranger, and makes her the nurse of her child. Isis, in return for the kindness shown to her, undertakes to purify the infant from all the evils that flesh is heir to; accordingly she puts him at once into the fire; the mother is alarmed at the strange proceeding, and signifies her astonishment. Isis appears as the goddess, with thunder and lightning; she touches the column, it splits, and she retires with the coffin that encloses the remains of Osiris. They are buried; but Typhon, so ancient is the odious system of the resurrection men, does not respect the mansion of the dead; he dissects the body most cruelly into fourteen pieces, which are scattered in the river. But Isis collects them, and the body is again consigned to the grave at Philæ. Besides, graves are erected on every spot where some relics had been found; and fourteen places boast of this honor, that the remains of Osiris are entombed in their temples. But Osiris does not die unrevenged, nor is the offender to triumph for ever. Horus, the son of Osiris, collects the friends of his father; Osiris has appeared to him in his dreams, to inspire him with thoughts of revenge. Typhon is made captive. Isis, mild and forbearing as she is, releases the captive enemy from his chains. But kindness is lost on him—he recommences hostilities; but is finally overcome, and exiled into the desert. Horus is the last of the gods who governed in Egypt; after him, a mortal dynasty follows.

This shapeless tale, of which we have only given a general outline, has puzzled the ancients a good deal. Plutarch enumerates four different keys, besides the one proposed by himself. Some, he

says, maintained that the story of Osiris and Typhon was an embellished tradition concerning the fates of the early kings of Egypt; others believe that the doctrine of evil dæmons and of the good genii is expressed in it; others, that moral ideas are intended to be conveyed by it; others again, that it contains astronomical facts. Plutarch himself (*de Is. et Osir. c. 48*) conceives, that the contest between the good and evil principle in the natural and the moral world is illustrated by that fiction. Chæremon, a stoic philosopher, gave a full development of facts belonging to natural philosophy, which he thought to have discovered under the veil of that fabulous recital. Jamblichus, and other Neo Platonists, built upon it an ingenious and fanciful system of metaphysics.

Creuzer sets out by acknowledging that different keys are not only admissible, but necessary. In the first place it contains an allusion to the peculiar nature of the climate of Egypt. Osiris is the Nile; his death is celebrated twice every year, for there is a double harvest in Egypt every year; and after the seed is sown, from March to July, and again from September to the beginning of November, the country is laboring under the insufferable heat: it is governed by Typhon, the lord of the desert, from whence the noxious and burning winds blow; there is Isis in mourning, the land of Egypt, the bride of the Nile; Osiris is killed by Typhon, and his seventy-two companions—the seventy-two evil days during which the hot wind blows, and the process of vegetation is apparently suspended.

Creuzer also points out the policy of the priests who invented this fiction, in availing themselves of the existing popular superstitions, and combining them to a system of symbolical emblems. The former inhabitants had entertained different notions, instead of which one system was now established throughout the country; they had worshipped different animals; these were all combined in the idea of one body, the representative of animal life; to the hovering of the soul round the dead body, was substituted the doctrine of the transmigration; and the soul of the universe, the soul of Osiris of old, was taught to be still embodied in the successive generations of the Apis, the sacred bull. It could not be expected that the different tribes should at once resign their former mode of worship; different animals were still kept sacred at different places. But though this sort of worship was tolerated, yet the sacred animal, that was revered by the whole nation as the living representation of the Deity, was that same sacred bull. Nor had that animal been selected without meaning. It contributed materially in giving a religious sanction to agricultural pursuits.

But besides this local signification of the story of Isis and Osiris, it contains a number of facts belonging to a science, in which the Egyptian priests were well known to have attained considerable proficiency. The astronomical signification of many of the incidents, has never been questioned. Some of them are so evidently devised for that purpose, that they leave no room for doubt; for instance, when Hermes is said to have played at dice with the moon, and

gained the seventieth part of every day. Now, the seventieth part of every day throughout a twelvemonth, gives five additional days, which were inserted in order to correct the former year of the Egyptians, which consisted of 360 days only. Creuzer has analysed a number of such incidents, and, in our opinion, in a very satisfactory manner. He confesses himself under considerable obligations to the learned Frenchmen, and especially Jomard, who accompanied Bonaparte in his famous expedition to Egypt, and who employed that opportunity with a zeal and success which will always do great credit to them, and to the discernment of the extraordinary individual who selected them for the purpose. The accurate drawings and reports of Egyptian monuments, which are published in that admirable work "*Description de l'Egypte*," reflect much light on the Egyptian system, when compared with the accounts given by the classical authors. It appears from them, that the vicissitudes of Iris and Osiris and their family, were made the vehicle for a complete astronomical calendar of the Egyptian year. The names of the deities were frequently changed according to the different predicaments applied to them in the course of these illustrations: thus the sun in the vernal sign of Aries is described by the name of Amun, (Ammon); in the sign of Taurus, he appears as Osiris; in the summer solstice, as Horus, when he has regained his former power, and "is himself again"—or rather, when he is revived in the image of his youthful son. It is interesting to follow the parallels which Creuzer has traced between the fictions of Egypt and of other countries, on the subject of these astronomical observations. Hercules, under the name of Sem or Som, appears as another personification of the sun, struggling with all his might for the supremacy. In the winter Solstice he appears as the weak and sickly Harpocrates, a mere shadow of his former self. Isis, in many instances, is the personification of the moon. But in a more general sense, she is the Goddess of Nature; she has been identified with Demeter or Ceres, and, which is still more strange, with the goddess Hertha, (*Erde*, the earth), worshipped by the ancient Germans. Tacitus says of the Suevi, or inhabitants of Swabia, "*Isidi sacrificant*." Now it is a fact, that Egyptian antiquities, that is to say, images decidedly resembling the sacred monuments of Egypt, are frequently found in Germany, and more especially in the south. It appears, however, to us, that great caution ought to be observed in deciding on their origin. We are enabled to quote one fact, which has happened to come under our personal knowledge, and which is not mentioned in Creuzer. Some four or five years ago, when travelling in the south of Germany, we were invited by a friend to go a few miles out of our way, to visit some curious antiquities. It was a glorious day, and we were straggling not far from the river Neccar, at the foot of the Württemberg Alps, which exhibit a very picturesque scenery. We arrived at a village, whose name must be either Bellzen, or Bälzen, or Belseim, or some such melodious sound, situated, we believe, about twelve miles north from Tübingen. The front of the small village church presented some most curious specimens of engravings, or rather *haut-reliefs* in stone, which every one must have recognized at first sight as

Egyptian. Among them were some dwarfs of the same shape, and a very uncouth shape it is, and with the identical attributes described by Herodotus as belonging to the Cabiri, and still found on the Egyptian monuments. Besides, there were rams' heads; of course, intended for Ammon; and a glorious disk of the sun, and several other emblems, which we now forget. There was also a cross carved in one of the stones above the portal, which in our archaeological zeal we had nearly mistaken for the Egyptian cross, the key of the flood-gates of the Nile, which Osiris frequently bears. But we were reminded by our German friend, that the shape of Osiris's key is essentially different from the cross then before us. However, we were not a little puzzled by so strange and barbarous an exhibition in a Christian land, and a Christian church too. We wonder that Mr. Haldane and the Rev. Mr. Rose have not picked up the fact; it would have afforded a most uncontrovertible proof, at least one a good deal more convictive than theirs, that they are all heathens, and worse than heathens, in Germany. Besides, the name of the place was evidently derived from Baal, or Bel; and having blundered about the Hebrew,

"In our hot youth, when George the Third was King,"

we had a faint reminiscence that there is some such word in the Hebrew, which means the Lord, which was said to be of Phœnician origin, and why should it not be Coptic or Egyptian as well? We were full of these ideas, and plumed ourselves not a little on our discoveries; indeed we were then thinking of laying them before the world in a small quarto, with a frontispiece "by an artist of eminence." But when the next day we reached Stutgard, our learned and excellent friend, Prof. Gustav Schwab, who was just preparing a Guide to the Swabian Alps, with particular reference to antiquities, informed us, that there was little need of puzzling ourselves or the world any further about the said dwarfs; that he had found a passage in one of the *Scriptores Historiæ Aug.* stating, that a certain Roman legion, we forget the number, had been stationed for a considerable time in Egypt, and, a case by no means uncommon, had completely adopted the Egyptian worship, and that the same legion was afterwards sent into the south of Germany, and quartered somewhere near the Neccar. It was probable they had constructed a temple there to their Egyptian deities; and that the first Christian missionaries, as they frequently did, consecrated it as a church, adding a Christian cross by way of security against the infecting presence of the uncouth idols. Now, if all the cases of Egyptian antiquities in other countries were thus analyzed, we have no doubt that many at least might be traced to a similar origin.

But we have been led astray by our recollections of our mythological excursions in Germany. We have only room to add, that Creuzer's Essay on Egypt (in the first volume of his work, p. 240—532 of the edition of 1819) proceeds to examine, with constant reference to the monuments still extant, the mythological details, and to prove that the system of the priests was a complete encyclopædia of human knowledge; that their studies were divided between the observation

of nature, and metaphysical speculation; that in both they were more advanced than is generally supposed. But in a discussion of that kind, if it has succeeded in removing some difficulties, others still continue to court investigation; if much has been satisfactorily accounted for, much still remains unexplained; if Creuzer has successfully led the way, to "fling from the full sheaves the liberal handful," a rich harvest in the land of harvests still remains in store for others; and we know, that it is his wish, that others may read the challenge on the portals of the temple at Sais—"I am all that is past, all that is present, all that is to come; MY VEIL NO MORTAL HATH EVER REMOVED."

STANZAS.

And do you seek once more your native shade,
And pale Repentance lure you back to rove?
Has vain Ambition then your steps betray'd,
That foe alike to Friendship and to Love?

Say, with a heart to first fond feelings true,
You dwelt unhappy 'midst the glitt'ring crowd;
That Fortune wove her lures in vain for you,
She could not link you with the senseless proud.

Say, that you sigh'd 'midst Splendour's gayest hour,—
Thought with affection on each village friend,
And in our vallies wish'd to twine that flower
You once were wont with your dark locks to blend.

Say this,—and Friendship shall not ask you more,
In those sad looks your errors are confess'd,
Thy fault was venial,—o'er it only pore,
That *where* you have been—you may still *be* bless'd.

Let me divest you of these diamonds rare,—
Unbind the gay tiara from your brow,—
For ill indeed it suits those looks of care
Such costly gems to lavishly bestow.

E'en whilst we converse o'er yon forest tree
What changes have in quick succession past;
First ting'd with gold its leaves appear'd to be,
Then shade fell o'er it—yet 'tis bright at last.

Without that shade between those gleams of sun
It had not been so beautiful—and life
To you perchance a smoother course may run
Since one sad year has been to sorrow rife.

C. B.

VIEWS IN THE WEST INDIES.

Engraved from Drawings taken recently in the Islands.—Underwood,
Fleet Street.

It has been the custom of the Anti-Slavery Society to circulate through the country little maps of the world, in which the British

West Indian Colonies are painted in a deep red color to intimate what they please to term the sanguinary nature of the system of society there.* Paltry as this expedient is, it is not without effect in adding force to the prejudices of the public against West Indians, and at least preparing the minds of the multitude to receive with approbation and applause the denunciations which are periodically poured forth at county and tavern meetings against the unfortunate Colonists. The name of the West Indies becomes inevitably associated with ideas of misery and suffering which render the very mention of it distasteful to the common reader. Coleridge's pleasant work, "The Six Months in the West Indies," was of incalculable effect in sweeping away a host of these notions. People read and found with astonishment that there was as much of laughter, mirth, merriment, and social happiness, under a West Indian as under an English sky; and, indeed, at that time their own sufferings compelled them to believe, what Coleridge so distinctly asserted of the superior degree of comfort enjoyed by the Negroes over the laboring classes in England. The work before us we consider as a companion to Coleridge's, as it contains representations of the scenery which that fascinating writer described so enthusiastically and so well. The first number at present alone has been published, containing two views in the Island of Antigua, one in St. Christopher, and one in St. Vincent.

They are tastefully and spiritedly executed, and afford very pleasing representations of the external features of the islands of which Coleridge has given such animated descriptions. That in the island of St. Christopher's is peculiarly striking and romantic, and gives a very good idea of the scenery which was so enchanting, that the captain's clerk, as Coleridge relates, "wondered that *Colon*, who was so

* Blasphemy and folly go hand in hand to slander the Colonists. A vamped-up story of cruelty has been the subject of an engraving; and a song, which has been very extensively circulated—among others, each member of parliament was favoured with a copy of both papers. We give the song, as it is a curiosity.

Anger, Grief, and Indignation!
 Every righteous passion come!
 Drive the fiend of desolation,
 Slav'ry, to his ruffian home.
 Britons, burn with hallow'd fury
 At the tale of Afric's woes,
 When her daughters, lash'd and gory---
 (*Blush ye heav'ns, my heart o'erflows!*)!!!
 Cursed lash! thy fall resounding,
 Bursts the fountain of our eyes!
 Monster-men! your crimes, abounding,
 Call for vengeance from the skies!
 Shall the hapless Negro-mother,
 Shall the sable maiden shriek?
 Or, in speechless sorrow, smother
 Pangs which fiercer hearts would break?
 England, weep! though not by weeping
 Can thy guilt be purified:
 Prostrate thou; for pardon seeking,
 Supplicate the Crucified.

"delighted with this island, as to give it his own name, should not "have made a *full stop* on his shores." All those who are in possession of the "Six Months," will, we think, feel very strongly tempted to possess themselves also of these "Views;" but we very much fear that the West Indians are by far too much reduced in pride and properties, to give to such a work as this the patronage and support which it amply deserves, and which, in better days, they would most infallibly have bestowed.

Melancholy it is indeed to think of the prejudice and fanaticism which are now assiduously at work in endeavouring to enumerate the destruction of West Indian influence and prosperity. The present proprietors of Slaves are innocent of the guilt of the system, and have for years been employed in the task of ameliorating the condition of the unfortunate beings committed to their charge. The testimony of Coleridge, and a thousand others, is adduced to shew how humane is the general treatment of the Slaves by their masters; and yet it is upon those who are endeavouring to atone for the guilt of the *nation*, that the Abolitionists are imprecating the vengeance of God and man. They do not disguise their object. The 22nd number of the Anti-Slavery Reporter has just fallen into our hands, where we find the writer *avowing*, that it is the wish of himself and his party to *destroy the cultivation of the sugar in the West Indies*--to drive every West Indian proprietor from all the enjoyments of legislature, *rank*, influence, and property, in the Mother Country. And yet these men will talk of conscience and humanity!

THE HIEROGLYPHICS.

Miratur, rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet.—VIRG.

'Egad! I think the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two.—OLD PLAY.

There are at present no less than six different systems of interpreting the Hieroglyphics. In a recent work, by Dr. Sickler*, we have met with a classification of them, which is curious enough. We subjoin it here, with a few remarks of our own; and we are confident that our readers will share in our admiration for the learned personages, who claim the merit of their invention, and in a due sense of the ignorance under which we have hitherto been laboring on these subjects.

The first question, of course, is this: what language is intended to be expressed by the signs called Hieroglyphics? Some of the systems which we shall quote, are built upon the supposition, that they express merely an ideal language, which was never spoken; that they are signs of things, not of names or sounds. Others again think, that they have discovered words which are found in the Coptic language, and that, therefore, they must be deciphered by Coptic scholarship. Dr. Sickler himself is inclined to the opinion, that the books

* Ueber die Priester-Sprache der alten Egypter. Hildburghausen. 1836.

of the Semitic dialects (of which the Hebrew is one) would furnish the long-wished-for clue.

The first system of interpreting the Hieroglyphical signs is commonly called the figurative. It maintains, that by the signs were intended to be expressed the immediate objects, of which they present a likeness. So that a likeness of a dog signifies a dog, and that of a cat, a cat; and that "the head and front," of their meaning "hath this extent, no more." Now this would, at first, appear sensible enough; only it throws cold water on all our sanguine hopes of ever learning all about the sense of those mysterious writings, seeing that they have no sense at all.

The second system is the symbolical. By this system the images by no means represent the object of which they present a physical likeness, but

"More is meant than meets the eye."

This would, in some measure, agree with a tropical and figurative mode of speech; for instance, when Shylock says

"Stop my house's ears, I mean my casements."

Of this system of interpretation, which is old, we shall present our readers with a remarkable specimen from Plutarch (*de Is. et Osir. c. 32.*) "In the porch of the temple of Minerva, at Sais," says Plutarch, "the following figures are to be seen: first, an infant; next to him stands an old man; after him follows a hawk; then a fish; last of all a sea-horse; the meaning of all which is plainly this: 'O! you who are coming into the world, and who are going out of it, (that is, both young and old) God hateth impudence!' For, by the infant is intended all those who are coming into life; by the old man, all those who are going out of it; by the hawk, God; by the fish, hatred, on account of the sea, as has been before observed; and by the sea-horse, impudence."

The third system is called the phonetic and paronomatic, the first of which names our readers are aware, implies that it consists of vocal sounds; and the second, that it rests on the very ancient and antediluvian art of punning. For Dr. Sickler strongly maintains that the venerable personages who wrote down the invaluable, though to us partly illegible, documents of Egyptian wisdom, had frequent recourse to the paronomatic figure, which is the Greek, and a very decent expression too, for a pun. When they intended to express the name, whether of persons or things, they frequently hit upon a similar sound, which signified another and more palpable object, and wrote its likeness instead. In that way they used to treat not only the most sublime metaphysical ideas, but even the names of their Pharaohs; and such being the case, we really cannot see what reason of offence it should give to Mr. Brougham, for instance, if the same liberty is taken with his name in the hieroglyphics of the day.

The fourth system is the ideological---the names are improving, as we go on; but we must say, that it strikes us as rather complicate. According to this principle, if the Egyptian priests meant to designate an object, they first analysed its different properties and predicaments, and then expressed them severally by separate images, so that different signs belong to one and the same subject.

The fifth is the protophonetic system. This is still more curious. According to it, in a system of English hieroglyphical writing, the likeness of a cat would stand for the letter C, because the word begins by the same letter*. The two last mentioned systems act a principal part in the interpretations devised by Dr. Young and M. Champollion.

The sixth and latest system is that of Messrs. Spohn and Seyffarth. According to this system, the hieroglyphics are neither more nor less than embellished characters of an alphabet used by the priests, just as we have an elegant alphabet, of which the characters present select views in Great Britain, and several curiosities of the same kind, published, we believe, by Mr. Harris, St. Paul's Churchyard. Professor Seyffarth is of opinion, that the alphabet in question consists of 6000 characters, of which he modestly states, that 3000 only have yet been ascertained.

We strongly recommend to our readers, to examine the specimens in the eighth and ninth rooms of the British Museum, and, in Christian charity, to give Professor Seyffarth their assistance in ascertaining the remaining three thousand characters of his alphabet. As to ourselves, we confess, that we have been put in mind of rather a ludicrous scene in one of Kotzebue's plays. A village schoolmaster examines his flock in geography. "*Hans*, which is the exact height of Mount 'Sinai?' Sir, I believe ten thousand feet. "You're an ignoramus, "*Hans*, and shall be flogged for it. *Michel*, can you tell?—"No, sir, "I can't tell." "That's as bad. *Heiner*, can you?" Why, sir, nobody "can tell." "That's a good boy. Why, to be sure, nobody can tell "how high Mount Sinai is. Could not you have known that before, "you blockheads?"

THOU HAST SAID MY LOVE WAS ALL A DREAM.

Thou hast said my Love was all a dream—if so, it would depart,—
But years have roll'd, and still it plays and lightens round my heart;
Full many a fount of other joys hath ceas'd to flow for me,
I'm chang'd in looks, in hopes, in pride, in all, save love to thee.

When others praise the summer's sun—the buds and flowers of spring,
Or gaily quaff the laughing wine, the days of autumn bring;
I think how dear the wintry hours, when snow hangs on the tree,
For was it not in winter first I walk'd with love and thee?

And others talk of noon-day's glow, or morning's crimson glance,
Or when the evening star looks bright athwart the blue expanse;
I love the dark and midnight hour, when nought I hear and see,
Except thy voice in fancy's ear, in fancy's vision thee!

Oh awful is the sound of waves that dash against the shore,
But there's to me a gentler thought, that mingles in its roar;
Sweeter than calm or bright sunshine, the tempest on the sea,
For storms were dark on ocean's verge, when there I roam'd with thee.
I've watch'd thro' many a midnight hour, and seen the autumn wane,
And many a year hath brought the hours of wintry storms again,
But time hath made nor night, nor storms, less beautiful to me,
The dearest sights, the dearest sounds, are still what breathe of thee.

ZARACH.

* This is the same way in which the Chinese spell their names.

A DREAM AT THE LONDON DEBATING SOCIETY.

I went the other day into the London Debating Society, where I sat some time listening to the speakers. The subject under discussion was, which form of government was best, and whether the alterations which ours had received since its first institution had much contributed to its improvement. The debate was conducted with great warmth on both sides, but, whether it was that an unusual drowsiness overtook me, or that the subject interested me but little, I fell asleep in the midst of it, and was entertained with as extravagant a dream as ever possessed the imagination of an enthusiast.

I was standing in the most lovely plain that eye ever dwelt upon. It was for the most part level, though occasionally varied with gentle inequalities, which rose and subsided like the undulations of a calm sea. Lawns were enamelled with silken flowers. Harvests raised their heads as if in pride of springing from such a favored territory. The trees were besprinkled with gold. Streams sparkled in meanders. The bounties of nature had been poured forth, and the hand of art employed; and each seemed to vie for superiority, in the land which both variegated. I heard the song of labor, and the laugh of merriment. Universal happiness wooed the sight. Aromatic gales breathed repose upon the soul; and I felt every emotion of pleasure.

As I was enjoying myself in this delicious spot, my attention was diverted to a Vehicle of so curious a fashion, that it was unlike any thing I had ever seen before. It was low at one end, but rose gradually towards the other, until it had attained a considerable elevation, when it suddenly shot upwards to a pinnacle, which fell from behind in a precipice. The Vehicle must have been the work of several centuries, as it was constructed in various styles of building, according to the tastes of different ages, which formed an odd contrast to each other. The body was chiefly Saxon, with a little mixture of Gothic, and the wheels it turned upon, which were very wide and strong, were of the same architecture. The other parts of it were more modern and ornamental; but, notwithstanding the beauty of some of them, and the art by which they were constructed, I could not help fancying they were somewhat tinselly, and on no account worthy of an unison with the rough and stately grandeur of the body. Though antiquity, novelty, elegance, and uncouthness, were thus fantastically intermingled, and wrought into a motley group, the Vehicle, upon the whole, was wonderfully imposing. It was, perhaps, the more so from a sort of indistinctness; and, like the figure of Death in Milton, was carried further into the sublime, by the imagination being left at liberty to wander into conjectures about it.

"The--shape,
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either; _____
_____ What seem'd his head,
The likeness of a kingly crown had on."

Upon a further view, I perceived that it had many inhabitants, who were so disposed in it, that a numerous body stood conspicuously at one end; a smaller in the middle; and upon the pinnacle a single person only. I concluded that these had the guidance of it, but I was unable to see distinctly, as the Vehicle was often enshrouded in a cloud of dust.

The Vehicle rolled heavily and slowly, though with more ease than I should have imagined in so ponderous a machine, along a road which was exactly suited to it, and which, after winding in every possible way, bent its principal course by a wall that was drawn all round the Plain.

As I kept looking at the Vehicle, it appeared sometimes to flag, sometimes to be on the point of stopping, and sometimes to go backwards: but that seeming irregularity in its progress might have been owing, either to my not clearly making out which was its front or back; or to a delusion that arose in me from its inscrutable nature, or to some other cause which I cannot trace; as the road being every where uniform and even, could have presented no obstruction to its movements.

It struck me that, whenever the Vehicle was unsteady in its motion, a sickly hue overspread the Plain.

A remarkable figure was walking up and down the Plain, with its eyes fixed upon the Vehicle. Its countenance was mild, cheerful, and forbearing, but had a little tincture of suspicion, and was strongly expressive of determination. I saw a sheathed sword by its side.

Upon the wall there were two figures very unlike each other, and yet living in friendship. Both fixed their eyes on the figure in the Plain, as that fixed its eyes on the Vehicle. One was erect, haughty, and magnificently dressed in lace and armour: the other was mean and prying in its look, was coarsely clad, and often lay down and fell, or pretended to fall, asleep; though, when it walked briskly about, it appeared to be very powerful, and even to intimidate its companion. I thought the splendid figure was glad when this seemed inclined to sleep.

After gazing a length of time with astonishment upon the Vehicle, the Plain, the Wall, and the Figures, I began to regret I did not understand the meaning of them, when my notice was attracted to a little man, who came strutting towards me with a fierce cock of his hat, and a face of prodigious consequence. "Shall I explain what you are looking at?" said he, introducing himself without further preface. "I should be much obliged to you," said I, "but I should like, first of all, to know who you are, and how you are qualified to give me the information I desire?" "I am the spirit of a Patriot," said he proudly: "when I was in the House, I was well known," continued he smiling; "now my name only remains---you must have heard it---it is---" "I never did," said I. "How!" exclaimed the little man, recoiling a dozen steps, as if planet-struck, "'tis impossible that I should be so soon forgotten---I who brought in a bill, and made a motion on---" "I thought," said I, "you were about to explain to me the sight before us." "I forgot I was dead," said the little man, "but you will forgive a little enthusiasm upon a particu-

"lar subject, as well as a little indignation at virtue being so evanescent on earth. Attend.

"The Vehicle you see is the Chariot of Government. The Plain around you is called Liberty---and the Wall is the boundary of it. The figure which stands upon the Plain, and eyes the Vehicle so steadfastly, is 'Obedience.' Those upon the Wall are 'Army' and 'Police:' it is needless to point them out separately, as they are sufficiently distinguished by their dress. On the other side of the Wall is an extensive territory, abounding in hideous figures, which wander continually up and down, and watch every opportunity of the Wall being neglected, to pass over it into this Plain. One is named 'Invasion,' whom you will easily know by his furious and blustering look; as you will 'Licentiousness,' by his mad, drunken, and sometimes placid demeanor.

"As I intend showing you the Vehicle, the Plain, and the Wall, as they were originally, with the alterations that have been made in them, I shorten my description of those monsters beyond the Wall, because, being principal actors, they will often appear before your eyes. Look steadfastly, and clear your memory, for the occurrences of many centuries will pass by you with rapidity, and your quickest sight will be able to catch a glimpse only of those which are the most material.

"What if my sight is too dull?" said I. "Oh!" replied the little man, "I will open your eyes in a twinkling---your's are not the first eyes I have opened, believe me. When I was in the *House*---" "May I ask any questions?" said I---"As few as you can," said the little man.

The little man then flourished a stick he held in his hand, when so magic a change pervaded every thing, that it was long ere I could be persuaded that the objects presented to me were the same as I had been before contemplating. Barrenness usurped the place of Verdure, which faded away; the Plain became rough and desolate, and, like the flood under the influence of the wind, shrunk to a scanty size; and the Vehicle, an enormous, awkward, illjoined, rickety fabric, tottered along, under the weight of a confused horde of people, like an old man who is scarcely able to support his steps. There being no road at this time marked out to confine the progress of the Vehicle within a certain boundary, it rolled, now here, and now there, in various directions, groaning most piteously at every jolt it received from the unevenness of the Plain.

Presently the face of Obedience was wrinkled into a frown---savageness sat upon it: it uttered a dreadful yell, and flashed its sword against the Vehicle. The little man here whispered me that "Obedience" had become "Rebellion."

"Army," who, from the Wall, had been some time regarding "Rebellion" with a look of eagerness and ferocity, now rushed to attack it, and when it had succeeded in driving it away, hastened to assault the Vehicle. "Invasion" too, accompanied by "Licentiousness," crossed the Wall, where it was left unprotected, and, either encountering Army and overpowering it, or leaguely itself to Army, overturned the Vehicle, which fell into pieces from the shock.

The people who dwelt in the Vehicle built seven smaller ones from its ruins; but they were so weak and incommodious, as to contain each a single person only; so that the greatest part of the people were compelled to stay upon the Plain. The smaller Vehicles being speedily dissolved, either by the same causes as had destroyed their predecessor, or by frequently running against, and shattering each other, another was erected of a shape altogether new. It was amazingly lofty and capacious, though but one guide sat in it. It was roughly hewn, and without any decoration or finery, but was so solid and strong that it lasted many ages. A road was made for it. "Rebellion," and the monsters on the other side of the Wall, often attacked it, though it as often repelled them; but they sometimes were successful in dislodging its conductor, though they could not demolish the Vehicle.

I had long observed in the Plain an edifice that was much taller than the Vehicle, but, as it had continued immovable, and had not been interfered with during any of the commotions, I had taken little notice of it. It was clothed in scarlet, was rich and gaudy in the extreme, and of a shape which I confess myself unable to describe. I saw painted on it, fires, and racks, and daggers, and other instruments of torture and violence, with crusts of bread and wafers; and in the midst of this strange medley, engraven in capital letters, words too blasphemous to be cited. There were in it a number of lazy, fat, luxurious men, who did nothing but eat, drink, and sleep, and who never exerted themselves but in striving who should kiss oftenest a prodigious toe, which was cushioned on a prodigious eminence. At one time, as my eyes were turned towards the edifice, I fancied I saw "Licentiousness" creep up its sides; but, perhaps, my sight deceived me in that particular, as the edifice lay at a great distance, and as I never saw "Licentiousness" creep out again. Of a sudden, it shook off its lethargy, and rushed along the road where the Vehicle was moving in the opposite direction. The two often met, and the Vehicle being always forced upon the Plain, was so disordered by the roughness of it, together with the shocks which it received from the edifice, that it was well nigh falling to pieces. The conductor, growing at last sensible of the danger of remaining in so lofty and so tottering a fabric, sloped it from the foot of the pinnacle to the ground, to give it a better foundation; and then, in order, I imagined, to balance the parts, disposed in it, as I had seen at first, the people who had lived on the Plain ever since the crumbling to pieces of the original Vehicle. It was now so strong, that it purposely encountered the edifice, and, at one blow, dashed it to atoms.

"Pray," said I to the little man, "what is this edifice called?" "Popery," said he. "Where did it come from?" said I. "The Devil only knows," replied the little man: "it crept piece-meal into the Plain, at the time of the seven Vehicles, and was cemented into the form, and built up to the height you witnessed, by those who dwelt in it." "What!" said I, in amazement, "did those slothful people erect of themselves so stately a structure? It ap-

"appears to me impossible that their energies could ever have been awakened." "They were very industrious," said the little man, "until they had finished the building; but their activity would have availed them little, without the assistance of an invisible artizan, named 'Opinion,' who lent them every possible help, and, 'I believe, made them carry the building higher than they had at first intended. Opinion assisted, in like manner, the inhabitants of the Vehicle; shaped the Plain as you see it; and is the artificer of almost every thing about you."

"Ah!" exclaimed the little man, after a pause, "Obedience would never have changed to Rebellion; Invasion and Licentiousness would never have come into the Plain; the Plain would never have shrunk up, or lost its beauty; and the Vehicle would never have been destroyed, or its Conductors thrown out; in short, all these disturbances and evils would have been prevented, if the Vehicle had kept within its track." "What if it deviated by accident?" said I. "By accident!" said the little man, "by accident! it has no right to run on the Plain by accident—it never could by accident." "How do you account then," said I, "for the disasters that befel the original Vehicle, which had no road to regulate its journey, and therefore wandered at random over the Plain, through want of a proper direction?" "There was an obscurity hanging about that Vehicle," said the little man, "which prevented us from observing it very accurately. Perhaps Obedience was disgusted at such a frightful building, or was filled with resentment at its not restraining itself to one part only of the Plain."

"Can you tell me," said I, "the *reason* of the Vehicle's running so often upon the Plain, since, instead of deriving advantage from such incursions, its Conductors have been often thrown from their seats, and it has generally been so much shaken, as not, for a long time, to recover its equilibrium? Does it arise from its wishing to find a better foundation than the road affords, or from some invisible and irresistible attraction in the Plain?" "Really I don't know," answered the little man.

"How is it," I continued, "that the Vehicle moves upon the Plain, which is so rough, with greater rapidity than it does upon the road? Why should the Conductor, when dislodged from the pinnacle, always fall over the precipice behind, to his destruction, as there appears to be a safe and easy descent by the slope? Why should he not descend by the slope, as he sometimes ascends by it? And though the Vehicle is so full of people, why should the Conductor be the only one ever jogged from his place?" "Really I don't know," answered the little man.

I had also remarked, in the course of these troubles and transformations, which lasted many centuries, that "Invasion" often took the Conductor's seat, after it had thrown him out; and, though it was thought to be a dreadful monster, as long as it lay concealed on the other side of the Wall, and was attacked by "Obedience," whenever it came into the Plain, yet, when it had succeeded in establishing itself in the pinnacle, it lost its terrors, and was even caressed by

"Obedience," I observed, that whenever "Invasion" crossed the Wall, the Vehicle, finding no protection on the Plain, turned back to the road, as to its only place of security. "Licentiousness" always accompanied "Invasion" in its march; but Invasion, as soon as it had taken its seat in the Vehicle, always attempted to drive out "Licentiousness." There was a very odd delusion which prevailed with respect to the Plain, whenever Licentiousness came into it—it seemed infinitely larger than before, though, I was assured by the little man, it had become much smaller. It once or twice happened, I thought, that Invasion entered the Plain, by permission of Army, and by invitation of Obedience, to help them to brush out and cleanse the Vehicle. After the Vehicle had been slanted down for the reception of the people, the pinnacle dwindled in height, the Plain became larger and less barren, and the Figure "Police" was then first placed on the Wall, in order to keep out "Licentiousness," which, claiming some kin to Army, had, on that account, never been totally discouraged from making its inroad on the Plain. "Pray," said I, "why are the people disposed in the Vehicle as I see them?" The little man returned me no answer to this question.

It was about this time that the Conductor began to play with some pretty toys which occupied his whole attention. Being, therefore, unable to devote himself to the Vehicle, he employed an Assistant to guide it. As it rolled from the direction of the greatest number of people, the assistant was taken from that body, was stationed in a conspicuous place to observe what was going forward, and was desired to touch, whenever he pleased, a spring that lay under the Conductor's seat, that was connected with the wheels, and that regulated the motion of the whole fabric. I was once or twice on the point of asking the little man, if a female did not sometimes hover round that spring; but, deeming it a deception of my eyes, I thought it best to suppress the question.

"Why," said I, "should the Conductor so engage himself, as 'to make it necessary to employ the Assistant?'" The little man shook his head mournfully, but said nothing.

The first thing the Assistant did, was to order a set of men that I had not observed before, to attend him. They emerged from the dust that enveloped the very bottom of the Vehicle. If I had not seen where they came from, I should have imagined, from their dismal appearance, that they had either dropped from a cloud that was pregnant with hurricane and thunder, or been shot out of some volcano. They were dressed in enormous powdered wigs, and black gowns, and wore long, gaunt, and vinegar masks. As my eyes were strong enough to pierce through every substance, I could see that their hearts were black, and that receptacle which, in other people's breasts, was inhabited by a little sensitive figure, called Conscience, was in their's vacant. They held under their arms prodigious folios, which were written in an uncouth dialect, and which, the little man told me in a whisper, were, in one respect, like the sybil's books, as if all were burnt but one, that one could contain as much as all. They talked very loudly and volubly, and made use of so many unintelligible phrases and circumlocutions in expressing themselves, that full half

an hour had elapsed before I could make out, that it was impossible to understand the meaning of the oracular gibberish they uttered. The most frequent word in their mouths was "Law."

Part of these people were employed by the Assistant to blind "Obedience," and the Conductor, by throwing dust into their eyes; and part to fill up the chasms in the Plain with their books. The Plain being thus smoothed for the Vehicle, it ran, for some time, with wonderful ease upon it; but Obedience soon after recovering his sight, the books instantly vanished, the Plain became rougher than ever, and, before the Vehicle could regain the road, the Conductor, with his Assistant, were shaken out of their seats, and dashed to pieces down the precipice.

After one or two disasters of this description, it was found to be so dangerous to drive the Vehicle on the Plain, that all other Assistants studiously confined it to the road, and contented themselves with exercising their ingenuity to improve it, not by cutting away those parts that were cumbersome and ugly, but by adding gilt and plaster to hide them, and by hanging on it a quantity of fine and almost imperceptible wheels, which, instead of aiding, only grated against, and obstructed the others, and colored formerly the problem that had puzzled me of its irregular progress in its track.

During this period, the Plain, by degrees, recovered its verdure, until it became as beautiful as when I first beheld it.

"But you would like," said the little man to me, "to have a better view of the two bodies of people in the Vehicle?"

Throwing my eyes towards the middle body, I saw every one fast asleep; but, in the larger body, there was such a confusion, that it quite distracted me. I saw some hugging and some beating blacks—some eating what I took to be sand, but which the little man assured me, upon his honor, was East India Sugar—some reading out of bibles and other holy books, and preaching forbearance, and yet flying into outrageous passion, if contradicted—they resembled invisible ink, as their characters were not discovered to be black, until they were heated. I saw one kissing donkeys, dogs, pigs, and other beasts—another covered all over with what I conceived were hieroglyphics, but which I afterwards found were calculations—I saw some with rolls of paper ten miles long, with pictures of cart-whips and slaves, and with millions of names upon them in the same hand-writing—I saw a number of blythe, merry, chubby-faced fellows, who, the little man said, were called *Eas*, fighting with vehement, angry, tempestuous fellows. "Aye," cried the little man joyfully, "I was one of those—there virtue sits, and patriotism, and honor, and disinterestedness, and contempt of money, and——"

As the little man was proceeding in his speech, I heard an universal clatter around me, and looking towards the Wall, I observed "Army," which had long drooped from inactivity, pricking up its ears, and betraying several tokens of anxiety to jump upon the territory beyond. The little man, too, of a sudden, began to caper in the air, and expressing in his face as much joy as it could contain, hallo'd "Peninsula," so loudly, that the noise awoke me.

TO A YOUNG FRIEND,
THE ONLY CHILD OF HER PARENTS.

The holiest earthly love we feel
Has drawn a circle round thee,
Beyond whose hallowed line can steal
No evil thing to wound thee ;
There, sheltered by its tender zeal,
Nothing but bliss has found thee.

There's something in this peace of thine,
That seems to make thee holy ;
Methinks thou art a thing divine,
Worshipped in gladness solely ;
And it were sin to touch the shrine
With worldly melancholy.

A****H.

METAPHYSICS OF FASHION.

Si quis nunc querat, quo res hæc pertinet? illuc:
Dum vitant stulti vitia, in contraria currunt.
Malthinus tunicis demissis ambulat——
——Uter est insanior horum?

HOR.

What in the name of Phaeton is this vehicle rolling quickly along St. James's Street—its shapeless leathern hood made after the model of one of Dr. Birkbeck's cures for a smoking chimney, intended to turn, like a well-trained husband, its deaf ear to the storm—so humble in its construction as almost to perform the office of scavenger by sweeping the street, looking like a sledge, or a baker's barrow? Who inhabits this shell? Which of the Linnean vermiculi is shrouded in the interior of this univalvular locomotive conch—this Long Acre nautilus? Why it is positively nothing after all but a cabriolet. See, it pulls up with a sudden full-stop check; the boy groom hastily dismounts from his lodgment, where he might with truth have complained, like the gentle bird of old which found no rest for the sole of its foot. The inhabitant creeps out, like a duckling from its shell, or like a seed from its pod, or like the bright flash of the eye of an Albanian beauty from the recesses of her dark hood! What is the creature like? Very much like a man of five feet ten high; plainly clad in a blue frock coat, a black silk neckcloth, dark colored, somewhat close fitting trowsers, tightly confined under the foot, nothing extraordinary or extreme, simple—nothing for description, nothing in the exterior even for L. E. L. to fall in love with. But mark the proud glance of his eye, the manly independence of his step, his air, and manner—What is he? a Man of Fashion.

Well, then, who can this be ambling an old English thorough-bred horse along the Champs Elysees? His method of equitation ultra-military; his legs inflexible, something like a pair of tailors' shears across a goose handle; his gay colored coat, small and shapeless, a

mere tailor's remnant; his party-colored waistcoats in endless folds of radiance, like skeins of pattern silks, a mantua-maker's Iris around his neck; his apology for a hat, looking as though he had plotted economy in his purchase by buying one two sizes less than a fit; his hair like a worn-out birch besom in advance of each of his ears, and then his impassable forest of whiskers, sufficient to raise the envy of every speculative chair-stuffer in Paris. Who is he? Why he is a French Man of Fashion.

Can this being claim any kindred or alliance in nature with the two former? is he to be ranked by natural historians in the same order in nature? You may see him on the bleak barren coast of Winter Harbor in about 75 degrees north latitude; his broad and flat countenance, high cheek bones, small and deep-sunk eyes, short pug nose, large mouth, thick lips, coarse black and straight hair, his greasy tawny brown skin, are the envy and admiration of his tribe. His jacket descending as low as the hip joint, is made of the white dog or wolf skin, the fur inside next his body; his dress breeches are distinguished from the vulgar by being of the finest bear fur, the hair side outward. Then look at his seal skin canoe, full two feet longer than any other, far or near; the handles of the paddles marvellously inlaid with bone, his knife made from the tusks of a mighty walrus he has slain, carved and ornamented. But observe his carriage, his dancing, the loudness and majesty of his voice, the style in which he handles his fishing spear. What is he? An Esquimaux Man of Fashion.

Nature, how general, how immutable are thy laws! how little subject to change are the great principles upon which the human mind in every state and stage is affected, is moved to joy and sorrow! All these men of fashion are actuated by one feeling, uniformly the same in its origin, uniformly the same in its results. The results--- what are they? Admiration, and an ardent desire to imitate. We shall presently see the reasons of this universal effect produced from such apparently dissimilar causes; but look to the positive consequences of this pervading, evanescent, untangible influence called Fashion. In London or Paris, here is a man has gained, no matter how, the station of a leader, he is in the van of the prevailing mode; nay, he is himself the former and framer of that mode. Thousands stand aloof in reverential awe, behold his present form of existence, watch the last changes effected in his dress, his equipage, his furniture, his colloquial idioms. Go to any public place of resort, and if sufficient time from the last change be afforded, you will see a thousand coats squared by the same pattern as his. Like the children in Cruikshank's picture of Philoprogenitiveness, you may all swear to the father by a main feature, their legitimacy is proved beyond controversy by the length of the nose!

Have these blind followers grasped the object of their painful pursuit? are they now settled as men of fashion by the figure of their skirts? Pshaw---Lord Velvet and Beau Broadcloth had their skirts a full inch shorter last Sunday in the Park. The former length is

now a solecism, a barbarity, an offence to taste, a scandal to the shears. No, this is the characteristic, the very essence of the idol: we call to it fervently as Macbeth did to the unembodied dagger, "Come, let me clutch thee;" we call in vain! Let the time come when there can exist ten thousand men of fashion (in the close application of the word) in England, and the face of nature must be changed, the constitution of man himself broken and revolutionized.

The results of fashion being the same in all forms of society, and under every modification of appearance, so are the individuals who may properly be said to control that influence. They are alike in their feelings in relation to others. A man of fashion in Pall Mall or Melville Island, is in constant contradiction, not only to all society, but to himself. He despises his fellow worms, because they are unlike him, while he is in anxious and unceasing activity to prevent such a degrading approximation. He possesses the power of keeping in the van, and heaps contumely on those whom he does not permit to approach; like the vanity of the fore-wheel of a carriage boasting that the posterior one never overtakes it. He treats those who are not successful rivals with contempt; and those who are, with hatred. Neither does he own any greater degree of kindness for those who are his equals, even though at such a distance that he need not entertain any fear of obstruction in the range of his own particular influence. He is not content to occupy his own orbit, but despises those who move in any other. Only suppose placed by any concurrence of circumstances in one apartment, a Bond Street, a Place du Carousel, and a North Pole Man of Fashion. Think of the cold contempt, and the silent but proud disdain, of the two first, and the loud screech of unbridled laughter from the polished and dexterous seal catcher, the glory of his tribe! A genuine votary of fashion in one latitude or other, must of necessity be an antisocial man, although it is only in society he can obtain the object of his earnest desire, the delight of his soul. Strange paradox.

As there is not, nor can be, any real community of feeling between coeval men of fashion, so neither is any posthumous respect shown to those in whose steps they follow. All authority is denied, even to those who could tell us as country epitaphs do, "I was once 'what you are now.'" Fashion despises the sacred tie of ancestry. Every man of fashion is as much bound to ridicule and neglect the external glory of the past century, as of the past year. Like a young eagle just out of the nest and fresh on the wing, he owns no parentage, acknowledges no kindred, the beauty of his plumage and bravery of his strength is his own, his present fancy his only guide. There is something in this fact awfully depressing. Eminent as you may be, the idol of the day, the unapproachable director of change, your time will surely come when you will be treated as an outcast, a nothing---yes: last out your time, let tailors and friseurs do their office---hold the reins until the palsied, withering hand reluctantly dismisses them---be a man of fashion until three score and ten if you please, yet the next generation will hold you in contempt as relatively

barbarous; you will, if remembered at all, be the hissing and the scorn of your successors. Nay, not only those who succeed you in empire, but the nation at large, positively the mob, will cast their scurril gibes upon you as a by-gone dandy, a model of depraved taste, a sample of the past—an antique!

How must it move to melancholy, when a man of fashion, in all the pride and conscious dignity of being the very dictator, the Cæsar of the empire of taste, attends our national theatres! when he witnesses the dress and manners of the past age brought upon the stage for comic effect, and looked upon, even by the galleries, with as much levity as a mountebank's party-colored coat, regarded as the wanton mimicry of caricature. There is enough, one would think, in such a moral spectacle to moderate the most unassuaged passion for fashionable fame. Ah! look upon that beau of a century past. Look at his powdered and essenced wig, his fringed neck-cloth, his lace, his ruffles, and embroidered satin, his polished cane! Was ever such a man the envy of admiring crowds, the very apex, the top stone of fashionable life? Impossible. His first entrance is now greeted with a derisive smile, even from the present race of men of fashion, the inheritors of his glory. Heavens! who can believe him ever to have been a fashionable man, a man holding the same relative chieftainship as Brummell once held, and as H—— now holds? Is it true that he was all this? Yes: then ye Brummells, ye H——s, ye P——s, look upon him as the prototype of what you will one day become. Draw, for once, some moral from the scene. Consider that “the fashion of this world passeth away.” Yes: you, at no distant day, perhaps, will certainly become what he is now, the subject of ribald jests, of profane scorn; yea, of mob contempt and jocularities!

Surely a very little share of philosophical reflection should serve to repress the vain glory of modern fashion. The representation of antiquated finery would cease to move us to smiles of contempt, if we did but pause to consider. But who would ever laugh if they did consider? Hobbes tells us that laughter is produced in all cases by the idea of our own *present* superiority being forced upon our attention. It is, for this reason, that refined wit, yielding a very different kind of mental emotion, is not productive of much laughter. The laugh of a man of fashion, however, is originated precisely by this despicable vanity, this presumptuous self-conceit. He hears of the manners of the past, he witnesses the just delineation of other times, or of other countries; his soul, trammelled by habit, takes in only one mean view of the whole, he contrasts his own assumed superiority, and glee and merriment are the sentiments of his mind. He decides that every circumstance which differs from himself and his own practices, as it yields no agreeable association to his mind, must be immeasurably inferior, must of necessity be gross and unideal. All the while the truth existing that there is no kind of *inherent* superiority of one *form* of dress, one style of furniture, one system of external manners, over another. The dress and manners of the court and

drawing room of St. James's, can boast no degree of elevation or *natural* refinement over those of the court of the King of Leetakoo! Every custom or external decoration of life, in one climate or the other, which has no immediate connection with *morals*, is in every sense on a natural, an indisputable equality.

It is in the highest degree curious to observe the operation of this overweening conceit in fashion, in a national point of view. A traveller like Sir John Carr, or any other dunce, who fails to get a living by honest industry, puts up a couple of shirts in a bag, and sets sail on a journey of observation. In the true spirit of cockney wonder, he notes down as marvels, that in the first country the men kiss each other's cheeks; in a second, the form of salutation is a gentle or brisk rubbing of noses according to the ardor of congratulation; in a third, that hospitality is shown by washing the feet of the guest; in another, that train oil and blubber ointments exhibit tokens of the most exalted and cordial respect. And so of dress and decoration. Some carry rings in their noses, others in their ears; some wear untanned skins, others no skins but their own; some wear breeches of a peculiar cut, some none at all. The whole nation is filled with laughter and derision at these accounts. They look round on each other with smiles, and with hearts swelling with gratitude, thank God that their lots have been cast in a happy land, where no such barbarous and unnatural habits obtain, where men reserve the kisses for their female friends, and where good kerseymeres may often be obtained---upon credit!

The duty of a traveller is to see and relate things as they exist, his deductions and reasonings are no better than other people's, no better because he is a traveller. It is very right that we should know about this rubbing of noses and knocking of foreheads, but desperately foolish that we should swell with pride at our own fancied superiority; let our own most approved fashions be honestly related in black and white, and we should be ready to swear they were the manners of a newly-discovered island, and appeal to the Committee of the Missionary Society. "The chief inhabitants sometimes assemble in considerable numbers in a large building erected for that purpose, the sides of which are divided by small compartments, which are allotted according to the power and rank of the visitors and chiefs. A portion of the floor, which is partitioned from the rest, is occupied by a number of performers of a kind of noisy and discordant music. This music consists of the simultaneous exertions of many instruments. The greatest number of these instruments consists of small-boxes of wood, over which the intestines of some animal are tightly strained. These are held in the left hand; the right holds a wooden stick, by which a number of hairs from the tail of a horse are extended. These sticks are then scraped sharply on the strings, which produces a squeaking and vibratory sound. There are also some kinds of wooden tubes or whistles which accompany the former, and altogether produce sounds which are unlike any thing in nature, are hideous beyond description, and must be heard to be adequately conceived. Then some na-

"tives who are bred up from infancy to the art, and receive a stipulated hire, come forward on an elevated floor, and recite amatory verses in long drawn sounds alternately high and low, accompanied with the most grotesque inflexions and shakings of the voice. We were overcome with laughter, but the natives seemed to listen with great composure, and very frequently shewed their approbation by a loud clapping of hands and exclamations of approval. Many of the females wore birds' feathers in their head dresses, which waving as they moved their heads, had a pleasing effect. They also had the lower extremity of their ears perforated, in which was suspended a white and glittering species of glass.

"The manners and habits of the private associations of the natives are absurd to the last degree. We were invited to what we were told was an assembly of men of influence with their families. The company did not assemble until near midnight. The only amusement at all general, was a most extraordinary and solemn kind of dancing. A number of performers on the same kind of wooden boxes as we have just described, were present. They began their squeaking noises, and suddenly every male advanced, leading the female of his choice by the hand unto the middle of the floor. They formed into small companies, independent of each other standing in squares, those in the parties facing each other; at a given signal many began to hop on each leg alternately in a prescribed direction, so that the whole party seemed to be actively engaged—the instruments playing loudly the whole time. Their mode of dancing seemed to us chiefly to consist in certain vibratory motions of the feet and legs, and altogether had to us a very grave and formal appearance. During the intervals of the music, conversation ensued, and we were told that these were the chosen opportunities in which affairs of love frequently had their origin, and which often led to the marriage of the younger natives. We had reason to believe the ties of wedlock are not very rigidly observed among them. The same occupation was repeated without intermission or variety, until the conclusion of the entertainment."

Where can these ridiculous customs prevail—in Nootka Sound? No, it is an autograph account by one of the late unhappy Sandwich savages, who were crammed by kindness to suffocation and death, giving a description of the Italian Opera and of Lady G——'s quadrille party: show me any thing in Captains Parry or Lyon more *unnatural* than this, with less moral meaning or intelligence, and our theory falls to the ground. Now what in the popular acceptance of the term is the proper province of fashion? It seems to rule especially in dress, equipage, furniture, diversions, compliments, the modification of language and colloquial idioms. These, though not all, are the most important of its agents, its channels of operation and influence. Well, then, with regard to dress: turn to Lord Kames, and you will find some very good reasons for putting on covering to the body, and some still better for putting it off. His lordship, after reflection and observation, decides for nudity as being more favorable

to morals; but, like poor Smart in Bedlam, who remarked that he and the world differed in opinion—he thought the world mad, and they believed him to be so, and the majority had prevailed,—the world and Lord Kames have disagreed, and people have, for some reasons best known to themselves, put on clothes of various forms, figures, and materials. In what, then, is one form of dress to be preferred to another? Convenience and adaptation for use! Surely no man of fashion will admit this test. By what influence on the mind does a certain form grow to be agreeable, and overcome all the force of long continued custom? Fashion breaks through the most inveterate ties of habit, as well as of pig-tails.

First of all we hear people talk about dignity of dress, the flowing robe, the majesty of drapery and fur, the toga of the ancients! just as though there existed in nature some power in yards of cloth and velvet irresistibly to bring to our minds notions of greatness and wisdom. We look at a piece of statuary, and remark on the surpassing beauty and simplicity of the robe, and contrast it with the meanness of our square-tailed coats and starched neck-cloths; and yet if any one actually appeared abroad in such a remnant, he would have a commission of lunacy, the quickest of all chancery processes, after him in a trice. We never see a bag wig without thinking of the drawing room of King George. We then go into our courts of law, and see our judges with loads of powdered horse-hair on their heads and shoulders, and pronounce for the natural dignity of wigs. Why even Mr. ——— passes with the great and little vulgar for a wise man, merely on the authority of his well-ordered peruke, his lime and horse-hair. His barber is his best friend—let him hang up his wig on its peg, and then—If loose folds of cloth so forcibly convey notions of dignity; if Mr. Fuller's object of derision, the Speaker's wig, is essential wisdom—there are less robes worn than there ought to be; and Alderman Wood and Lord Calthorpe had better bargain forthwith in Lincoln's Inn for cast-off wit and authority.

But the truth is, that the dignity which is vulgarly attached to these external distinctions, rests precisely on the same foundation that we say that Captain R—— in or out of regimentals is the best dressed man in the world. Who intends to say it is the inherent nature of his morning frock, or the collar of his dress coat, that gives us the notion of a well-informed, active, and most agreeable companion? Let him wear seal-skin breeches and a ring in his nose for one month, and every body who approached him would go away satisfied that nothing in life was half so charming as felt smalls and nose tunnelling. The course of fashion, under all circumstances and situations, is this—In all gradations of society, from the barbarous to what is called the most refined, there are qualities which must be admired, independent of any external decoration or appearance whatever. Thus, in savage life the most dexterous and adventurous hunter, or he of the most inflexible courage, is so distinguished by these qualities, that he has only to *assume* certain forms of dress and

manners to lead the fashion without appeal. Does he at first, in the wantonness of caprice, puncture his skin with coloring matter? Tattooing then naturally becomes the external symbol of his admired qualities, and hosts of aspiring savages endeavour to gain some share of this exclusive applause by so palpable an imitation: in short, any second-rate man in New Zealand would be supposed to be a wretched dastard, a white-livered pagan, who did not fall in with this assumed distinction. And so operates in rude life all the original, and, as it seems to us, petty distinctions of exterior refinement and manners. They have their great exemplars, their Wellingtons and Brummells, as well as we.

The foundation of fashion may be summed up in one word—association. So long as any peculiar ideas are connected with external decorations, those forms will be agreeable or the reverse. Any man who has ever heard Lord Eldon deliver a judgment, heard his wisdom, knowledge, law, and learning, must be a knave if he would not give five guineas for the wig from under which it all proceeded; though, as a matter of merchandize, this would be a bad bargain—Lord Eldon is not wasteful in wigs. Who could ever survey it as it hung without feeling emotions of intellectual pleasure by the principle of association? It ought, like the relics of devotees, to inspire every lawyer with reverence, and every suitor with ideas of the necessity of chancery reform. A curious specimen of capillary attraction. As a contrast to this, what notions would the wig of the Att—y Gen—I convey?—Weariness of spirit and dog latin!

Nothing is more untrue, or ill-founded, than the belief that the changes of fashion are wrought by men, who have nothing but their eccentricity or quality to boast of. Your real man of fashion is nine times out of ten a man who is deserving to lead, who in his own mind and person is capable of associating agreeable ideas with any peculiar and personal distinction. He is not learned, nor a statesman, nor a poet, nor a mathematician, but he sums up all the really inviting qualities of all these in one common centre. In all the engagements of life, he carries by his wit and elegance that influence which none but himself can at all aspire to. A man of fashion is in fact a *companion* for all—he can be delightful to the parson or player, to wisdom and levity, to men and maids, and this it is by which he justly commands influence and admiration. Does such a man begin wearing a coat of peculiar and unheard-of shape or texture? Every one who sees him, finds him just as engaging in these, as in those which he has dismissed. They are identified with his wit and address. He is smiled at, at first, for the harsh contrast, and in a week's time the town has imitated him. The original peculiarity ceases to have the original associations, and he is at liberty to invent a fresh distinction for himself—this is the main principle of the workings of fashion: the glory of wealth, and the badges of office, often lead to imitation, but these seem greatly apart from the *personal* distinctions which are more closely referred to. Every body knows that Brummell had neither house nor land, was neither an

M. P. nor of the Privy Council, and yet he invented and carried the starched neck-cloth, although in direct opposition to the Heir-Apparent to the throne!

These influences of association are peculiarly seen in the history of female fashions in Europe. At one time mountains of false and filthy hair, pomatum, and mal-odor. One year hoops and lateral extent; another the opposite extreme, waists and no waists. The only fashion which keeps its place as it deserves to keep it, is the exposure of the white shoulder. Once get that covered by fashion, and who would care a pin's point for public amusements. What would the Opera boxes be without these jewels, without the flashing radiance of these snow drifts? The European female dress is more unnatural than any that was ever framed by the imagination of maids, wives, or widows. Look at the history of waists, very well discoursed upon in a late number. If one were to look at a tightly laced waist for the first time, if he were a lover of abstract grace and nature, it would inevitably throw him into epilepsy. We *do* hate them in fact, but the other attractions of their mistresses cause us to forget our first horror; nay, it may teach us to look on them with complacency. Nothing on earth can so completely put the power of association in fashion beyond dispute, as to remember the compression, stricture and obstruction, the violation of nature in some parts of female habiliments, which passes without causing murder and rebellion. Physicians generally have a hobby—some give prominence to one source of malady, and some to another, and a very useful plan it is. A very excellent man in London, Dr. P——, is inclined to trace almost the whole of female complaints to the ligatures of their dress. This idea is always uppermost in his mind. The other day being at a concert, and observing a bustle on the further side of the room, he asked the reason, and was told it was a lady fainting: he immediately jumped on his chair, and in the voice of a boatswain called out loud enough to be heard by five hundred people, "For God's sake loosen the stays; d—n the stay laces!" We approve of the spirit, though not the form, of Dr. P——'s sentiment. . . .

LINES TO A DREAM.

Fairy phantom of the brain,
Gem of Fancy's starry train,
Fragile web of wandering thought
With all precious feelings wrought,
Railing o'er the struggling soul
With far more than faith's control.

In the sinner's lumbering hour,
As Remorse, thou show'st thy power;
Welcome to the lover's breast,
Thou dost o'er his favored rest
Gracefully and brightly move,
With the beauty of his love.

Distant friends thou bringest near,
To delight our eye and ear ;
Then like distant friends thou art,
And we hold them to our heart.

Thou can'st give, sweet dream, a bliss
Dearer, holier too, than this :
Those who fled to happier skies,
Shed no tears, and heave no sighs,
Freed from sin, and grief, and strife,
Crown'd with a celestial life ;
These we see in bright array,
'Till our sorrows fade away ;
And tho' day the vision break,
'Tis a memory for whose sake
We may well the empire bless
Over thought, that dreams possess !

CLARA.

THE COUNTRY CAMPAIGN OF A MAN OF FASHION.

" I am nothing if not critical."

SHAKESPEARE.

I was reading the other day Mr. Jekyl's proposal to country gentlemen, and I could not help wishing most heartily, as I threw it aside, that there were some such method really adopted to make these manor-house visits more tolerable. Country gentlemen, who insist upon receiving their acquaintance at their country houses, ought to make it a point of necessity to entertain their minds with the same liberality as they would provide for their eating and drinking. In former times, and indeed at present, there are found a sort of people who are satisfied with the respect paid to their persons. The best room, the best bottle of wine, and the best dinner, nay, even wax lights, where tallow candles are used in common, can make a visit a very delightful occurrence. But such dull characters do not come under my consideration. These are not the prevailing manners of the age ; it is, therefore, less excusable in those who would themselves be ill satisfied with such a reception to give it to others. It is vain to say, that if we are not satisfied with our entertainment, we have only ourselves to blame for accepting it ; a man must be *fiât* in the country as well as in town—it is just as necessary to his consequence.

But, to say the truth, I had agreed in these complaints as mere matters of course, for I had lounged about town without having much opportunity of lounging about the country. To confess the truth again, I had never been considered of consequence sufficient to be asked to the rural retreats of my friends ; and, though I took my place in good company in town as the cadet of a good family, it was only the heir of our honors and our wealth who was admitted to the more ambitious diversions of the country.

When I first began life, in the literal sense of the phrase, there were more than a dozen persons betwixt me and the succession that has since fallen to me; and now that I have begun life again, in its more extensive meaning, it is just about four months since I followed to the grave, as chief mourner, the remains of the late representative of our house.

I was a very different person as Sir Charles from Mr. Churchill; and, as I stepped back when the sexton threw the earth upon the coffin, a fashionable friend, whose two fashionable daughters had sometimes admitted me to the honor of being their partner in a quadrille, advised me to run down with him next day into Yorkshire and shoot flappers, to dissipate more gloomy thoughts. A sort of feeling of decency made me decline the proposal; but, about three weeks after, as I was arranging in my mind the long list of invitations that had lately crowded on me, I found it would be impossible to visit that part of the country, and not accept of the most urgent hospitality of my first friend.

I was amused with the various *manners* of my invitations.

"We shall see *you* Churchill, I fancy," said a nobleman, extricating himself from the Catholic Claims and a Member of Parliament, as I was jostled against him in the lobby of the House of Commons: "We start for Northamptonshire in a day or two."

"You'll take us in your way," said a lady, whose daughter I had formerly never even ventured to admire *à la distance*, in answer to some observation of mine on the beauty of Derbyshire; "we are close to the Peak, the beautiful Peak."

"Oh! Sir Charles, if you're a sketcher," said some one *en passant*, "you shall positively go down with us into Kent next week. My girls rave about Kent and Tunbridge."

"Lord, if you're a man for the waters, Charles," said an old schoolfellow, "come into Devonshire. There's a climate for you! Sarah has got as strong as a horse since my father took us all down there in the summer—thrown off all her wraps, little red cloak and all."

"What! do you care for that sort of thing?" said some one else. "Then come and see us in Shropshire—no! *there's* costume, that is beautiful! quite a picture scene."

"Well, you see, here we are, just on the wing," cried a gentleman, who was standing with one foot on the step of his carriage, as I passed him on my lounge up and down Piccadilly. "How comfortable you look," said I, bowing to the well-packed coach-full, just by way of something to say and to do. "Well, suppose we take you along with us," added he; "are you for a seat? You see there's a corner left for you. I'm for the box—I'm always for plenty of fresh air in hot weather: come, in with you."

I longed to begin my career, so I accepted all these overtures of civility, perhaps, with a little too much gratitude to shew myself a proficient in my new dignity. The commencement of my tour landed me, as I thought for a moment, back again in London in the very

midst of one of its most bustling hotels. The master and mistress of the house had gone to dress, bells were ringing in all directions, servants of all colors and all liveries were hurrying to and fro, and the smell of rich soup nearly overpowered me as a consequential-looking butler, heated with his services and the weather, and fresh powdered and pomatumed, ushered me into my room to dress for dinner.

When I got into the drawing room, I found I had kept dinner waiting, and had only time, as I followed the long line of well-ordered couples into the dining apartment, to perceive that there was not one face among them I had ever seen before. I found out, during the first course, most of the company were much in the same predicament; and, I believe, before the evening was over, we were all pretty well agreed that it was no matter whether we ever saw each other again. Our party broke up at night: carriages came to the door with as much bustle as at a crowded assembly in a crowded street. Some half dozen families were despatched, but a sufficient number of guests remained to make the breakfast of next morning quite as heavy and unsatisfactory as the dinner of the evening before.

I scarce know how the morning passed, it certainly was not long, but it was most fatiguing. We were teased and tutored and kept in a perpetual worry: posted out to take as much advantage of the fine day as possible, and posted in to eat a hot luncheon laid out on a long table; then, crammed and heated, we were forced into a little music room, to hear "some delightful music" from any of the company who could be prevailed on to exert themselves to their own, and every other person's, annoyance; and then, in the middle of really a pretty duett, which two good-natured sisters were singing, gigs, and carriages, and open landaus appeared, and we were all manoeuvred into the most troublesome seats, with the least agreeable companions, to take a drive the God knows where, and brought in again at five to dress for a six o'clock dinner, because "we keep country hours." A fresh party from the neighbourhood joined us at table, merely to disturb the little attempt at intimacy which our common misfortunes of the morning might have effected.

No wonder that etiquette should have assigned, what is, by courtesy, called three days in reality only one, as the outside of a friend's visit.

My next stage brought me more among my acquaintance; but they were ill numbered, and worse sorted. We were a fashionable party too small for a rout, and too large for agreeable intercourse. We played billiards in boots all day, and drank champagne in silk stockings and pumps at night.

Hence I went to spend three days with an old friend of my father's. It was a very different establishment, and I found them just as the lady had assured me, with an assumed air of deprecating what she meant as an enhancement of its pleasures, a family party. There were no children, which I should have been young enough rather to have liked; but there were a number of daughters, the elder one or two pleasing and easy, the younger shy and awkward. The

eldest son was a sort of gentleman farmer, so took the privilege of trying to hide a yawn all dinner time, and falling asleep whenever the ladies rose from table. There was a fine boy at home for the holidays, who, with the independence of a schoolboy, made his appearance from out of doors, dusted and mudded from head to foot, just as the cloth was being removed, and kept the servants waiting upon him at one end of the table, while we drank our wine at the other. He retired to dress while tea was making, which never failed to produce a quarrel betwixt him and the tea maker, either because he chose to be late, or to declare the tea bad when he came. After this, he was content to *look* alive for the rest of the evening, and was, indeed, the only one who seemed to have no difficulty in the matter. The father and mother dozed in arm chairs on each side the fire place, the two elder daughters sang songs and played waltzes alternately at my request, and the younger girls were so discomposed by my drinking wine with them at dinner, that they could not look at me ever afterwards without blushing all over.

Breakfast was rather pleasant. The elder brother had breakfasted early and gone out, the younger had not made his appearance, and the gentleman and his wife took life easily, and were left to breakfast by themselves at a later hour, so I had the young ladies all to myself. The morning, however, dragged a little—there were too many daughters for one young man, and the parents were sober people, and checked what, perhaps, after all, might have ripened into rather an agreeable flirtation between some of us. Had I stayed longer, I might have grown into liking the ways of the house; but as it was, though very kindly invited, my impressions were not sufficiently strong for me to put myself out of my way either to remain or to return.

I hardly know which is worst, the ennui of too little sobriety or too much. The next family to whose residence I proceeded, presented a most alarming contrast to the quiet household of my father's friend. For three weeks I was literally nearly worried out of my existence. All day and all night there was one perpetual racket. It was impossible to retreat for a little rest into any one corner of the house without being hunted out of it. I was shoved from room to room to make way for fresh comers—put to sleep in one, to dress in another, then back again to my original apartment. My furniture was carried off in the same manner, appearing and disappearing piece-meal. One day I had no candlestick, another day no looking-glass; then there were beds laid down in the lobbies, and all the sofas in the house put in requisition for bedsteads. The rooms were equally adapted to all sorts of purposes: for a week we breakfasted in the entrance hall, because the breakfast parlor was turned into a theatre: then we had to sit in the anti-chamber all evening, because the drawing rooms were taken up with the performers rehearsing. One night we had a galante showman in with his show: another, we were all sent down to the servants' hall to see the servants dance to an old blind fiddler. After this, we had balls up stairs, and a man, who set up for a mimic,

took off opera-house dancing; then up started a Kean and a Kemble, upon which some one cleverer than the rest went through the whole stage.

In the mornings we had parties to fish and to shoot, and parties on the water, pic-nic parties to old ruins, and tea under a great beech tree; dances by moonlight on the grass, and suppers in an ornamented cottage; and one evening, when we had just settled to something like a peaceable dinner, the dessert and wine were ordered up to a summer house, and we were hurried off to equip in rural costume for the pleasure of partaking of it in masquerade.

Had we been people heartily agreed to play the fool together, we might have cheerfully put aside our own tastes and inclinations for the sake of the diversion of the rest; but no, the whole thing was heartless, the gaiety was hollow. We were a set of persons of all ages, sexes, and characters, collected together to kill time, not to enjoy it; and, instead of being gratified by the pains taken to amuse us, we could only be annoyed at the trouble we were forced into to amuse, or rather not to amuse, ourselves.

In some houses I was entertained in cottage style, put to play bowls all day, and to bed at ten o'clock at night. Sometimes I was obliged to fever myself with drinking to please mine host, and eating to please mine hostess; and, in one place, I was left so completely to myself, that having met with an accident out riding which detained me past the dinner hour, it was evident, when I made my appearance again in the evening, no one had missed me.

But this is nothing to the regular routine of company in a great dull house, where the whole thing is gone through out of duty. A form kept up for form's sake, not for the pleasure communicated either by the visited or the visitors. The effort at vivacity here, which society in some measure enforces, is intolerable. You stay your prescribed visit, and are received to-day and parted with to-morrow as a necessary burthen, and a burthen the less. The very smiles and jokes seem appointed to the several periods of the entertainments, and with a sort of pretence at freedom, it is an absolute impossibility to regulate your own motions in any one way of your own choosing. The gentlemen are committed, after breakfast, to the host's care for his regular provision of morning diversions; and the ladies to that of the hostess, to be enlivened by the usual conversation and the usual fine works and fine drives. Then the melancholy attempt at good fellowship in the evening—the whole party having to assemble to a minute before dinner, after the forced separation of the morning, to await, in the sombre drawing room, the one solemn stroke of the great dull gong.

Routine is the only feeling of the day in this description of great houses, and I know not whether the constant constraint of *mind* is not full as irksome as the more evident constraint of *body*. It is in houses of this kind where the prevailing bad taste often seems to spring from bad feeling. Popularity is affected by a promiscuous intercourse with all ranks and characters, or condescension is marked

by its discrimination. The surgeon and parson are *permitted* and *suffered*—an over-bred tenant shown off as a happy specimen of country gentility—an under-bred hanger-on encouraged as a safe butt.

"If you don't like this dull work," said a gentleman to me, as we met for an instant by ourselves, in the breakfast-room of one of these last mentioned places, "put yourself into my gig to-morrow, and come down to *Liberty Hall*!"

"Where is Liberty Hall?" asked I.

"Oh! it's a little box I have in these parts," said he. "We call it Liberty Hall, and so will you. Will you come?"

I had a curiosity to visit a Liberty Hall, so I agreed—sent his servant in my chaise, and took his seat in the gig.

"Harriet will like you," said my new friend, eyeing me rather attentively as I jumped in; and then breaking off, he began with a loud voice---

"Is not the sea, made for the free!"

"We sing that to her," cried he, cracking his whip and driving off.

"Who is Harriet?" I enquired.

"Oh!" said he, singing the words over again, "Oh! she's my wife. Don't you know her?"

A few minutes after, he asked me if I were of age, and told me that my cousin had been a great friend of his. "Ah!" continued he, "poor fellow! I thought he'd go; and so you are in for it."

I could not help observing to him in reply, that if his place only deserved its name, it could not have a fitter representative. He took to me amazingly on this, and declared, with a flourish of his whip, that he foresaw I should be its worthiest inmate.

Since the beginning of my tour, I had been puzzling my brains with plans of freedom. This new and pleasant acquaintance seemed to be plunging me, all of a sudden, into the very realities of my own air-built projects. Every thing promised well---liberty promised to be genuine, and I spun along the road in the highest spirits possible. We smoked cigars and sang songs all the way down. We talked too---my companion was a great talker; and I either answered or listened, as I chose. We had started late, but on my accidentally observing that this part of the country was entirely new to me, my good-natured friend took me a two hours drive out of his way, to see a view, which he pronounced to be the finest in the universe; so it was eight o'clock before we reached our destination, and quite dark of course, for it was in the month of December. The entrance door was open, and we rang twice before the servant made his appearance.

"Where's your lady?" said his master.

"Out skating, my lord," was the reply.

"Hang her," cried he, walking carelessly up stairs, "she'll drown herself to a certainty!"

Past eight o'clock, and out skating on a cold December night, pitch dark!—the thing seemed to me impossible. I could not refrain

from just stating to her husband these circumstances, but they did not appear to strike him; he merely observed that it was just like her. To come to the point at once, for otherwise I could make a long tale of it, after I had spent an hour in my room, on my return to the drawing-room, ready adorned for the evening, I found my friend roasting in a large easy chair in front of the fire, fast asleep, and still in his travelling dress. My entrance roused him, and starting up, he pulled the bell violently, said dinner should be on table in a second, and that he would be back with me in less. I waited, however, many seconds without either he or dinner making their appearance. At length the door opened, and a lady in a Turkish roquelaure entered the room, followed by several gentlemen, loaded with skaits and other skaiting appurtenances. In short, it was considerably past ten before we sat down to dinner.

I had meant to occupy some space in my account of this visit, and I even believe I could describe some good scenes here, but I am careful both of fatiguing myself and others, and I shall be content merely to detail some of the evils of liberty.---Our privileges were certainly unbounded; how then is it that to this I trace every cause of grievance which made one and all of the guests dissatisfied? Yet I remained here six weeks; and six months was, I believe, the very shortest period of the other gentlemen's visits. I could never discover what it was that gave life an interest here, but it was an interest that was subject to most dreary fits of ennui. Never was time wasted more completely or more systematically. We were given the freedom of the house, and we used and abused it accordingly---disregarded my lord, who disregarded us---made love to my lady, who, not to speak it profanely, made love to us---criticised her dress, her table, her establishment---railed at the servants, and the hours, and the irregularities, and ourselves mistimed their mistimings. We were capricious, and insolent, and ungrateful; were soothed out of humor, and soothed into humor; were made unfit for any other society, and impatient, yet pertinacious, of our own. We smoked every room in the house with our cigars, and complained of the nuisance---invaded the drawing-room with our dogs---broke the china---shot all the old family ancestors through the head for targets---spoiled the children, and then cursed their squalling.

I was myself a spoiled child when I quitted Liberty Hall, and was perhaps unequal to value fairly the enjoyments of a snug establishment. But no person or persons have a right to imagine their acquaintance will be satisfied with a mere snug establishment. Every man has his peculiar snuggeries; there is no other word for them, and no man in his senses, who makes these his pleasure, would consent to stir from his own fire side, where he can have them after his own heart. I was, therefore, quite unable to partake of the methodical luxuries of two excellent people, who were very solicitous to make their enjoyments mine. The whole house moved by clock-work. Every pursuit had its appointed period of the day. There were even drives and walks for the different seasons of the year: a dry path

through the plantation for a snowy day---the avenue for wet weather---the high-road for sunshine.

I had a great respect for this well-regulated family, but I found it impossible to live on thus minuting out existence. From the first moment I entered, and found the good lady measuring out the lengths of her threads of colored worsteds for the flowers of her carpet work, I felt that my residence among them would be impertinent. It seems to me a degradation of our faculties to be thus addicted to mechanism, and swayed by the influence of a machine. My spirits were oppressed by this servility to form; I was in a constant terror of inadvertently infringing some of the sacred ordinances of the household. I dared never touch a book or newspaper, from a fear of disturbing some of the time immemorial arrangements of the apartments, nor even ask for a glass of water, lest I should shock some prejudice in favor of regularity.

This was the last house I visited at, and in taking leave of my reader I feel certain, that profiting by my experience, he will determine, like me, for the future to visit at no place but his own in the country.

WEEP NOT MY BRIDE!

Weep not my Bride, to be my Bride,
Say not that love is o'er,
That joy with maidenhood has died,
And I will love no more.
I'll love thee still, my bonny Bride,
Still love thee like a lover!

The roebuck loves the mountain-steep,
The cushat loves the glen,
The eagle loves his craggy keep,
Her russet hedge the wren—
So I love thee, my bonny Bride,
Still love thee like a lover!

The wild bee loves the heather-bell,
The blossom loves the tree,
The daisy loves the spring-tide well,
But not as I love thee!
As I love thee, my bonny Bride,
Still love thee like a lover!

When willows love to sigh no more,
And cypresses to pine,
When lovers love to die no more
For beauty such as thine,
I'll love no more my bonny Bride,
Love her not like a lover!

SELF-TRANSPORTATION, CALLED EMIGRATING.

Although our main objects in this work are nothing like politics or political economy, yet we mean to adhere to our expressed intention of occasionally calling the attention of our readers to the great points of national and domestic policy, as they may arise. We shall always aim rather at discussing the principles, than the details, of any proposed measure. There are many better channels for conveying detailed and minute information, than such a work as ours affords; but the weighing of the principles of any measure, and examining their scope and tendency, seems to us to be quite consistent, and in harmony with our main design. It is under this impression, that we are about to offer a few brief remarks upon a topic that has lately been brought before the public in different forms, and with various recommendations---we mean that of emigration. Proposals have been made by persons high in authority, and for whose opinions we must naturally entertain great respect, to cause our laborers to seek, by emigration, a better condition of life than this country, at present, is capable of affording; the whole of this scheme, bad in its principle as we think, proceeding upon the assumption that in England, Scotland, and Ireland especially, the laboring population is greatly redundant.

Into the details of this proposed attempt we have no design, as we have already hinted, to enter. Before we engage ourselves in considering its practicability, in what manner the emigrants are to be selected, or calculate the probabilities of the subsequent repayment of their out-fit, we should like, first of all, to be satisfied that our laborers actually are in the numerically redundant condition supposed, and then to consider in what manner the *exportation* of this live stock would operate upon the home markets. For our parts, we have come to the conclusion, that in no sense of the word can it be said, that in proportion to the actual quantity of the necessaries of life raised in England or Ireland, we have, to use the hateful phrase of the economists, a surplus population.

That the aspect of our domestic affairs, at the present moment, in Great Britain, is of the most singular and unprecedented nature, every body is ready to allow. Events of the most extraordinary and contradictory nature are every day springing up. The most extraordinary thing of all is, that *every* class of producers is complaining of the want of a market, that is, of the opportunity of barter. The manufacturer is starved for want of the corn of the agriculturist, and the farmer and his laborers poverty-stricken from the want of a remunerative price for the produce of the land---the warehouses at Manchester are loaded with clothing, which obtains no market at the most reduced prices; at the same time the weavers are perishing from nakedness and exposure, and begging for the means to cover them and their children. Every circumstance which we see, every statement which is made, goes to this; that whatever may be the causes for all these derangements in

our affairs, nothing at all like *dearth* or *scarcity* is alleged to exist. And if *this* cannot be said, any scheme of emigration must be in the place first unnecessary, as there does not exist a greater number of persons than can be amply provided for; and in the second, that such a plan carried into any thing like extensive operation, must tend in the same degree to the disadvantage of those they leave behind. If there is abundance of food and clothing for all, while existing circumstances, whatever they may be, prevent their natural distribution, how will the matter be mended by sending away *any* portion of the *consumers*? What hope can be entertained that affairs would flow in a more regular channel in a population of ten than one of fifteen millions? If we have now bales of goods rotting in warehouses, and corn wasting in granaries, for want of proper channels of dispersion, why may not the people remain hungry and naked---why may not all the same causes of disorder continue in operation with a reduced population?

The history of the condition of our laborers, particularly our farm laborers, for the last century, has been one of gradual impoverishment and degradation. Every body who has enquired into the subject, has been struck by the fact, of the gradually increasing disproportion of the price of labor, to the price of necessaries. The laborer, who, a century ago, earned a subsistence which placed him very far above the pressure of want, and enabled him to obtain those comforts which procured for this country the almost proverbial character for good living, is, at the present, even when in full employ, reduced by the excessively low rate of his wages, to starvation and pauperism. We do not, now, refer to those violent depreciations and changes which have lately occurred, and which may be supposed to have operated to the disadvantage of the laborer, by the ruin of the capitalist---his employer; we leave *these* changes for the present out of the question, and allude only to the *gradual* and destructive alterations which have been made in the condition of the laborer, by causes which have been working slowly, though surely to produce these effects, for a long series of years. It has not been any sudden operation which has caused these changes, but a permanent, enduring, and universal agency, which has reduced our agricultural laborers from their former almost enviable condition, to their present state of abject want, privation, and wretchedness.

Many curious and impressive statements have lately been before the public to establish this fact, that by a comparison of the prices of labor with the necessaries of life, the condition of our laborers has been gradually *retrograding*. High prices or low prices, war or peace, commerce or no commerce, *they* have been gradually sinking. The increasing burthens of the country, or some concurrent causes, seem to have worked in a certain and destructive manner to the annihilation of every degree of their comfort and former independence. We have been almost tempted to put in a tabular form the demonstrative proofs of this often repeated and melancholy assertion. A comparison of the rates and wages, with the prices of necessaries at different periods, would be conclusive. We shall content ourselves with the following:

Periods.			Weekly Pay.	Wheat per Quarter.	Wages in Pints of Wheat.
1742	to	1752	6 0	30 0	102
1761		1770	7 6	42 6	90
1780		1790	8 0	51 2	80
1795		1799	9 0	70 8	65
1800		1808	11 0	80 8	60
1808		1818	9 0	90 0	50

Here we have the fact established beyond controversy, that our farm laborers have been, by causes which remain to be adverted to, reduced to *half* their former subsistence. If we were to go still further back, we should find the contrast still more horrible and disadvantageous. Every body then asks, in the first place, what have been the causes of these monstrous evils; these evils which have brought not only ruin, but disgrace, upon us, as a nation? And, in the second place, they naturally and anxiously ask what is to be the cure for these mischiefs---where are we to look for a remedy?

As the existence of the fact itself is sufficiently obvious, we have had, at various times, a great abundance of answers to the first question. The causes which have really wrought these effects have been taken up separately, combined in various proportions, and with various degrees of prominence assigned to each, have been pressed upon our attention. The truth or fallacy of many of these views, as connected with the subject before us, it does not fall in with our present purpose to endeavour to ascertain. But among other schemes brought forward with considerable bustle and pomp of nomenclature, is the surplus population notion as a cause, and emigration as a consequent remedy. This does certainly appear to us to be the most unnatural and ill-founded conceit of the whole lot; and the proposed remedy, one as impracticable and visionary as Lady Georgiana Wolffe's notion of converting and baptizing the Jews without paying them handsomely for their trouble.

No one can entertain any doubt that a country *may* theoretically be placed in circumstances which imperatively call upon some part of the population to emigrate. But the only case where proof exists of such a necessity, is in the case of a positive *dearth of the necessities of life*, when undeniable evidence is afforded, that on an average of years many *must* go naked and starve, owing to the necessarily short production of food and clothing, and when at the same time the powers of production have been carried in that country to their utmost extent. This we maintain is the *only* case where emigration is *necessary*, or can be any other than an absolute check to the improvement and cultivation of refinement in the mother-country.---While there is enough for all at home, nothing can justify any attempt to promote emigration. The fact of plenty existing, is quite sufficient of itself to answer the unsupported notion of the existence of a redundant population; amply sufficient to shew, that we must

look to other causes for the existing evils, and consequently seek out other remedies.

Now, will any body pretend to say, that in this country, at this moment, amidst all our starvation and nakedness, there really is any actual scarcity, that there cannot be, nor is not, enough of food and raiment for all? Will any one venture to assert, that even in Ireland enough is not produced by that country and its inhabitants, amply to supply every member of the community in proportion to his wants and station in society? No one, we think, has asserted this, or would venture his credit upon such an assumption. This, then, being the case, we ask, in the name of common sense, how is it to prove any benefit to England or Ireland to send away any number of their laborers, when these are the hands who create the food and raiment, and the only bodies who can consume them when created? If, as we before said, such disorder exists, that these necessities are stopped in their natural progress to the natural consumer, how can the evil be remedied in any degree by emigration?

The main argument of these shallow emigrationists (we wish half of them would build log huts for themselves in Canada), is this:—The price of labor is at present so low, that it is insufficient to afford even a bare existence; they jump at once to a conclusion, that this is occasioned by an excessive supply of labor; they disown and disregard any other considerations. Then say they, send off some laborers, diminish the supply, and you will render the labor of the remainder of more value, and consequently better their condition. Now, with what face can it be asserted, that there are too many laborers, so long as cultivation has not reached its utmost limit in any country? Is any farm in England as well cultivated as it is possible to cultivate it? Is Ireland producing throughout the whole island as much food and raiment as she is capable of producing? Not one half so much as a diligent and judicious bestowment of human labor would cause her to produce; and this is universally allowed even by the emigration schemers themselves. What brazen impudence then to call upon us to tax the nation, to get rid of these laborers at an expence, which, if bestowed on home cultivation, would not only amply repay itself, but in a tenfold greater degree than the same amount expended in Canada or elsewhere! We are called upon to raise capital by taxation to set these laborers to work on the shores of the Lake Ontario, when the same amount would infinitely better repay the advance by properly cultivating the shores of Lake Killarney!

But look at the immediate operation of any such thinning of the laborers on the mother-country. Our philo-emigrationists say, and smile while they say it, the immediate effect would be a rise in the price of wages for those who remained. True, but *out of whose pocket* is this rise to come? If a farmer now spends 100*l.* in labor among a given number, what is to remunerate him for spending the same amount among half the number, getting of course only half of the former quantum of labor performed? The increased price of cultivation must fall somewhere, and a pretty relief is designed, when the

obvious result is only to force an increased price from the consumer. If we are to pay another shilling a yard for our Irish linen, we are to rest satisfied that it is caused by the great numbers lately shipped from Cork for the banks of St. Clair and Lake Huron !

This evil, however, might be borne, if it confined itself to an entirely domestic rise of price ; it would merely be a taking something more from the pockets of those who perhaps could afford it, to better the condition of the manufacturers. But how will our Canada populators reconcile this rise in wages with our foreign commerce ; how will such a result bear upon our commercial transactions ? If Mr. Horton and his plans had all the success which he so ardently, and we have no doubt disinterestedly, wishes them, what are to be our hopes at home under so great a rise in the price of labor as he must contemplate ? Would not our foreign commerce suffer almost to annihilation, if his notions were as easily carried into effect as they are notoriously impracticable ? With all our reduction in the price of wages, reduction to a degree horrid to dwell upon, we can hardly force a sale ; and now our legislators desire to abate this small chance of a market we have left, with a view to our security and relief. O monstrous ! the cure for our present evils is to consist in causing a rise in the price of labor and production !

And then as regards the laborer himself. Who believes that a rise in his wages *would* take place so as greatly to better his condition ? There is a vulgar and detestable notion afloat, that great blame is attributable to the farmers and manufacturers for causing this unwholesome depreciation in the pay of their laborers. It is oftener hinted, than directly asserted, that the employers of the poor *willingly* grind them to destruction, that they combine to cause these results. Such an idea is at once revolting and untrue. Does the farmer now gain *more* than a fair remuneration by his prices, when compared with his labor account and general outgoings ? Can he now afford, or could he at any time afford, a greater rate of wages without a corresponding increase of prices ? Are we to credit for a moment that our manufacturers take any delight in making the weaver work for sixpence a day, or that he gains inordinately by his dealings between the laborer and the consumer ? No such thing. The rates of wages are *forced* upon the employers, and we have no reason whatever to believe, that if by reason of a reduction in the number of laborers, a rise in the price of labor was also forced, that rise would be for the benefit of the laborer. Every thing he consumed would consequently rise in price, and, above all, the reasons which now urge the employer to obtain labor cheap, would *then* be much more powerful and operative. If the farmer and manufacturer are now obliged to lower the rates of labor to such a great degree, with a view to meet the foreign markets, what would then be their inducements to *keep* the wages low, or prevent any considerable increase ?

Just in proportion that we disbelieve that any good effects would result from these emigration plots, do we discredit, that increased numbers of laborers have been the chief cause in producing the

existing distress. We may argue inversely from effect to cause, and say, that if reduced population would not cure the evils, increased population has not caused them. Why should we credit we have too many consumers, when all are complaining from inadequate consumption? Why should we look to surplus population for a cause of the mischief, while we have rung in our ears from all sides, the greatness of our over-production? Surely both *cannot* be co-existent. If we rely upon one, we must wholly negative the other. Nothing can be clearer to our apprehension, than that the gradual degradation of our laborers has not only been concurrent with, but wholly caused by, the additional pecuniary burthens which the country has had to endure. Many are disposed to scoff at the thought of the gross amount of taxation falling *almost entirely* upon the laborer; but that this is the case we fully believe, and may at some future time more largely enter upon. The external and obvious appearances of their condition and history, are entirely in favor of this belief. Here is a highly taxed country, a country having had to endure a progressive amount of imposts, and yet all classes of society but one, have not only maintained their comforts and condition, but positively improved them. What class is the worse for all the taxes, for the funded or unfunded debt? Whose income and means have been abridged *one half* in the course of three-quarters of a century, besides those of the laborer? In short, is there any one class which has been made to feel the taxation with any thing like the severity that has oppressed the laborer? In addition, it is to be remembered, that each class in society has had the power of bearing any given degree of privation with less destructive effects than a corresponding change make in the circumstances of the laborer. The sufferings of a man of a thousand a year reduced to half, bear no proportion to the wretchedness of a man with six children reduced from 10s. to 5s. a week. All classes but the laboring also have the means of pushing off, in some degree, the burthens which oppress them. The farmer and manufacturer feel the weight of taxation; their first step has been to reduce their outgoings for labor. But in what manner can the laborer obtain relief, upon whom is he to shift his burden?

With regard to a great deal of the existing, and we sincerely hope remediable, distress of the country, no doubt can for a moment be entertained that it has been occasioned by the terrific fluctuations in the value and quantity of our currency. One year we have been enabled to pay our national engagements in a depreciated currency, then prosperity seemed to fill our borders, and give Mr. Robinson eloquence:---the next year, by legislative enactments we were obliged to pay a double amount of taxation by means of the increased value of money caused by those enactments. One year the landlords have been cheated of their rents by receiving them in debased currency:---the next, the tenant has been ruined by being compelled to fulfil contracts which he had made, calculating upon the continuance of that currency. One year, the whole system of trade has been changed and uprooted by the fatal facilities of paper accommodation:

---another year, ruin, unavoidable ruin, has been entailed upon the innocent, by cutting off those supplies which he had rested upon to complete his engagements. Such have been the workings of this system of change and uncertainty, that we verily believe as much suffering has been entailed upon the nation within the last eighteen months, as though a pestilence had swept off a beloved member of every third family in the country. What paltry stuff, then, is it to talk of sending a few hundreds of industrious laborers to starve in Canada, as a cure for these evils---evils originating in such distant and unconnected circumstances.

In addition to the evils of increasing taxation, and a never-settled currency, Ireland (which is the chief point to which the sympathies of our transport-men are mainly directed) has had to endure many aggravated additions; and not the least of these is the evil of a non-resident, rent-receiving gentry. It was always somewhat a matter of surprise to us, how a journal like the *Edinburgh Review* could suffer its pages to be prostituted to such empty stuff as that talked-of article on *Absenteeism*, an article which, with its author, are now "damned to everlasting fame." We cannot be suspected of very great love for the *Edinburgh*, but we really feel a kind of pity to see it justly become the gibe and jest of its enemies, by reason of the admission of this monstrous tissue of absurdity and false reasoning. What! at a time when hundreds were dying of starvation, or fed by the bounty of Englishmen; when men were lying on the sea-shore feeding on sea-weed, with the vessels fully laden with the best kinds of Irish provisions in sight; at a time when the ships, laden with charity potatoes from English ports, were passing larger vessels burthened with provisions from Irish ports; was this a time for any quack coming north or south of the Tweed to tell us, that these truths, and the known fact of Irish exports annually exceeding the imports by three millions, had nothing to do with the export of the greater part of the land rents? To tell us that the *place* of consumption of produce made no difference to the producers? To assert, that if a million a-year were paid in produce for rent, it was a matter of indifference whether that produce was *consumed* in Ireland or France?

These notions have so often been exposed and refuted, that we should be guilty of positive vulgarity and common-place in seriously entering into their refutation. We merely referred to them as bearing upon the question of Irish population, and the emigration schemers. We say, let Ireland *consume* what Ireland raises; let Irishmen be fed and clothed with Irish food and clothing, and we should not hear calls for transporting the hands that raise, and the bodies that ought to consume, the produce. But ought not public odium and contempt to rest upon the framers of such notions? Is it a good sign of English common sense to observe M.P.s, and lords, and legislators forming an audience, and attentively listening to the diatribes of the author and inventor of such empty stuff---of the self-styled, self-elected, self-exposed Ricardo lecturer*?

* By the bye, we learn upon enquiry that Mr. McCulloch's lectures have this season been delivered to empty benches. We hail this as a symptom of amendment.

NO FICTION.

When first I saw thy gentle mien,
 And doated on the view,
 Oh, dared I think thou could'st have been
 So fair, yet so untrue?

To me thou wast the imaged one
 Of unpartaken hours;
 Thou wast within my soul, a sun
 To newly springing flowers.

This world 'twas made alone of thee—
 All there, that hope desir'd;
 Thou wast the dear divinity,
 And I the one inspired.

Whilst thou wast true, how nature seemed
 With fairy hues o'erspread;
 How gorgeously the day-god gleamed
 In glory o'er my head!

I lov'd lone haunts—their silence was
 Like eloquence to me;
 And every object seemed a glass
 Reflecting thoughts of thee.

How blest that solitude's employ
 When thou in thought wast near;
 The fountain of a quiet joy,
 That sparkled like its tear!

But thou art false—and gloomy seems
 The gaudy world to me;
 By day, by night, perturbing dreams
 Convulse my brain with thee.

If ever in thine hours of joy,
 A wandering thought of me,
 Should mingle them with some alloy,
 And check thy careless glee;

Thou'lt think of one whose soul can be
 Heal'd by no earthly balm:
 The rage of grief, his revelry;
 Grief's sullenness, his calm.

Whose pilgrimage will briefly last,
 For his heart wears away
 With deep-graved records of the past,
 Of love's impassioned day.

If but one half thou then could'st guess,
 Of all his bosom's strife,
 'Twould be enough of wretchedness
 To agonize thy life.

And did I wish a cankering curse
 To wither up thy bliss,
 I need not seek to frame a worac
 Than such a thought as this.

But, oh ! may all thy moments keep
 Untouched by woe so dark ;
 Till sorrow find a lasting sleep
 Within life's anchored bark !

London, Feb. 10, 1827.

DUVAL.

LETTER FROM A NATIVE OF THE UNDISCOVERED ISLANDS.

ARTURIEL TO ALFIDEN GHNDIC.

London.

You are well read, my dear Alfiden, therefore you know from the letters of that great philosopher, Lien Chi Altangi, that the English, at the time he wrote, possessed medical professors, inspired immediately from heaven, whose infallible power could heal all maladies whatsoever, and who made known their talents from motives of the purest benevolence ; these virtuous examples of supernatural ability are still common in this happy land, but they fade into insignificance before a race of people with whose existence it has of late years been favored ; a race, whose knowledge, as it has nobler aims than even the eternal sustenance of mere animal life, so may be supposed to have heaped proportionably greater benefits on their country ; I mean the professors of instruction, or, in other words, private tutors and governesses of England ; admiration and awe almost annul my faculties when I think of the perfections of these persons ; and I know not how to describe them in terms that shall convey to you any adequate idea of their merits ; but a brief account of the achievements they have already performed, and a relation of existing facts concerning the science and literature of the country, will perhaps give you a better idea of their excellencies, than any description of their abilities. Know, then, that in England it is not now necessary to study, in order to become learned. Schools and colleges must soon be abolished ; application is needless ; there are masters for every art who possess the power of bestowing instantaneous knowledge on their pupils. Wonderful as this may seem, I assure you that I had not been a fortnight in the country before I was convinced it was a truth. I learnt it partly by unavoidable inference from the published testimony of the masters themselves, partly from the belief in that testimony which I daily witnessed, and partly from the expectation which I found commonly to prevail of finding certain young persons whom they must be supposed to have instructed, possessed of a most extraordinary degree of learning. I saw, nevertheless, that these teachers did not put forth all their strength ; that, whatever they might do by ability, they did not actually change in one moment ignorance into knowledge ; and I supposed that there existed some check to the exercise of their power,

of the precise nature of which I was uninformed. I was pondering upon this circumstance, when I accidentally learned from a friend, a fact which solved the mystery, namely, that there are laws in this island which prevent the transfer of more than a certain quantity at a time of many valuable commodities, without a special permission from the government: now, from observing the manner of instructing usually pursued by inspired masters, I have come to the conclusion, that their accomplishments are included in the list of these restricted goods; for no person that sees the wonders they engage to perform, can doubt that it would be easier to themselves to enlighten the minds of their pupils as by a stroke from heaven, than to divide their gifts as they do, and distribute them in a succession of exact shares to every learner. Such, however, is their manner—inspiration per lesson, that is, so much by the hour. This word, lesson, seems to be English, for a certain measure or quantity of information poured by miraculous means on the understanding; I see it continually made use of in sentences where it will admit of no other interpretation; it appears to be a definite term, implying a specific share of mental acquisition to be paid for at a certain rate; its contents, however, are arbitrary, more or less at the discretion of the different donors. Perfection in the desired accomplishment is promised by them all, and all bestow it in divisions, called lessons; but the number of lessons composing proficiency, varies with different masters, some vending their stock by wholesale, some by retail; one gentleman cutting his prizes into eight shares, another into sixteen, and so on, in infinite variety; completion of the whole quantity being certain, so many days after the payment of subscription. Another measure has lately been brought forward, called a section; ten lessons make one section, five sections one language; but this division being new, requires the explanation of the inventor to make it generally understood.

Under a process of instruction which ascertains beforehand the precise period of perfection, the capacity, memory, and previous disposition of the pupil, must of course be quite irrelative to his progress; no doubt, therefore, can reasonably be entertained of its efficacy: nevertheless, in some instances, to satisfy the over prudent, and explain at once the merits of the system, “proficiency is guaranteed.”

I have not yet been able to meet with any table reducing to an exact rate of progression, the number of hours or lessons necessary to be employed in gaining different accomplishments, settled according to their respective degrees of importance; but that such a one exists, I have little doubt, as I frequently hear it asked, in a way that shews the question to be answerable by some known standard, “how long does it take to learn music?” “When shall I be able to shake?” &c. &c. &c. I have, however, gained from the depositions of various teachers, some desultory information, which may afford you a few hints on the subject.

From one professor, I learnt that the French, Italian, German, Spanish, and Portuguese languages are to be had in measures of five sections; but that Hebrew, Greek, and Latin contain more.

From another, that the art of singing at sight is conferred with "ease and certainty, in a few lessons."

From another, that arithmetic, Algebra, mathematics, trigonometry, practical astronomy, mechanics, rhetoric, and logic, including, moreover, merit and virtue, are each attainable in eight lessons.

And from a fourth, that a perfect pronunciation of a foreign language, may be given in one month*.

I know, also, that a hand-writing of incomparable ease and elegance, may be acquired in one week.

There are, besides, innumerable plans of education laid down, and proceeded on, by another class of teachers, who are less definite in detailing their methods of inspiring, than the authors of the above decisive arrangements; these systems merely combine the greatest ease, with the greatest expedition; they do but "quickly enable" learners to accompany the piano-forte, and play in concert," or make "complete timists," or elegant practitioners, or scientific scholars, "in an infinitely shorter period than can be accomplished by any other." They are only "unparalleled," incomparable, all-sufficient, and exclusively perfect; here, you see, some difficulty of credence might arise, were it not for the reality of supernatural agency in this country. There are a great many different methods of teaching one accomplishment, and they are all "*unparalleled*;" this may be conceived, many roads may conduct to one spot,---the radii of a circle all converge to one centre, and these are all without a parallel, so far I understand; but the various paths of instruction are each without an equal, each is the most direct, each the shortest, each the only one. This appears to me a problem worthy to exercise the abilities of a mathematician laureate; at all events, it proves, beyond a doubt, that superhuman power in English teachers of which I have been speaking.

As to the custom of performing miracles *by degrees*, and distributing their benefits piece-meal, it has important advantages, not apparent on a first view of the subject; persons who knew that a moment might give them accomplishments, which cost their forefathers the labor of years, might be too procrastinating in seeking to gain them; as it is notorious, that what we may do at any time, the time never comes that we do; and these procrastinators might absolutely die in their ignorance: on the other hand, if the supernatural power of teachers to give instantaneous instruction were openly set forth, obstinate individuals, astounded at the magnitude of their pretensions, might impertinently refuse their belief in them, and actually waste that valuable time in study, which might be devoted to boxing, racing, gambling, and every sort of elegant employment. Thus the greatest of blessings might become a curse; but the practice of administering inspiration after the same manner that ordinary

* The depositions to the above effect of all these gentlemen, except one (whose proclamation heralds universal harmony on the borrowed wings of the *Magazines*), with their several names thereunto respectively affixed, and also the declarations and signatures of many other vouchers for many similar wonders, may be found in registers *raisonnés* of important facts, published in England, called "The Times" and "The Atlas."

knowledge is attained, however wonderful be the shortness of the time in which it is performed, obviates these evils by lulling suspicion asleep; the splendor of the truth, the reality of the wonder, being dimly seen, or seen but in part, even sceptics are drawn in to partake of its benefits in spite of themselves, in the same way that we compel children (poor victims!) to swallow large nauseous draughts of instruction, so ingeniously mixed up with their amusement, that they know not what it is that spoils the taste of their pleasure; the most obstinate of heretics will pay his money to be taught by *the lesson*, and will confidently expect perfection on the promised day; so, wealth and faith, the life and soul of national existence, are circulated and nurtured.

After detailing all this, I am reluctant to suggest notions which must damp the ardor of your admiration of this people; but truth obliges me to add, that notwithstanding all their seeming superiority, I doubt whether we have any reason to envy them: that they are aided by some unearthly power, is indeed certain, but I know not whether the agent of that power be angel or demon; and circumstances I have lately discovered, make me fear the worst of these alternatives is the true one. It seems to me, that every thing perfectly incomprehensible in England, every thing that no other power on earth could effect, is done by the aid of a being, whose name, I am well satisfied, is not that of any *God*; a being, who builds ships as easily as children pile up card houses, and cuts likenesses out of iron, as fast as we should out of paper, a power they call *steam*: now I cannot help thinking that this being is employed in the new system of education; his engines, of fifty teacher power, must be required to do so much work in so short a time, a given time too, precisely his method,--- it must be so: the verbs are cut up, masticated, and digested in the brain; perception of harmony is conveyed into the ears, the muscles of the throat are forced to emit the voice, the hand is steadied, the eye-sight is corrected, the fingers are bent into pliability, and the limbs are practised into grace, all by means of this---power.

I was so anxious to ascertain the truth or falsity of this hypothesis, that I, the other day, (not without considerable fear of offending) ventured to ask the question of an intelligent Englishman of my acquaintance; his answer was not direct, nor did I perfectly comprehend it, but as he did not deny the fact, I took it for granted I was right, and forebore to continue a subject which I judged must be unpleasant to him; "Sir," said I, "do not these masters of whom I have heard so much, teach by steam?" "Why, certainly," he answered, "their success seems owing to their *vapouring*."

I have now to mention greater wonders: notwithstanding all the facility of learning enjoyed in this country, and the consequent amazing stock of knowledge that must be generally possessed, there is but one description of persons who appear to have profited by the advantage, in the degree that might be expected, namely, those daughters of tradespersons, and professional men, whose circumstances oblige them in their turn to devote their talents to the instruction of others. From motives of the kindest consideration, it seems an established

maxim, that only governesses are to enjoy the credit of extraordinary attainments. To hear all other persons talk, you would really suppose they lived in an age when money, and time, and leisure, and abilities, were requisite for gaining a variety of accomplishments; nay, even in those dark times, when the studying of books was a necessary preliminary to knowing their contents; such is the modesty and humanity of the men of England, that they conceal the excess of their learning, that the women may shine. The higher classes of females, upon principles of equal delicacy, also hide their's, so that with governesses only there is no reserve. I have conversed with some of the most learned counsellors, and best instructed ladies, of this polished nation, and never could bring any of them to confess above a third part of the genius and information owned to by the teachers of their children: it cannot be that they do not possess so much, for most of them, from superiority of wealth, have had far more opportunities of cultivating their abilities; and here I must observe, that though I give Englishmen all due credit for a vast stock of forbearance as to the display of their own acquirements, still it seems evident that the women are very greatly their superiors in genius and capacity; whatever may be the abilities of tutors, those of tutoresses far exceed them. I have remarked that masters, however miraculous their mode of instructing, do not teach more than six or eight different languages, or three or four several arts and sciences, at a time; that there are language masters, music masters, dancing masters, &c.; that the musician does not teach drawing, nor the professor of languages, dancing; nor the artist, singing; nor the posture-master "*all the usual routine of female education*;" but governesses teach, "*unassisted*," all that themselves have learned from a dozen different tutors.

As a simple proof of the supernatural method of instructing common in England, and also of the peculiar power of learning enjoyed by English ladies, I subjoin copies, verbatim, of enquiries for governesses, the originals of which have been lately published. Here is one.

"WANTED, for two young ladies, a finishing governess, not exceeding thirty years of age, of the Established Church, who is capable of imparting instruction in a superior style, and of conversing in the French and Italian languages with fluency, and teaching them with grammatical purity; the former with the Parisian, the latter with the Tuscan accent; also drawing, the piano-forte, singing, dancing, the use of the globes, geography, writing, and arithmetic, with a perfect knowledge of her own language, will be required. To a lady who can give undeniable testimonials of her ability in each of the above branches of education, a liberal salary will be given. As a minute investigation will be the result of an application, it is particularly requested that no one will reply to this advertisement who is not fully competent to undertake the whole of the above."

Times.

This is the other.

"WANTED, in a gentleman's family, residing in the country, a governess, to complete the education of four young ladies, in the English, French, and Italian languages, music (including harp, piano-forte, and singing), dancing, and drawing, and every other requisite to a polite and rational education. The lady must be of the Established

"Church, and her conduct such as may serve for an example, as well as a guide, to her pupils. A very liberal salary will be given." Times.

If you had any doubts as to the truth of what I have told you, the perusal of these documents must, I am persuaded, have banished them; you see, that accomplishments in such perfection and variety, as it would be scarcely possible to the wisest and wealthiest inhabitant, of any less fortunate country, to attain in the course of a long life, are in England required of a young female, with as little hesitation, and with as much coolness, as we should demand honesty and sobriety in a domestic; the conclusion is, the respective qualifications desired, are equally likely to be found.

Now I know that you, who are my friend, will find no difficulty in believing all I advance for your information; but it is possible that, among some of your acquaintance, to whom you may chance to communicate the contents of my letter, you may find doubters: if so, acquaint them with some facts it is necessary they should know; tell them, that Englishmen are particularly reflective: so fond of reasoning, that they never converse; so devoted to study, that they submit to the society of women merely as a duty, and endure it from excess of gallantry; so anxious after truth, that, while their bodies are dancing, their minds are generally solving problems (as their serious faces testify); so cautious of imposition, so fearful of error, that they will not look on a stranger lest they should commit themselves by a smile, nor stir their heads (they never dare to sneeze) in presence of a man whose title to their notice is doubtful, lest he should construe the movement into a courtesy. Now is it conceivable, that such a people should hold out their hands for the moon, and cry "give me," for what is not to be had? Would *they* require impossibilities? Could *they* be imposed on? No!—*they* judge from experience: they always require *proof* of worth: they trace effects to their causes, and demonstrate facts. The inference is clear—the universe does not contain the equal of an English governess.

My heart burns with curiosity to see one of these accomplished creatures. I amuse myself with imagining the nature of the honors which are doubtless paid her; for whether governesses hold their singular powers by right of sex or of courtesy, of course those who acknowledge such powers cannot fail to respect them. I should suppose that they live like queens, that men bow down at their approach, that they are constantly surrounded by admirers, and dispense their smiles in the midst of a crowd, whose greatest pride it is to pay them homage; their receiving these distinctions would be but common justice to the invaluable perfections they are allowed to possess, and Englishmen are celebrated for their love of justice. When I have had an opportunity of observing the details of the ceremonial honor universally paid to an English instructress, and of properly estimating the consideration and respect in which she is held by her employers, I will write again.

ARTURIEL.

HYMN TO THE OCEAN.

Roll on, vasty Ocean !
 Like mountains in motion
 Your gray waters rise,
 Till they melt in the skies,
 And mingle the azure of Heaven with their own.

'Mid the roll of her drums,
 Queen Amphitrite comes,
 And her white horses prance
 In an Apennine dance,
 As they wheel her about on her hollow shell-throne !

O'er the green furrows dashing,
 In the heavy ooze splashing,
 Down the snow-hillocks sliding,
 In the vallied deeps hiding,
 They mark out their flight in a pathway of foam.

The long-hair'd daughters
 And sons of the waters,
 With song follow after,
 With shout and with laughter,---
 Then sink all at once to their coralline home ;

Foot and foot far asunder,
 Wind-gods step in thunder
 From billow to billow,
 Kicking up a white pillow
 For him who will sleep stiff and stark on the sea.

Viewless and vapory,
 Their sea-green drapery
 From their backs down-flowing,
 Keep the gazer from knowing
 Of what face, of what form, of what fashion they be !

How glorious the sight !---
 But no less when the Night
 From her couch uprisen,
 Lets the Moon out of prison
 To roam her wild hour---her lone vigil to keep.

O'er the still waters blazing,
 Where the green stars are gazing,
 As if each were an eye
 Of a creature on high,
 That saw such a gem as itself in the deep !

Then, then the hollow tolling
 Of the waves wide rolling,
 And whelming and coiling,---
 Like a serpent-brood boiling
 In Hell's ample caldron, they writhe and they hiss.

SIN'S SON laughs to hear it,
 And longs to be near it,
 That for each whirling eddy
 He might have a ship ready
 To heave with a Ho! down the yawning abyss.

O! this is the hour
 To look out from the tower,
 Looming low o'er the surge,
 And behold how they urge
 The Rack-riders! each his blue courser afar.

How in ranks, o'er the plain
 Of the floundering main,
 They tilt and they joust
 Till they're scattered to dust,
 With a roar that rings round the wide ocean of war!

Yet wend thee there too
 When the great lake is blue,
 When the sweet summer-wave
 Has forgotten to rave,
 And smooth o'er its ripple the sea-maiden glides.

Thine eyes at the sight
 Will half close with delight,
 And thy soul will confess
 That in war or in peace,
 A charm in blue Ocean for ever abides!

MADRID.

Madrid! Madrid! the heart is faint with woe,
 To think on thee, degraded to the lair,
 Where lurks the dragon brood that breathe despair
 O'er hopes of Freedom, and forbid to blow;—
 No sooner do the buds begin to glow,
 Sweet to the scent, and to the vision fair,
 Than o'er them steals a pestilential air,
 Breath'd from thy caves, that withers the fair show.
 Madrid! Madrid! how long shall nations wonder,
 To know thee curs'd among abodes of men;
 Awake! arise! and burst thy chains asunder,
 Ere yet the storm cloud fall upon thee, when
 The vengeance of the free shall burst in thunder,
 To smite thee as of tyrants the dark den.

A SECTION ON TEA PARTIES.

O the joys of a tea party! the paradise of old ladies, and the seventh heaven of gossips and scandal-mongers! What would be the lives of Englishmen if tea parties were not? Old ladies we should have none, and, still more lamentable thought, gossips and scandal-mongers would fall away! Having no place to which they could fly to discharge the load from their breasts, they would at length sink dejected and broken hearted; or haply they might wander into other lands still involuntarily, and with melancholy pleasure heaping up news, yet knowing not who should gather them. Thus, in reference to them, we might use with slight variation the words of Shakspeare,

" They never told their news,
 " But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
 " Feed on their haggard cheeks; they pined in thought," &c.

None, indeed, but an Englishman can appreciate the delights of a true tea party. With what pleasing associations is it connected in his mind. The bare word conjures up visions of tattered reputations, newest fashions, newest news, deaths, marriages, suicides, murders, births, rapes, crim. cons., elopements, homicides, parricides, fratricides, infanticides, manslaughtering, overthrowing of monarchies, democracies, aristocracies, destruction of nations, abolition of Christianity, and all other religions, persuasions, and freethinkings, conversion of the Jews, ditto Turks, Infidels, and Heretics, miscellaneous matter, &c. &c. Such is the ample field of the information and speculation of the tea party. Broach whatever subject you will, you cannot go astray. Would you be fully certified whether the price of meat will or will not be raised or depressed a farthing in the pound at such a period, or whether the Catholics will or will not ultimately gain their end, or as to the likelihood or non-likelihood of a vicissitude in an article of fashion, or as to what is the final cause and effect of comets—the most profound calculations and discreet argumentations are entered into touching the matter, and you doubtless have it at length determined to your full, ample, and unqualified satisfaction. Hence then appears the utility and importance of the tea party: it is a kind of cabinet council, wherein every matter, be it ever so important, or ever so trivial, is settled and fixed; or, if I may be permitted to use the expression, it is a democratic aristocracy, wherein the opinion of the people is expressed, at the same time that it is qualified by prudent and discreet debate. It is, in brief, a conventicle, which if it *only* had the power of operation, or putting its resolutions into effect, would be the most potential in the world.

I shall now proceed to give an account of one of these meetings at which I was present a few evenings since. It was given by Lady Gabbleblab, of No. —, of — Street, Bath, which place, as every body knows, is the *urbs capitalis* of those meetings, which are appropriately defined to be " little social parties, where people meet " quite in a friendly way."

When I entered the apartment of No. —, — Street, many of the chairs forming the semicircle round the fire were unoccupied. Lady Gabbleblab, with her usual courtesy, rose to salute me.

"Dear Mr. Dimple," said she, "this is so kind of you —."

"Oh, Lady Gabbleblab!"

"And I fear you'll find it so stupid."

"Pray don't repeat that—stupid! My dear Lady Gabbleblab, you quite distress me; to suppose that any thing could be stupid where you —."

"Now, my dear Mr. Dimple, you are too kind."

"Lady Gabbleblab, you must not say so, really."

"O, Mr. Dimple, you know it is the common opinion that you are the most accommodating, most polite —."

"You overwhelm—you shock me —."

"Most accomplished—most amiable—most —."

"For heaven's sake, Lady —."

"But I repeat —."

"O no, no —."

"But I must declare —."

"Excuse me—but I cannot think of listening —."

"Mr. Dimple, the plain fact is —."

Here a fresh arrival diverted her ladyship's attention. "Dear Miss M'Scratch," said her ladyship to the new-comer, "this is so kind of you to come in this friendly way, and social intercourse is so delightful, but I am afraid you'll find it very stupid."

Miss M'Scratch, as in duty bound, would not admit this latter doubt.

"O, you are so kind," rejoined Lady G., "but how is dear Miss M'Shrill? I hope I am not to be deprived of the pleasure of seeing her?"

"I left Miss M'Shrill below arranging her hair at the glass; for my part, I am above the little arts of my sex in adorning my exterior."

Poor Miss M'Scratch! well might she have lost all care for external appearance, for if the whispering of certain persons is to be credited, she had experienced at least twelve lustres; added to which natural disfigurement, an unhandsome protuberance was attached to her back, her left organ of vision was damaged, the half the usual organ appeared to be abstracted, and the corner of her mouth was turned eye-ward by a whim of paralysis.

"But," she pursued, "Miss M'Shrill is very lively; I assure you I've a sad time with her, Lady Gabbleblab; I don't say much, but it isn't every one that would put up with Miss M'Shrill's whims."

As she spoke thus, the damaged eye was brought into action in a most equivocal manner.

"I'm quite vexed to hear you say so," returned Lady G.; "but between you and me, I always thought Miss M'Shrill did not behave quite well to you; bad temper I expect—not over correct—*ha!* yes, I understand. Oh, shameful! when every body knows what an amiable person you are, Miss M'Scratch; indeed Miss M'Shrill's conduct—my dearest Miss M'Shrill welcome!" (that lady at the

moment making her appearance), "I cannot express how delighted 'I am to see you."

More I heard not, for they retired to another part of the room to finish their questions. Shortly afterward the whole of the social party was assembled, in number about eight; nine is the charmed number; it should be neither more nor less, for if less it is feeble, impotent, and heavy at the same time; neither should it exceed the three times three, for it then becomes (as my friend Thingumbob says) neither the one thing nor the other; it loses its own peculiar order and regularity; there is no longer any chance of doing business in a decent, distinct, and satisfactory manner; it becomes hurry, wildness, and distraction all. Fancy, for example, a choice, tender, young reputation (the idea of which must make the mouth of every connoisseur of tea-parties water) stretched upon the dissecting board with ten or twelve, or, it may be, fourteen, eager to operate upon it; why, it would be impossible to go through the matter with any sort of regularity or precision--every one would have his instrument in it, and the thing would thus become mangled and torn to pieces; it would no longer be a subject, it would be fit only for the unskilful hacking and slashing of the benchers at a rout.

But I have digressed. The appearance of the tea-urn, or to speak quite correctly, perhaps I should say, the filling of the first round of cups, is the signal for entering upon the business of the evening. The previous space is allotted to enquiries after health of selves, wives, husbands, (as may be) &c., tender hopings that dear master or mistress has recovered from his or her fit of the gout or rheumatism, particular enquiries as to the cold of master or miss, and recommendations to take care of it, as the only means by which it may be got rid of, &c. &c.

"And pray what is going on in the world?" said Lady Gabbleblab to Mrs. Calendar, as she handed the lady her cup of wine; "you know I'm such an invalid, I never get out."

"Every thing as dull as possible," was the reply of Mrs. C. "not a word of news stirring;--I suppose you have heard that poor 'Lady Blowup has been taken-up?'"

"Taken up! good heavens, no!"

"Dear Mrs. Calendar," said Mrs. Gorgenewa, "I am at a loss 'to understand you--Lady Blowup has been buried these three 'days!'"

"Dear ma'am, what do you mean?" enquired a gentleman with a wooden leg, and an eye, which, from its fixedness, might have been likened to a planet.

"Surely you must have heard the circumstance," returned Mrs. Calendar; "she was taken-up last night from her grave, and I am 'told has been boiled and hung up to dry to-day."

"Dear, dear, how shocking!" exclaimed Lady Gabbleblab.

"Pray let us hear the particulars, my dear maiden," said Mrs. Crony; "this intelligence quite distresses me."

"Pray let us hear all about it," eagerly cried Mrs Garrulous.

Conticûre omnes intente ora tenebant.

There are few delights more exquisite than that of being the first to disclose an extraordinary fact, or to tell a wonderful story. Mrs. Calendar over and over again expressed her astonishment that they had not heard the circumstance, which preliminary is always used by *connoisseurs* to quicken, by forbearance, the appetites of the auditors.

"I can vouch for the truth of the fact," said she at length, "because it was told me by a lady (I shan't mention names), who was a particular friend of a gentleman, to whom the person who was accidentally a witness of the whole transaction confidently disclosed it. This gentleman was passing by Walcot Church at an early hour this morning on his way home; he was attracted by the glimpse of a dark lantern in the church-yard; he stopped and looked steadfastly towards the spot, but the darkness of the night prevented him from distinguishing more than the figures of two men; he paused, however, a few seconds, and presently the moon shining brightly, he plainly perceived the digging at a grave—"

"Well, well, and what then?"

"You shall hear; as I said before, he saw them digging at a grave; I believe I mentioned they were two men?"

"Yee---yes---go on," was the exclamation.

"Soon after he saw one man with his arm in the grave, apparently pulling something out—"

"That was Lady Blowup, I suppose?" cried Mrs. Gorgenews.

"It was no such thing; I shall come to that by and bye," replied Mrs. Calendar, with some acuteness; "well, the man who had his hand in the grave called to his companion to help him, and presently he saw—that is the gentleman you know—he saw—let me see—O yes! he saw a human body dragged out in a state of nudity! he then saw the two men fold it up, put it into a bag, and jump over the church-yard wall!"

This tale of darkness had manifest effects on its auditors, and expressions of horror occupied the ensuing five minutes.

"To think," resumed Mrs. Calendar, "to think of the splendor and style poor dear Lady Blowup lived in! to think of her balls and her parties, and her snug little social parties where we've so often met; it was only this day fortnight that I spent a quiet evening with her, and to think that they should be all gone, never more to return! such is this transitory world! such is the uncertainty of all sublunary things! to think that the poor dear soul should be dead, buried, and, as one may say, risen again, within one short week!"

A simultaneous "dear me!" backed up with some well got up sighs from most of the circle, followed this effusion; and, indeed, the gentleman of the leg and eye turned round to me and observed, "what an extremely sensible woman Mrs. Calendar was."

"And dear Miss M'Scratch, I hope you find your new servant of whom you spoke to me t'other day continue to your satisfaction?"

"O, Lady Gabbleblab," replied Miss M'S. "the vilest wretch that ever came within Christian doors! she hadn't been one week in my house, when two fellows had the impudence to come to the

"area gate and WHISTLE! I saw them---I saw the villains; so I immediately walked down to my kitchen, and, says I to Betsy, 'you slut, you trull, you baggage, you infamous insolent hussy, pack up your rage this instant and go out to your fellows, but set foot in my house again at your peril :---pray, now, don't you think I acted perfectly right, Lady Gabbleblab?"

"Perfectly right, to be sure you did, my dear ma'am, and with your usual good sense."

"Now, Lady Gabbleblab," interrupted Miss M'Shrill, "Grizzie runs away with the thing---"

"Pray what do I run away with, Miss M'Shrill, I'd be glad to know?" cried Miss M'Scratch, turning to her cousin with a look of defiance.

"Why you run away with the story, for the poor girl came to me crying, and declared they were only her brothers---"

"Brothers!" interrupted M'Scratch, with an expression of inconceivable scorn, "a pretty plausible story, indeed, you are gulled by: "I tell you what, Lady Gabbleblab, if I had not fortunately seen those fellows, that hussy would have let 'em into the house, and they'd have concealed themselves till night, when we were all asleep in our beds, and then robbed the house, and perhaps murdered us while we were little thinking of any such matter."

"How very dreadful!" sighed Mrs. Garrulous.

"Servants are come to a most horrid pitch indeed!" said Mrs. Gorgeneus; "for my part, I don't know what they want; I myself, by my account, find that I have had forty-four within these three months, besides two that ran away."

"It's the same with me," said Mrs. Calendar, "I find I can't keep a decent servant within my doors."

"For my part," affirmed M'Scratch, "I don't think there's a decent servant in England."

"Certainly the country is come to a dreadful state," said Mrs. Garrulous, "we hear of nothing but robberies, murders, and house-breakings, and people doing what they ought not to do; in my time we never heard of such things, but every thing is altered now."

"Ah! you may well say that," sighed Mr. Crony; "in my day every thing went on as it should, but every thing is altered now; I don't know how it will all end, but I *hope* (a boding look) it will turn out all for the best."

"So I do hope so too," observed Miss M'Scratch, with a look which spoke volumes; "I *hope* so---but I'm afraid---however I shan't say any thing---only I know what I know---I could tell something---but no matter---"

The spirit of curiosity was quickened at these dark sayings---heads were slightly inclined forward, and lips separated visibly portraying that feeling.

"I always thought you were a very sensible woman, Miss M'Scratch," said the gentleman with the leg and eye.

"Good gracious me," cried Miss M'Shrill; "what can you know Grizzie?"

"No matter what," answered Grizzie, with another look, which augmented the previous curiosity to a most agonizing pitch; "I'm not obliged to tell every body every thing that I know—but no matter"—I shan't say another word about it—its no use to talk; its buried "in my bosom, and there it shall remain."

"Dear, dear, what can it be?" cried several who were unable any longer to restrain themselves; "you know we are among friends; it will never go farther."

"Well—I don't know," said Miss M'Scratch, pausing musingly; "you must faithfully promise that it never shall go farther, and I don't mind if I do tell."

The promise was eagerly made.

"Why then," resumed the sibyl,—“a very sensible man who has read a great deal, and has a great quantity of knowledge—a very clever man indeed, and a particular friend of mine—well, he told me that the world was grown to such a pitch of wickedness that it could not last much longer—AND—” she paused with a most profound and mysterious expression of feature.

"And—what?" was the eager query.

"And—that according to his calculation, *it could not last more than eleven years and three quarters longer!*"

"Good gracious me!" cried Miss M'Shrill.

"Dear, how awful!" exclaimed Lady Gabbleblab.

"I hope I shall be dead and buried in my grave before that," ejaculated Mrs. Gorgenews.

"Only eleven years and three quarters, *and I have my house on a lease of fourteen!*" cried the alarmed Mrs. Calendar.

"Well, it can't be helped; we must all come to our end sooner or later," aspirated Mr. Crony.

The story of a monstrous birth followed this fearful prophecy; after which, a discussion arose among the ladies, as to whether flounces or tucks were to continue to be worn, and whether the shoulder-of-mutton sleeve would remain in vogue this season. This important matter being, after some animated debate, determined, the particulars of a crim. con. which had lately happened, were related; remarks upon, and agitations touching the impropriety of this practice, naturally ensued; after which, the conversation was led to the subject of gossiping, and remarks to the following purport were made thereon.

"Of all the shameful, dreadful things upon earth, I do think a gossip is the most dreadful," said Miss M'Scratch; "for my part, I have not patience to sit still in the presence of one of them."

"My dear madam," said he of the leg and eye, "they are the common nuisances of society."

"I perfectly agree with you," said Mrs. Gorgenews.

"I, as you know, have the greatest dislike to them," said Lady Gabbleblab, "and that is why I *would not* be on an intimate footing with Miss Tatler—I suppose, by the bye, you've heard the pretty story about her that is gone abroad? poor dear Mrs. Divulgit sat with me this morning nearly an hour (dear, kind creature), and told

"me all about it; it appears she's gone to live—you understand—ha, yes, exactly so---she's gone to *live* with that vile old wretch Grumpus, that horrid old profligate, and she's to have an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds a-year settled upon her for life; I declare I was quite shocked when I heard it; to think that a woman come to her time of life (people say she's the wrong side of fifty) should think of such things!"

"O the vile, shameful, shameless woman!" exclaimed Miss M'Scratch.

After some further vituperatory comments had been made upon Miss Tatler, various miscellaneous matters were treated of, but as they were of no particular interest, I do not think expedient to report them here. Precisely as the drowsy voice of the guardian of the night notified to all sober and discreet folks the arrival of the hour of ten, the conversation suddenly flagged, the ladies lifted their shawls from the backs of their chairs, and drew them across their shoulders, the gentlemen buttoned their coats from the nethermost to the topmost button, observations "that it was growing late" were made, and there were other symptoms of departure. Presently there was a general rise. Lady Gabbleblab was assailed with farewells, and protestations of the delightful evening which had been spent; to which her ladyship returned thanks for her friends' kindness, and regrettings that she could not make the evening *pass pleasanter*, but she hoped another time, &c. &c. The party then adjourned to the cloak room, where a new scene presented itself of damsels with lanterns, clogs, and cloaks, and boys with ditto ditto, waiting for their respective mistresses. Mrs. Garrulous and I were accidentally brought into contact in the packing-up room.

"What a very pleasant, delightful evening we have spent," said she; "these snug, little, social parties, are so much pleasanter than any other; don't you think so, Mr. Dimple?"

"Unquestionably, madam," was the reply.

"But poor, dear Lady Gabbleblab," resumed the lady, "she's a kind, good-natured, excellent soul, but one must own she's rather prosy and tiresome; but then," added she with an amiable extenuation, "she's old now, not far from seventy I should think, Mr. Dimple?"

"Perhaps about that."

"Well, good night, Mr. Dimple; we've had a very pleasant evening nevertheless, as every thing must be pleasant where you are—good night."

"You flatter me too much, my dear madam; I wish you good night."

HYACINTHUS DIMPLE.

STANZAS.

That we have loved, I'll not regret;
For to a life of weariness
Nought but thy love could e'er impart
One transient gleam of happiness.

And dismal had it been to dwell
 For years upon a world so fair,
 With such blue skies, and then to die,
 Nor meet one hour of pleasure there.

My childhood I almost forget ;
 I only know I loved thee well ;
 I've known too much of misery
 To wish upon the past to dwell.

Save one bright hour, the whole dark scene
 Of memory gladly would I rase ;—
 That hour my lute had touched thy soul ;
 Thy soft, full voice breathed words of praise :

They were the first of heartfelt praise
 That ever stole upon mine ear ;
 Oh how they thrilled my joyful breast !
 They had been sweet from one less dear.

And I, almost a child, had power
 To move a manly soul like thine ;
 Then proudly beat my heart : I thought
 That perfect happiness was mine.

But little, then, did I foresee
 The real bliss I since have proved ;
 For till I learned thy heart was mine,
 I never even knew I loved.

No word of love hath passed thy lips,
 But there was language in thine eye ;
 And mine hath read it, and too well,
 Unconsciously, made quick reply.

They surely know not joy, that say
 He dwells with hope or memory ;
 The really joyous heart is but
 Too full with present extacy.

The past had flown before thy glance,
 Like fairy elves from morning light ;
 I was beloved—I had commenced
 A fresh existence on that night ;

Gaily with thee, the dance I trod,
 Thine eyes beamed gladness on my face ;
 With all our dearest friends around,
 Could thoughts of future there find place ?

This may not be—I may not love—
 These dreams must yield to reason's sway ;
 If Love's bright sun for us is set,
 We yet may live in Friendship's ray.

They say her's is a purer flame,
 That flits not as Love's transient beam :
 Like her's, calm Hesper's lovely light ;
 Like his, the meteor's fiery gleam.

It may be true—then, let us hope
 That pleasure, yet, we both may know ;
 But, still, whene'er I think of thee,
 These tears, these foolish tears, *will flow.*

DIARY OF AN M. P.

March 1. There are traits in the Irish character which I ardently admire. My noble friend, Londonderry, no bad specimen. Has all the ingenuous warmth of temper, manly, above-boardness and chivalrous courage of the "sons of Erin." His son Castlereagh a second edition of him: made an excellent speech last night---Canning, Peel, and I complimented him on it. He is a worthy young fellow---one of us---will tell. I was much disappointed by the Master of the Rolls' Chancery speech: too tedious and monotonous by half: devilish borish to hear him often---hope he wont try. He is, I fear, but a special pleader after all. Brougham's attack on the old Chancellor more bitter than severe, and more pointed than effective. His lordship is what Paley calls a *trump*. To be sure no prodigal, or hater of place. His political errors after all---those of his profession;---his learning, integrity, judgment, and conscientiousness---his own. Too much of the old school---too great a *laudator temporis acti*---for the present administration; but he will not long trouble them. His opposition to Canning's prepotency in the Cabinet, impotent and senile---*No Go*, as Chesterfield elegantly and classically expresses it. Nothing talked of at Brookes's and White's but Lord Liverpool's successor, and the probable result of Sir F. Burdett's motion: 7 to 4 offered at Brookes's of a majority of 10---few takers. 3 to 1 readily taken at White's of a minority of 10. Lowther and Derry Dawson offer 2 to 1---a minority of 5. How preposterous the newspaper speculations as to the future head of the Ministry! One dubs Peel, First Lord of the Treasury; another denies that, asserting Bathurst will be the *nominal* while Peel will be the *actual* ruler of the state (some sense in that---Peel, I understand, is playing a deep game); another appoints Jeremy Bentham's step-son, Milord Colchester; another, Goulburn; and another, Lord Lansdowne; while the *Times* gravely asserts, the fight lies between the Commander-in-Chief and the Foreign Secretary. They are all pretty considerably amusingly wrong, I guess; and betray no little non-acquaintance with the parties. For, in the first place as to Peel, he is not, nor ever will be, fit to be at the head of affairs. His reputation is founded wholly on the division of labor, and is therefore incompatible with the variety of subjects which would occupy the attention of a Prime Minister. In a secondary station, his influence will always be first rate; in the first station, from want of depth and breadth of view, he would be nobody. There is too much artificialness and mechanical skill in Peel, for him ever to be more than a leader of a party; and but for that party, Peel's probable rank in the House would be lowly enough. What if at his onset he fell into our ranks? Would he be thought superior---nay, would he be thought equal---to Lord J. Russell, or Althorpe, or Milton, or even Spring Rice? not to talk of our heavy weights. And if he had sided with the liberal portion of the Cabinet, would he have occupied even Dawson's sub-secretaryship? Would he now enjoy the character for natural

and acquired endowments of Charles Grant? Even as it is, had he not officially brought forward measures which we matured and prepared to his hands, would Cam Hobhouse be chorassing his "solid and honorable reputation?" As to poor old Bathurst, the first cross-examination of the "noble lords on the cross bench" would kill him. The accession of Lansdowne in his stead would be advantageous. The noble Marquis's fluent readiness of words, and if not intelligibility, at least guessability, of meaning, would be a great relief after the misty mumblings of the Colonial Secretary; while his speeches, not being very much weighed down by heavy arguments, would not detract from their merits in their lordship's estimation. As to the "ould speaker," as Dick Martin calls Milord Colchester, when he will be virtually First Lord of the Treasury, I will be a saint, and the saints will be free from cant and love of the marvellous. Goulburn's name must have been put forward in satirical merriment. Prime Minister indeed! The wonder is, how he became the veriest subaltern of the Government: a man without any intellectual or family pretensions whatever---without even the low merit of being a useful mechanical plodder, and only distinguished from other bigots from instinct, by a petulant conceit that leads to ambitious projects, which, by directing some observation upon him, only render him the more contemptible.---The Times is utterly mistaken as to the Grand Duke's character. I know his Grace well, and pronounce him to be the antithesis of guile and wilyish-courtier intrigue. Wellington is a soldier, not a lawyer; and is a model of every thing straight forward and undeviating. There is certainly no love extraordinary between him and the Foreign Secretary; but I am convinced the fight---if fight there be---will be fair, standupish, and à-la-Hickman. But it is a mistake altogether to suppose that he is anxious to be Prime Minister. Londonderry tells me his only wish is to retain his seat in the Cabinet. Canning must be Prime Minister---the Administration cannot do without him; and neither my excellent friend, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, nor Huskisson, nor myself, will accept of office under any other leader. That fact settles the business.

2. Sorry to see Mr. Canning still so delicate; top of his forehead or occiput pale and ashy---bad sign. His long expected revelation of the designs of Ministers against the agricultural interests, smacks of the parturiunt montes, &c. after all. The change in the Corn Laws considerable, and will by no means satisfy the manufacturers, while it gives us no little uneasiness, the rather as nothing determinate has been done in regard to the currency, though the change goes to prevent the price of wheat ever exceeding 60s. per quarter: I entirely agree with my excellent, enlightened, and respected friend of Felix Hall*, as to the necessity of having an unfluctuating scheme of currency adopted before any alteration should be proposed in the Corn Laws. Why should 60s. be fixed as the maximum price of corn, till the value of that 60s. is determinate? 'Tis a pity the

* Letter to the Earl of Liverpool, on the causes of our present embarrassment, &c. &c., by C. C. Western, Esq. M. P. An able and perspicuous pamphlet.

currency question is not better understood in the House, and its connections with the Corn Laws not more felt out of doors. "It is time," says my clear minded friend, Mr. Western, "to deal fairly and openly with the public upon the subject of the currency; and let them know the variation to which it has been subject, and make them understand the influence that it has upon the price of commodities; that without a given proportion of currency or circulating medium, there never can be an adequate price for any product of industry and labor, nor for the wages of the labor. And that with an excess of currency the prices might be too high, or in other words, money too cheap or plentiful. They would then be able to discern when the price was discerned by scarcity or abundance of money, or a scarcity or abundance of any commodity itself. The public eye would thus be, as it ought to be, with a credit, or indeed any currency, devoutly upon the watch; and measuring it with the price of commodities, would keep it within bounds, or at least operate very powerfully towards doing so. A metallic standard then adopted upon a level with the present state and situations of the country, would, aided by public opinion, operate effectually. There is no class of people for whom I contend a just alteration of the standard is more necessary, than for the public creditors, and indeed creditors of every description. There is nothing else can prevent their being involved with their debtors in one common ruin." I regret my honorable friend has not given us the *rationale* of his facts and inferences—it would render his letter very valuable, though it might be foreign from its scope. 'Tis a great loss to the gentry and the yeomanry of England, that the member for Essex has not more power of voice and manner in his addresses to the House. Mr. Western speaks like one who was munching a crust while he was talking; the consequence is, his excellent matter and language is comparatively ineffectual. With his knowledge, extensive acquirements, and high character, but for elocutionary defects, he would be not only a main prop of the landed interest, but the influential leader of the "country gentlemen." His denunciation of the measures in their present shape, as a "most perilous experiment," I almost entirely assent to. My father assures me that for every million of quarters of foreign corn imported into this country, 250,000 acres of land would cease to be tilled, and 50,000 laborers would be thrown out of employment: would the manufacture of the goods sent in exchange for this corn, give employment not only to the distressed thousands of artisans, but also to these 50,000 agricultural laborers? I should like to hear Huskisson, the stern free-trader, answer the question. Can anything be more senseless and absurd than ascribing the distresses of the manufacturers to the price of corn. In February, 1825, the manufacturers were admitted to be at the zenith of prosperity and content; and yet what was the price of wheat? 68s. per quarter: what is it now? but 53s., and yet the picture is reversed. I am glad to see that fine, manly

* Let the public creditor consider too, that the public securities have always risen with an expansion of the currency and fallen with the contraction, and in no instance so striking as in that immediately before us.

energetic old man, Sir J. Newport, is bestirring himself about the question. The admission of foreign corn into this country would be the finishing blow to Ireland's misfortunes. If the annual supply of two millions of quarters be stopped from that country, half a million of lusty laborers, with their families, will be added to the mass of paupers that "congregate for animal heat," and eke out a wretched animal existence in that fertile and beautiful island. Mr. Fergusson, and other Scotch members, emphatically protest against fixing 30s. as the maximum price of barley, with a duty of 10s. on the foreign grain; and 21s. as the price of oats, with a duty of 7s.---These well-informed gentlemen declare, that at least one-third of the tillage of Scotland would be destroyed by the measure, as it applies to these two, the staple grains of the Land of Cakes; and I firmly believe them, and maintain that nothing less than 32s., with a protecting duty of at least 12s. for barley; and 24s., with a like duty of 6s. on foreign oats, will remunerate the Scotch agriculturist. The average of price besides should be taken monthly, and not weekly; otherwise there will be no end to the commercial frauds, which will be resorted to under any law, of the factors and corn merchants. I hope some of my honorable friends will profit by those hints, and force them upon the attention of the House. I solemnly declare that I cannot ascertain Sir F. Burdett's real feelings in the measure. He appears actually not to know them himself, illustrating Shakspeare's

"Though inclination be as sharp as will,"

most forcibly. His inclination naturally persuades him to preserve the aristocratic station of his birth, by opposing "any alteration in "the Corn Laws," while his will urges him to maintain his radical consistency by advocating the repeal. It strikes me, he will fail in both his ends, and render himself obnoxious to both parties.

4. Read Butler's Reminiscences, laughed much at the tender affections between old wiggy Parr and the worthy reminiscent. "Dear "and excellent Butler," says wiggy; "Honored and very dear sir," replies the papist; "Most learned and most excellent sir," says the one; "Most honored and most dear sir," rejoins the other. What interesting Damon-and-Pythiasism! Mr. Butler seems to be a very worthy man, but most borishly stupidly free from faults and energetic virtues, moral and intellectual. Old as he is, he has much of the school-boy in him. Parr aped Johnson even in his epistles. He thought himself evidently a second Johnson, and meditated writing the great moralist's life. "The materials for it," says Parr, "are now "collected; but a *mind congenial* to the Doctor's own has not yet "rendered them into a proper form." I never heard anything of Parr above *par*; but his reply to Sir J. Mackintosh, which, for the benefit of those who have not heard it, and in *perpetuum memoriam rei*, I will notice in the *Inspector*. Parr, his wig, and Sir James met at dinner at Lord Holland's (a very stupid place, say what they will) shortly after a Mr. O'Quigley's execution. The Doctor said something palliative of O'Quigley's conduct, to the no slight horrification of his companion, who rejoined that O'Q. was "as bad a man as could pos-

"sibly be, in every point given." "No, no, Jemmy," replied Parr, "not so bad as a man could possibly be neither, Jemmy! for recollect O'Quigley was a priest, he *might have been a lawyer*; he was an Irishman, he *might have been a Scotchman*; he was consistent; Jemmy, he *might have been an Apostate*;" alluding to some convenient modification lately introduced by the author of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, into his more recent political opinions. Even this has more of Johnson's rudeness than his wit. Met Clarrickarde—become quite a diplomatist—glad of it—will wean his mind from his wild pranks—a well disposed fellow. Tells me Dick Martin will lose his election—sorry for it; will kill the old man, to whom the House is a habit of life, and who cannot substitute his Smithfield humanity, in the regard of certain shepherds that have, I understand, taken Peter Moore into their special keeping.

5. Lost the fun at Brookes's—don't know that Raikes—think he did very right. Lawyers should not make their gown a petticoat to excuse their unnecessary personalities. Of all men, Brougham should be the last, though he is ever the first, to go out of his way to mangle the feelings of others—not over ready to go out of his way to Chalk-farm—it in return. Spring Rice seems to be pacificator-general to the whigs—gets himself into ugly predicaments by it. Vexed the reporters last session on his peace-making between Sir H. Harding and Dr. Lushington, consequently not a word uttered during the session appeared in print, and he was very near losing his election for his mute eloquence. Summoned for Wednesday to Brookes's on the business. Old Lord Fitzwilliam to take the chair; a truly venerable and respectable nobleman, a nobleman after Dryden's heart.

"The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth."

By the way, how strangely misapplied from its strict import, is the word—nobleman. We use it rather as the synonyme of patrician descent, and as the antagonist term of plebeian; while in truth it more means one that is not a patrician, but is ennobled from having filled certain judicial or magisterial offices. The law lords, therefore, are the only true noblemen in the House of Peers, though considered by us patricians as the least noble. This distinction prevailed even in ancient Rome. The title of patrician belonged only in a proper sense to the families of which the senate was composed in the earliest times, either of the Kings, or the first Consuls, before the Commons had obtained a promiscuous admission to the public honors, and by that means into the senate. All other families, how considerable soever, were styled plebeian. *Patrician*, then, and *plebeian* are properly *opposed* to each other, but *noble common* to them both; for the character of nobility was wholly derived from the curule magistracies which any family had borne; and those which could boast of the greatest number, were always accounted the noblest; "so that," says Middleton, "many *plebeians surpassed the patricians themselves in the point of nobility*." The last batch of Peers the most credible to the monarch of any made since the time of the Tudors; all gentlemen, all men of

character, of honorable descent, of elegant and literary tastes and endowments, and of fortune equal to the dignity. Stuart Wortley, now my most esteemed Lord Wharncliffe, a good sample of the best quality of the English country squire. Independent in his fortune and principles, proud of his ancient pedigree, a constitutional, upright, unlawyerish magistrate, a good sportsman, and Yorkshire to boot. My friend's foible is, that he thinks he is an orator and a statesman; though no fool, he is innocent of either. He is game lawing it in the House of Peers à la methodist Suffield---he'd better not meddle with it. I must take up the subject myself. (By the way, a good article on the subject in the last month's Inspector.) Sir C. Long and Sir J. Lancaster, (now Lords Farnborough and De Tabley,) are such a virtuous pair, that I must leave them to the historian of picture galleries and the fine arts. I regret exceedingly that I have not the honor of C. R. Ellis's (now Lord Seaford,) bona-fide acquaintance. I only know him from his sound and able speeches on the West Indian subjects, and from having occasionally met him at Lord Granville's, at Paris, but every body knows him as the confidential friend and adviser of Mr. Canning; and it has been said that the Right Hon. Secretary himself, with all his genius, is not a little indebted to the judgment of his friend, for aiding him in some difficult emergencies of his life. I can readily believe it. I have often admired the tact of his West Indian speeches. His cause was the most unpopular one to defend, and yet he never committed himself, or his party,---while his character, in itself, made all the declamation of Messrs. Brougham and Dr. Lushington against West Indian feelings and reputations, mere *bruta fulmina*. He was slightly tainted by a hyper-refinement that bordered on the fastidious. His disposition appeared to me very Coriolanish, too proud to be popular I suspect---cut out for a lord. What a noble looking family his is---I met "handsome Augustus" (as they call him at Seaford) at Plymouth.

6. And is the notorious John Wilks to sit in the British legislature? Is the synonyme of low Stock Exchange trick---of successful joint stock company gambling---of vile attorney chicane---to sit cheek by jowl with all that is illustrious of talent, station, character, birth, and fortune in the land, to be one of the Commons of England? But that I am unwilling to bring the proprietors of the Inspector into expensive contact with the fellow---as the greater the truth the greater the libel---I would denounce the idea, and endeavour to have the vile pettyfogging mass of the most barefaced impudence scouted from our benches. What cause can that man take in hand that will not be polluted by his touch? What measure will not be disgraced by his vote? Shakspeare's bold expression is but a tame commentary upon this man's career---

"Fortune upon his damned quarrel smiling,
Showed like a *****'s whore."

Would Mr. Pitt, in his extremest anxiety to muster commercial parasites, sit in the House with such a person? Is it not enough to make the great Lord Chatham tremble from indignation in his grave, swell

with lofty rage, "burst his cerements," stalk into the House, and annihilate the brazen monster with his proud contempt? I solemnly declare I will not speak to any member who sits on the same bench with him. If report be true, that Peel is countenancing the fellow for the sake of his vote against the Catholics, the Home Secretary's fair fame is gone for ever. But I don't believe it; Peel was bred in Harrow.

I am far from agreeing with Ashley, Lowther, and others, that Sir F. Burdett's speech was, all things considered, somewhat of a failure. The worst sentence in it is beyond the combined efforts of their lives. It was just what I expected from him, knowing him as I do, bearing on its very defects the impress of his lofty minded "in-born worth," and of his refined, indolent, and contemplative intellect. In tone, it bore all the moderation of a man whose love of liberty is "not of these days," deeper even than conviction of the injustice of oppression, and in whom the philanthropic fires of youth have been more chilled by the philosophic melancholy which a continued experience of the general worthlessness of the mob of mankind generates, than exhausted by age, or extinguished by disappointment. In argument, it was rich even to prodigality; in construction, the mastery rivulets of sentences betokened the inexhaustible fulness of the spring, while the irregularity of their flowings and endings, declared that their channels were not prepared before hand, and that their locality (so to speak) was accidental and effected without pre-arrangement. This is the evil consequence of the Hon. Baronet's indolent disposition, or rather, perhaps, of that procrastinative reflecting habit, which metaphysical studies, and a feeling of fulness and conscious ability, seldom fail to generate. Sir F. Burdett is a first love of mine. Long before I became acquainted with him, when a boy, I made up my mind to the belief, that the best qualities of Coriolanus, Sir Philip Sydney, and William Hampden were united in his character. He is, I believe, the only public man in whom my early predilections have been realized: I esteem him, the more I know him. His countenance, his manner, and his voice, are peculiarly expressive of his rare union of the highest powers of intellect, with the most generous feelings of the heart. I trust his honorable efforts for the welfare of Ireland will be ultimately crowned with success, though I fear otherwise on the present occasion. It surprises me that George Dawson is such a bigot; for, politics apart, I don't know a better hearted fellow. His speech last night was delivered in such an ultra tone of party vituperation, that its effect was neutralized by its absurd virulence. Was up at Bellamy's when G. Bankes was on his legs---heard his speech as usual---presuming and superficial. Heard a dead set to be made at Canning to night.

7. So the Catholic question is lost? Insurrection, and murder, and hanging, and general misery and discontent to be still the order of the day in Ireland, and all from the fallacies of words, and the bugbears of the nursery, and above either, because the Catholic Association, indeed, have not been complimenting their sworn enemies, and the Catholic priesthood have not forsooth been aiding their deadliest foes! because, in fact, the Catholics have shown they are not the

degraded beings their oppressors would fain make them ! All admit the *principle*, but oppose its adoption as dangerous to the Protestant Constitution. I asked Peel, at his father's at Staffordshire, what he meant by "Protestant Constitution ?" and he could not answer me, nor any one I ever put the question to, except, indeed, George Dawson, who honestly avows by Protestant Constitution, is meant Protestant Ascendancy---that is, Orange oppression. The question is not as to the absurdity of the Catholic tenets, for that is undeniable, or whether the Protestant or the Catholic religion is the best ; but the question for us Englishmen to determine is, which is the best way of governing the people of Ireland, a large majority of whom are, and will be Catholics ; whether by extending to them the blessings of the Constitution, without repairing, but actually strengthening it, they will be made better or worse subjects ; whether their attachment to British interests will be diminished by good instead of ill treatment ? Admitting the expediency of the laws against the Catholics of Elizabeth and the Stuarts, at the time of their government, the question is, are they applicable to the present time ? Sir J. Copley and Mr. Peel, and a higher authority than either, Lord Liverpool, admit not. The question then is, is there any thing in the religious veneration of the virgin, or the doctrine of the mass, so diabolically dangerous to the Constitution, that it would be unsafe to admit Mr. C. Butler to be along side of Mr. M. P. Battley, the Duke of Norfolk with Lord Winchelsea, or Lord Surrey with Mr. Sudbury Wilks ?---No, but then the "Pope" and Guy Fawkes, and the Gunpowder Plot," and Jack the Giant-killer, and the *premunire*. What is the great argument, the insurmountable objection, the terrific danger, against which there cannot be provided an adequate security ? That's the fee-faw-fum, which "frights the isle from her propriety ;" there the "conscientious conviction," the "overwhelming arguments," for keeping one-third of the population without the pale of a free Constitution. But there's a Providence in the falling of a sparrow : it cannot last long ; and it will be a problem with our posterity, not easy to solve, why the senate of a "thinking people," the guardians of a boastedly "free" Constitution, were in the nineteenth century influenced by such absurdities, and actuated by such narrow-minded intolerance*.

I dont think much of any speech delivered on the subject. The Master of the Rolls's, a plausible jury statement, from the brief of Dr. Philpotts---nothing senatorial, in either the matter or manner of it. Plunkett's, effective ; more, I think, from its direct appeal to common sense, and oratorical variety, than its sustained power. Peel's, an elegant piece of haberdashery. Brougham's, forcible, but declamatory ; and Canning's, energetic, but more characterized by its soreness and intense sneering, than for its wit or burning eloquence. I never saw any man so much affected as he was by the result. Between it, Lord Liverpool's and his own illness, I fear for his convalescence. Nothing consoled me but Wilks's voting just after Ashley. "Mr. John Wilks," "Lord Ashley!!" Dont pity Ashley ; wanted him to vote with me and Howie.

* We beg leave once for all to disclaim all participation in, or responsibility for, our M. P.'s opinions.
THE INSPECTORS.

10. Read Sir H. Taylor's Last Days of the Duke of York with the most intense interest : a most interesting chapter in the history of human nature---the love of life balancing his heroic dreadless gaze at the approach of death---incredulousness alternating with desponding anxiety---the human catching at the straws of hope, prevailing to the last over the most perfect religious resignation---all colored by the singleness of heart, unchangeable amiableness of disposition, and deep sincere piety, of the illustrious deceased. Notwithstanding its tendency to, if possible, increase the general esteem for the truly-lamented prince, I question if it do not supply his political opponents ---he had no personal enemies---with some formidable weapons of assault against the unartificialness of his fortitude :---there is too much unqualified anxiety to live---too much leaning on the mere ceremonies of the Church for support---in the narrative, for the character of an ideal Christian soldier. By the way, it struck me forcibly, the Lutheran---I was going to say Romish---veneration of his Royal Highness for the Sacramental Communion. I question if the shades of difference between his *consubstantiative* and the Catholic *transubstantiative* doctrine of the Sacrament, were as marked as a follower of Zuinglius might have wished. He would evidently have been a plastic material in the hands of an ambitious designing clergy ; much more so than the present Heir-Presumptive. Talking of the Duke of Clarence, I cannot but condemn the continued petulant obstinacy of honorable members to the proposed addition to his income. Althorpe, Milton, and Tavistock have acted a manly part in protesting at first against the principle, and then ceasing to ungraciously oppose its subsequent progress. I told Althorpe and Milton so. I heard but one good argument against it last night---that of Davies Davenport and my friend Sir R. Heron---of which, by the way, not a syllable in the newspapers. It is---that when Lord H. Petty (the present Marquis of Lansdowne) was proposing, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1806, an increase to the duke's settlement, he stated his sole object was not to increase it virtually, but nominally---that the proposed addition was merely a recompense for the then depreciated currency. That being the case, if the original settlement were sufficient, when the currency became improved, and raised in value, the noble lord should have proposed a nominal reduction ; but as he had not the virtual as well as nominal increase of the duke's revenue had anticipated his Royal Highnesses claims as Heir Presumptive. I was not aware of this important fact, otherwise might have voted with Althorpe. So the Duke has become an advocate for emancipation. Stourtown told me so months since, but I doubted his reasons. His Royal Highness views it as I do---not as the positive, but as the negative, condition of Ireland's peace and prosperity---that is, that it is comparatively nothing one way or the other, taken by itself ; but is the essential preliminary step to the introduction of more important and more salutary measures. He means to grant it as a royal boon---in the event of his succession to the throne. I trust his wise policy will have been anticipated in the meantime.

12. We " landed interest " are going it gallantly in the House

---carrying every thing we wish---not hearing any body we dont like ---very galling to the cockney political economists. I am surprised to hear a shrewd, sensible man like Milton talk such nonsense as he does on the subject. Denying in the teeth of facts and sound theory, that the agriculturists are the heaviest taxed class in the community. What are the average rates paid by the landed interest? 4,892,000*l.* per annum. What the average levied on the manufacturers? but 259,000*l.* The only good thing I ever heard that Calcraft utter, was when Milton asked what did a "remunerative price mean?" that considered as it might, it resolved itself into the attainment of "ample rents." Calcraft replied, "It was 3 per cent. on the money vested in the land, and 5 per cent. upon the capital expended upon it." Calcraft is right. I wish he was more modest---I might be inclined to countenance him. Milton's next assumption is equally absurd---that tythes are not a tax paid out of rent, but, like all other taxes on agriculture, by the consumer of corn. I am by no means a worshipper of the theories of the "Philosophers" of the Ricardo and M'Culloch school; but if any of them be perfect in argument, and corroborated by fact, it is that tythes must be invariably paid out of rent, as must the largest proportion of the taxes on agriculture. It would be easy to demonstrate that these taxes have as little to say to the cost of producing corn, and therefore to the price of consuming it, as those on tobacco, nutmegs, or Bohea tea. Let tythes suffice it for the present. If tythes were a tax upon production, tythes should be levied on all land that produces. But tythes are not levied on all the land which produces corn; for at least a *third* of the land of England and Wales is exempt from the burden of tythe, *exclusive* of considerable tracts in Ireland, and of the *whole* of Scotland. What are the consequences of this fact? That it is highly absurd to suppose that the cultivators of the tythed lands have had any power so to narrow the supply of corn brought to market, as to throw any considerable portion of the burden of tythes on the consumers. Had the expense of tythe-free land been inconsiderable, they might have thrown the greater part of it upon them; but when they have had to enter into competition, not with a few, but with a third of the cultivators of England, and all those of Scotland, it is obvious "*that the price of corn must have been regulated by the price for which it can be raised on the last lands cultivated that are free from tythe*," and not by what it could be raised for on the last lands cultivated that are subject to that change. The same might be demonstrated of the poor rate, if the fact did not speak for itself; of the land-tax, county rates; and other peculiar taxes on agriculture.

13. The murder is out: Copley's an oration for the Chancellor's medal; Canning's life, 13 to 1½ worse than Peel's, therefore 13 chances to 1½ in favor of Peel's cabinet prepotency. Canning will ---must be---after all the intriguing, the Premier. Nobody else fit for it. Serve under Peel---a 74 strike to a merchantman---then is doomsday near!

15. I repeat again and again, that the Corn Laws cannot be with safety touched till the currency is decided. I trust the writer of the dialogue between Adam Smith and Ricardo, will state the question fully; would recommend him to be more elementary in his arguments, rather abstrusish--had to read him three times over before I thoroughly understood him. 'Tis astonishing the general ignorance on the subject. Not five men in the House understand a principle of it. There is Huskisson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Tierney, Sir H. Parnell, and I, and perhaps two or three more. What words, words about "over issue," and "depreciated currency." Paper issues displace their own value (I mean current) of coin; and there cannot be an over issue as long as the currency is not lowered in value; and it cannot be lowered in value as long as paper displaces coin, that is, as long as there is a gold sovereign in the country. There is the argument in a nut shell: let the dialoguist give the rationale.

17. Shade of Charles James Fox rest in peace. I never over-rated your abilities; but still feel indignant. "I rise, sir, to repel the insinuations against the conduct of my dearly lamented Right Hon. Friend, &c. &c." C. J. Fox defended by Mr. John Calcraft! an eagle defended by a tom-tit; a lion by a little mangy cur; *O tempora, O mores, O modesty, O matchless impudence!*

20. I have not been able to stir from the cursed election committee: I am actually fagged to death, and all to get in that note of interrogation, Mr. Fysche Palmer.

22. The Chancellor indignant at Plunkett's attack upon that "most audacious forgery," the Pitt Club, and upon the "Reformation Crusade." Great schism behind the scenes---now or never, friend Canning. By the way, were I to become the "Peter the Hermit" of the religious crusade against Popery, I would circulate at least equally with the Bible, Don Quixote, the most profound satire upon the Catholic religion that ever came from the pen of man. Miss Dulcinea del Toboso was the immaculate peerless virgin, to doubt whose perfections and charms was death. Charles V. was the Knight of La Mancha, devoting his labors and vigils, his wars and treaties, to the chimerical idea of making all minds, like watches, bear their indexes by a simultaneous movement to one point. The windmills and giants were the different sects of Christianity; and my old friend Sancho was the symbol of the people, possessing sound sense in all other matters, but ready to follow the most extravagant visionary in this, and combining implicit belief in it with the grossest sensuality. For "religion, when it is hot enough to produce enthusiasm, burns up and kills every seed entrusted to its bosom." To say that Don Quixote was an attack upon knight errantry, is absurd in the extreme; for knight errantry was then dead for more than a century. Cervantes delighted his romance readers by his caricature of the false taste of his rivals and predecessors; and his own heart by his solitary archery, well knowing what amusement those who came after him would have in picking up his arrows, and discovering the bull's eye hits.

THE RETURNING WANDERER.

Yes, those must be the cliffs of white
 Which mark my native shore,
 Unless a mist deludes my sight,
 As it has done before ;
 And hark ! Oh yes, indeed I hear
 The breaking waves resound
 Far o'er the beach—adieu to fear,
 Yon ! yon ! is English ground.

With joy I see yon white peaks hold
 No commerce with the skies,
 And my glad heart in hope grows bold
 Soon to see woodlands rise ;
 Full many an hour in early years
 I spent 'neath yonder brow,
 Oh ! 'twould repay an age of tears
 To feel as I feel now.

My Emma, does thy once fond heart
 Beat still unchang'd for me ?
 For neither weal nor woe could part
 From mine its faith to thee ;
 Hope whispers still that thy sad sigh
 Has echo'd still to mine,
 And that thou hast with tearful eye
 Gaz'd watchful o'er the brine.

This very eve beneath yon hills
 My aged parent's ear
 Shall catch each sound blue ether fills,
 And joy shall conquer fear ;
 In his fond smile I hope to find
 Each venial fault forgiven,
 And love and friendship thus combin'd
 Will make of earth a heaven.

Blow fresher yet propitious breeze,
 I long to view the strand,
 And once again the proud oak trees
 Which shade my native land ;
 And should amidst the starlight pale
 Bright lunar shed no ray,
 Each glitt'ring orb I'll gladly hail
 To guide my homeward way.

E. B.

Review.

Stories of Chivalry and Romance.—Longman & Co.

This really seems to us to be a pretty book with a pretty title. There is not a man whose heart is in the right place, or his head in a right condition, that will not like to be told of a book of 300 pages containing six very well written and descriptive tales. For our parts, we wish they had been less in number, so that they might have been longer; the great brevity with which they have necessarily been treated, has led the author into most of the conspicuous faults which are to be observed. The prevailing fault in all of them, more or less, is, that the author relies more upon his powers of description, than any art or contrivance in the story. We are told this is the first essay of the author, and we almost fear that he is inclined to neglect giving the form of the story a sufficient consideration with a view of making it intelligible and interesting, and to rest upon flowing and somewhat verbose description as a compensation. If he appear again before the public, which we have no doubt he will be encouraged to do, he must bestow a greater share of contrivance in the construction of his plot and incident. In works of this nature, nothing can atone for a want of these. For example, in the first tale, "*Jacques de Wilton*," there is, as the young ladies say, hardly a grain of love. The idea of a knight presenting the prize he had won in a tourney to his *sister*! A story of chivalry without love, or only fraternal love! But notwithstanding many conspicuous faults in the forms of the stories, the whole are extremely well and unaffectedly written, and will afford pleasure, we think, to readers of every class. There is some very pretty poetry interspersing the stories. We can only afford room for two short extracts from the story of "*The Knight of the Plumeless Helm*," which we consider the best of the six. For a specimen of the prose style, we may select the account the hero Gaston de Biern relates to his page of his life and present intentions.

"Nor will I give thee any longer cause to think that I suspect thy loyalty: attend then, while I gratify thy wish. Eight years ago,---young as thou art, thou may'st perhaps remember it---my liege, the warlike Edward, wrested from my hold the fair possessions of my ancestors---I was branded with the foul name of rebel, unknighthed, and imprisoned. Justice is sometimes deaf as well as blind.---Whilst our gallant sovereign tarried upon his return from Palestine, at the Sicilian court of Charles, his lady, Eleanor, received into her train the fairest and the proudest of the daughters of Britain: among them was one, whose matchless beauty fired my soul with love. I asserted successively the superiority of her charms in the tourney and the joust, using all honorable means to merit her affection; and not altogether in vain, if this memorial prove not the pledge of falsehood;"---(here Sir Gaston, ungauntleted his hand, exhibited to his page a ring formed of a plaited lock of dark-brown hair, ornamented with a small bright topaz.)---"*John de Langeville*," he continued, "was my rival in the maiden's love; and jealous of the preference shewn me, resolved upon my ruin. He whispered vague rumours into Edward's ear, touching my visits to the queen's apartments; and my liege lord, in the full presence of his knightly court, charged me with treason! Indignant and enraged, I swore the charge was false, and in an unguarded moment, threw down the gauntlet at my accuser's feet. Thereat the king, who brooked not this outrageous insult, bade those around disarm me; but I felled to the earth the craven knights who

sought to execute the royal mandate, and flying from the scene of my disgrace, arrived at home in safety. I prepared my castle for a stout defence; but the united arms of England were too powerful for a Gascon knight to withstand. In a few days, the banner of St. George floated above my towers; I was deprived of my inheritance and my sword, the proudest badge of knighthood; and immured, as thou knowest, in the dark dungeons of Winchester; from which, thank heaven, we have at length escaped! This day, so runs the romance, the knightly sports of the Lord Mortimer commenced at Kemplworth, where, if my information be correct, the royal Edward should preside; him I am resolved to seek; and, either obtain his pardon, or fall beneath his lance. One day is already lost; but if fortune prove propitious, to-morrow's sun shall see him in the lists. Should imprisonment have so far unnerved my arm as to deprive me of the power of victory, and I fall, do thou preserve the ring which I have shewn thee; and should'st thou ever discover its lovely owner, restore it, and tell her that Gaston de Biern was foully belied, and parted with her gift but with his life.

The song of the Fairies near the sleeping Knight, has, we think, considerable spirit.

SONG.

"MERRILY, cheerily, spirits that shun
The garish light of the noonday sun,
And gaze of mortal eye;
The grass is wet with the sparkling dew,
And the stars are looking about for you,
As they wander along through their fields of blue,
Bright fairies of the sky!

"Come to the revel with dance and glee,
Ye that reside in the green-wood tree,
And you who dwell below,
In secret grottoes, and gem-lit mines,
Where the ruby glares, and the diamond shines,
And footstep of mortal ne'er marred those designs
Which only fairies know!

"Behold a knight in the holy shade
Of your favorite oak is sleeping laid—
Sweet may his slumbers prove!
His dreams, be they all of martial-glee,
And the conqueror's wreath, where beauty's eyes
Enhance the worth of the glittering prize,
And fires the soul with love!

"Sleep on, Sir Knight, you have nought to fear
From the blunted sword, the pointless spear,
Of tilt or wild melee;
Princes to-morrow shall envy thy crown,
And sigh for a lance to equal thine own,
In knightly achievements and deeds of renown,
'Mid valour's proud array!

"Fare ye well, fare ye well, lance and sword,
The warning voice of the night's own bird,
That speaks of coming day,
Summons us hence to the peaceful realm,
Where pleasure unceasing all cares o'erwhelm,
Then fare ye well, Knight of the Plumeless Helm,
Spirits, away, away!"

Altogether, as we said, it is a pretty book.

Wallenstein, a Dramatic Poem, from the German of Frederick Schiller. Cadell and Co. Edinburgh, and Simpkin and Marshall, London.

A critic, in an article on "Historical Romance," in the last number of the Quarterly Review, referring to Coleridge's translation of the master-piece of Schiller's genius, is pleased to observe, "some gentleman has lately been so very superfluous as to give another version of Wallenstein in blank verse; we have not met with this courageous essay." To this *superfluous* and ill-natured remark, we will reply in the words of the translator, who modestly says,

"The translator has never yet seen the previous translations of these Dramas by Mr. Coleridge, and is acquainted with it only by having several years ago perused some extracts, which were then published in a periodical work. But the impression produced by the perusal of these passages would have been sufficient to deter him from this attempt, had he not understood that the translation of Mr. Coleridge, being executed from a manuscript copy, differs essentially from the play as it now exists with the final corrections of Schiller. He understands, from those who have had an opportunity of comparing the translations with the original, that not only is the arrangement of the acts and scenes materially altered, but also, that many passages in the translation were subsequently rejected by the critical taste of Schiller; while many others, some of which are among the finest in the play, are not to be traced at all in the translation of Mr. Coleridge. Had there been any probability that Mr. Coleridge would himself have been induced to revise and re-model his work, the translator would have willingly left the subject in abler hands; but as that gentleman seems to have declined the task, the present attempt to exhibit the masterpiece of the German drama, as finally corrected by Schiller, is submitted to the public."

In addition to these very satisfactory reasons, why a new translation of the Piccolomini is not *superfluous*, and that therefore the gentleman who wrote it is not *superfluous**, as many observe that Coleridge's translation has long been out of print, and is to the very great majority of English readers perfectly inaccessible. We should, therefore, have considered, that the author of the present version had performed a very acceptable service to the lovers both of German and of English literature, by thus supplying what has long been a desideratum, even were his translation less spirited and elegant than it certainly is.

It is now many years since we read Coleridge's translation, but by comparing these portions of this version, which correspond with the extracts given from Coleridge's in the Quarterly Review, we have not the slightest hesitation in saying, that the present translator has nothing whatever to fear from the comparison, even as to the poetical spirit in which he has rendered the lofty and imaginative spirit of his original. In fidelity, he is immeasurably his superior, as might be easily inferred, since Coleridge executed his work, as the Reviewer acknowledges, from a *theatrical manager's MS.*—a circumstance which of itself would be sufficient to justify any subsequent attempt; but we repeat, the present work deserves far higher praise. It is in all places correct, it is generally elegant, and in some portions rises even to a par with Schiller. Those passages of Schiller, in

* A "*superfluous gentleman*," is an odd expression for a Quarterly Reviewer.

which he is more than usually poetical, have evidently excited the ambition of his translator, and that he is far from being unsuccessful, the following extracts will, we think, prove to our readers. It is taken from the scene between Thekla and Max Piccolomini, and commences with the description of the hall in which Wallenstein was accustomed to consult the stars. It is necessary, perhaps, for some of our readers, to tell them, that Thekla and Max have imbibed for each other a pure and holy affection, which is found to be unsuccessful, owing to the pride, the ambition, and the treachery of their respective parents.

THEKLA.

I felt a singular sensation on me,
When from the glare of day I enter'd in,
For darkest night encompass'd me at once,
Half lighted by a strange and glimmering gleam.
Ranged in a semicircle, round me stood
Some six or seven tall kingly forms, that held
A sceptre in their hands, and on their heads
Each bore a star display'd, and all the light
Within the tower seem'd from these stars to stream.
These were the planets, my conductor told me,
That rule our fate, and thence are crown'd as kings.
The outermost, a gloomy, care-worn greybeard,
With the dull-clouded yellow star, was SATURN;
He with the deep-red glow, that fronted him,
In warrior like accoutrement, was MARS—
And both were evil-boding stars to man;
But by his side a lovely woman stood,
Soft gleam'd the star above her queenly head,
And this was VENUS, the bright star of joy.
On the left hand was winged MERCURY;
Full in the centre shone, in silver light,
A cheerful man, with kingly countenance,
And that was JUPITER, my father's star,
And Sun and Moon were pictured by his side.

MAX.

O, never will I smile at his belief
In starry influence and ghostly might.
'Tis not alone man's *pride* that peoples space
With visionary forms and mytic powers;
But for the *loving* heart, this common nature
Is all too narrow, and a deeper meaning
Lies in the fables of our childish years,
Than in the truer lore of after life.
The lovely world of wonder 'tis, alone,
That echoes back the heart's ecstatic feeling,
That spreads for men its everlasting room,
And with the waving of its thousand branches
Rocks the enchanted spirit to repose.
The world of fable is Love's home; he dwells
Gladly with fays and talismans, and gladly
Believes in gods, for he himself is godlike.
The fairy shapes of fable are no more;
The deities of old have wander'd out;
But still the heart must have a language, still
The early names come back with early feelings;
And in the starry heaven we seek those forms,
That friendly once in life have walk'd beside us.

Still from yon sky they smile on lovers down,
And all that's great on earth even now is sent us
From Jupiter, from Venus all that's fair!

THEKLA.

Is that astrology? if so, with joy
To this consoling faith I am a convert.
It is a lovely and a gladd'ning thought,
That, in the boundless realms of space above us,
A crown of love, entwined of sparkling stars,
Was wreathed for us even in our first existence.

COUNTESS.

But heaven hath thorns as well as roses too,
And well for thee if thou escap'st their sting.
What Venus twin'd, the harbinger of joy,
May Mars, the star of evil, rend asunder.

MAX.

Soon will his gloomy reign be at an end,
Thanks to the earnest efforts of the Prince;
The olive with the laurel will be blended,
And peace revisit the rejoicing world:
Then hath his mighty mind no more to wish for;
Already he hath done enough for fame,
And for himself, and for his own, may live
In calm retirement on his wide domains.
He hath a princely residence at Gitachin,
And fair lie Reichenberg and Castle Friedland;
Even to the bases of the Giants' Hills,
The boundless forests of his chase extend.
There, unrestrain'd and free, may he indulge
His master passion, to create the splendid—
With princely favor foster every art—
Protect and guard the worthy and the good;
There may he build, and plough, and watch the stars—
And if his daring spirit cannot rest,
There he may combat with the elements,
May turn the river's bed, or burst the rock,
Or with new roads give life to trade and commerce;
While warlike histories of days of old
May cheat the weary winter night away.

COUNTESS.

And yet if thou would'st take my counsel, cousin,
Thou would'st not lay the sword too soon aside.
A bride like this is sure an object, worthy,
By warlike prowess, to be wooed and won.

MAX.

O, would she were to be acquired by arms!

COUNTESS.

Ha! what was that? heard ye? Methought I heard
Some noise and quarrel in the banquet-room.

SCENE V.—THEKLA. MAX PICCOLOMINI.

THEKLA (*after the COUNTESS goes out, quickly and secretly to PICCOLOMINI.*)

Trust not to them, they play us false.

MAX.

Is't possible?

THEKLA.

Trust no one here but me. I saw at once
They have an end in view.

MAX.

An end ! But what ?
How could it serve their ends to give us hope ?

THEKLA.

I know not that ; yet, trust me, it is not
Their real wish to join and make us happy.

MAX.

Why do we need these Terzkys ? Can we not
Confide in thy dear mother ? Yes, her kindness
Deserves that we should trust like children to her.

THEKLA.

She loves and prizes thee above all others,
But never would she have the resolution
To guard so great a secret from my father.
For her own peace of mind it must remain
Conceal'd from her.

MAX.

But why conceal it longer
At all ? Know'st thou what I've resolved to do ?
I'll throw myself at thy great father's feet—
He shall decide my fate, for he is true
And undisguised ; he hates all winding ways—
He is so good—so noble.

THEKLA.

Ah ! 'tis thou
That art so.

MAX.

Thou hast known him but to-day,
But I have lived ten years beneath his eye.
Is this the first of actions he hath done,
Uncommon and unlook'd for ?—'Tis his nature
To overpower us, like a god—his way
Is ever to delight and to astonish.
And who shall say, if at this instant he
But wait for my confession, and for thine,
To join our hands ? Thou'rt silent. Thou regard'st me
With doubt. Of what dost thou suspect thy father ?

THEKLA.

I ? Nothing : But he seems too much engaged
To have much time or leisure to bestow
Upon our happiness.

[Taking him tenderly by the hand.
Follow but me—

Let us not trust too much to others aid.
We will be grateful for these Terzkys' kindness,
But trust them only as we find them worthy,—
And for the rest rely on our own hearts.

Even those who are unacquainted with German, must be familiar with the name of Schiller, and be desirous of learning the nature of those writings which have procured for him so splendid and so deserved a reputation. To them we pledge ourselves, that the volumes before us will give a very accurate idea both of his merits and defects, making due allowance for the difference which must always exist between the translation and the original, where not the greatest care can prevent the poetry from being sometimes sacrificed to fidelity. The degree of pleasure which it will afford, will

depend materially upon the construction of the reader's mind; and with all our admiration of Schiller's genius, we think, that if these volumes fail to become popular, the true cause will be found to be inherent in Wallenstein itself. We are inclined to think, that in this country, the original series of plays founded on this subject, would now be extensively popular. They would be read, admired, and resorted to by those of refined feelings and vigorous imaginations—by those who love to have their emotions excited through the medium of their reasons—and who are capable of appreciating the merits of a lofty tenor of metaphysical poetry, which is totally inapplicable to the persons in whose mouths it is placed. But we cannot conceal from ourselves, that argue as we will, we cannot make the Wallenstein to be otherwise than essentially *dull*. It appeals more to the fancy than to the heart—to the understanding than to the passions—and considering it either as a drama, a poem, or an historical romance, there still remains in it the same vital defect—a deficiency of incident. We never felt this more strongly, than by the very unfortunate juxta-position into which the clumsy Reviewer before-mentioned has forced Wallenstein with Quentin Durward. Allowing that Wallenstein “may be better considered in the light of a romance than as a drama;” that it is cast in “too philosophical a mould,” he yet says, that he does injustice to the author of Waverley, by subjecting “one of his inferior works to a comparison with a production “of such elaborate merits on Wallenstein.” Did it never strike the ingenious critic, who evidently piques himself not a little upon the institution of a comparison between two works which are essentially unlike, that, exclusive of its poetry, Wallenstein cannot for a moment come into competition in the point of merit with this *inferior* production of the modern Shakspeare? In few words, Quentin Durward is superior to Wallenstein, even in the very circumstance upon which the admirers of Schiller would rest his reputation—the art displayed in its construction. If there be any thing in the meaning of the word art, distinct from genius, it is surely to be found in the construction of the plot—in the connection of scenes one with another—and the tendency of all to bring on the catastrophe, and at the same time the degree of interest which attaches to every successive event as it passes before us. In this particular, the Wallenstein, without being deficient, can certainly not bear a moment's comparison with the spirit-stirring—exciting rapidity of events and incidents in Quentin Durward. Should the critic throw himself back upon the “*adherence to nature*” in the two authors, his own words supply him with the refutation; and we have risen from a perusal of his remarks perfectly satisfied of what perhaps we might have remained in doubt, that Scott is still the master-genius of modern times; and that however eminent may be Schiller as a poet, that he was deficient in the extent of mind which should alone give him success as a dramatist, or as a romance writer. His genius was lyrical—reflective, and not creative—it could sport in the borders which separate the material from the immaterial world, and lead the spirit of his

reader into a train of grander and lofty speculations upon the mysteries of the spiritual universe, than his own meditations might have led him to—it could draw forth fresh sources of thought for the thoughtful—new trains of imagination for the imaginative: this power, combined with a perfect knowledge of the mechanism of his art, unparalleled skill in wielding the resources of his beautiful language, and moulding it to the most beautiful and harmonious combinations, have made Schiller's name a bright one among the stars of modern literature. As a poet, he is of the highest order; but we think it is only exposing him to unnecessary severity of remark, to force him into a comparison with one, who alone since the days of Shakspeare has grasped the whole breathing world within the vision of his mind; re-moulded its opinions, forms, and substances into a thousand new and beautiful variations, and called into life a host of beings, who seem to be more alive to us than those whose particulars history has preserved; and who from that assimilation, that kindred with our nature, must always more deeply affect the feelings and arouse the interests of mankind, than all the abstractions which, what we must here call mere poetry, could ever create.

The Living and the Dead. By a Country Curate. Charles Knight.

We should have liked this book much better, without having been made acquainted with the profession of the author, who professes to be a "Country Curate." It consists of a series of sketches of some of the scenes and feelings incident to the sacred calling of the priesthood, intermingled with others common to every other situation in life—some of a grave—some of a gay—and not a few of a more gossiping nature. It is to this mixture that we particularly object. It is unbecoming the author's character to pass so lightly as he does from the description of the agonies of a despairing mother over sons who have perished by the justice of their country, to the flimsy ridicule of the peculiarities of two "old maids." This mode of mingling together the sublime and the ridiculous, the pathetic with the humorous, is at all times reprehensible; but it becomes doubly so when the name of the Creator, and the duties of a Christian Pastor, are implicated in the narrative. The oratorios, as they are called, are bad enough from this juxtaposition of the sacred and the profane; but it is seldom that we have been so offended with a sensation so like disgust as came over us in reading the pages now under our review. The following extract will justify our censure, and show at the same time the misapplied talents of the author:

"Sunday, Sept. 17.—'But,' said she to me this morning, 'the doctrine of the Resurrection is so wonderful, so surprising, so unaccountable, so unnatural!' 'There are many operations of nature,' was my reply, 'quite as wonderful, as surprising, as unaccountable, and as unnatural. It is the frequency of their occurrence which deprives them of their force. Look here,' said I, and pointed to a beautiful Bignonia, which was blowing luxuriantly in the window; 'that very flower shall teach you a lesson. To me it appears so striking and so lovely a

symbol of the change that awaits the Christian, that I never can look at it without gladness of heart. A few months since it was a small, dry, shrivelled root, without taste or smell, no bigger than a nut. Who, viewing it for the first time, would imagine it possible that such a dusky, diminutive particle, would produce a flower? By and by a leaf appears, another follows; then comes a stalk, its bulk increases rapidly; a shoot is visible, another, and another; at length the stem, then the flower is developed, and blooms in wild luxuriance. It is now at its meridian. It will shortly shed its flowers, and droop, and wither, and gradually die away: but only to undergo the same mysterious operation, and revive with increased beauty in a succeeding spring. Turn to an egg. Who would conceive, to that simple unpretending-looking object, by the simple operation of heat, vitality could be communicated; or from that smooth surface would burst an animal fledged and formed, furnished with all the appliances of existence,—and instinct with life and motion? These are, in my opinion, operations of the Deity but little inferior to the resurrection of the dead; as wonderful, as surprising, as unaccountable. Why, then, should we doubt that the Power which has performed the one can perform the other? Inspect nature herself. She is an annual resurrection. Year after year does she typify to man his own frail fleeting existence, his maturity, his decay, his decease, his immortality. Winter is the death of nature: the woods are silent; the trees are divested of their foliage; the meadows are no longer green—no blossom, no flower appears;—look where we will, all is desolation and decay. It is nature in her sepulchre. Anon she bursts the constraints of the tomb; the Divinity breathes upon her face; the gales of spring awake her to existence; and welcome sunbeams, and budding flowers, and smiling skies proclaim the resurrection of the year! Such is the magnificent spectacle constantly presented to man—cold, heartless, insensible man. And with such striking proofs of the resurrection of nature; O! how can we, for one moment, doubt the truth of our own?

“Monday, Sept. 25.—‘I have been diverted this morning almost against my will. A poor woman came to me from Trowbridge to request my interference with the Secretary of a Benefit Club to which her husband belonged, and from which, though disabled by disease, he could obtain no relief. After some preliminary conversation, I observed, ‘You are very fortunate at Trowbridge, in having for your Minister so celebrated and so gifted an individual as Mr. Crabbe.’ ‘It’s in what that I’m fortunate?’ asked she, with her sharp, blue, interrogatory nose. ‘In the ministry of a man so justly famed as Mr. Crabbe.’ ‘Ah! Mr. Crabbe! You’ve heard of him, I dare say; he’s a great *Pote*. Perhaps you’ve read his books of verses?’ I never did; I haven’t time. They say he’s made a mint of money by his *Potery*. I’m sure it’s more than he’ll ever make by his sermons. They are so very d---r---y!’ and she pursed up her thin, spare, skinny lips till her mouth was like the top of a vinegar casket. ‘Besides he is so stiff and solemn; no life in him.’

“‘Well, but that does not affect the matter of his sermons.’

“‘O! ah! He’s a great scholar, I dare say. Too much learning by far for me; for I can’t understand him half my time. There was a sermon he preached us, all about the Queen of Sheba—very fine, I make no doubt—I’m sure there wasn’t one word in ten that I ever heard before! Then it’s nothing but question and answer. Quite provoking! I said to him one day, it’s a shame for your reverence to stand up in the pulpit and put question after question, when you know it’s an impossible thing for any poor creature to get up and give an answer to ye. It’s all on one side, as a body may say. You have made it all your own way.—Ay—ay, it’s very well for the great folks in London: but poor creatures so illiterate about their future state as I am, would’n’t care if they was never to hear again one of your *Pote* Parsons.’”

In addition to this, we cannot but think it a breach of that confidence which is necessarily entrusted to the priesthood, to make the characters and the peculiarities which its members learn during

the performance of their duties, the subject of a work wherewith to entertain the world, or fill the writer's pocket. It is in vain that he may plead the excellence of his design, the purity of his morality, or the orthodoxy of his religion, as exemplified in his delineation, in extenuation of his conduct. Good the work cannot do, from the mixture which we have adverted to. Evil it may work, from the feeling of contempt which it is likely to produce towards the order, one of whose professors, like the author of "the Living and the Dead," shows himself to be gossiping, tasteless, and we fear, with more of piety on his lips than in his heart.

After these harsh remarks, we have no hesitation in saying, that, independently of this feeling which we have expressed, because we entertained it, the *Living and the Dead* is a book of very considerable interest, and would more than agreeably amuse a leisure hour. The chapter on "Sermonizing" is a humorous exposition of some of the resources of churchmen in preaching; and had it been written by a *layman*, we should have hailed its appearance with very great pleasure, as unexceptionable in matter, style, and object.

The next is entitled *Mr. Benson*, and is a sketch of the celebrated Rector of St. Giles. This is not liable to the objections made against the last, as it would perhaps be too punctilious to remonstrate against one clergyman *showing up* another, whether for praise or blame. "Love Matches" is a very pretty chapter, and is strongly recommended to the perusal of the selfish animals of the present day, who are designated by the name of "young men." It may perhaps call back to their minds some of the tenderness and generosity of feeling which did occasionally inspire the breasts of the youths who were our contemporaries. The world may be much wiser, but it is certainly much more *interested*. "The Wages of Sin," and "the Leading Idea," are both good in their way; but the next, "*Joanna Baillie*," again arouses our wrath. What right has any one to publish his reminiscences or observations upon living personages?—to make them ridiculous, in the eyes of the public, by detailing the caprices, or the singularities of their tempers, manners, and dispositions of circumstances. The mania for private scandal is strong enough in all conscience without a clergyman setting the example of narrating facts or observations glanced in the familiarities of private intercourse. The Medwins of the day we abominate; and we shall not fail to mark with a brand, those who are guilty of this tattling sin, though we despair of checking the evil. It is founded in the corrupted taste of the times; but once more we say, a clergyman should not pander to the gratification of the polluted appetite.

"The sorrows of a rich old Man," are very entertaining; but annexed to them we find another of those unjustifiable exposures of private families, in an account of some circumstances connected with Lady Byron. This has, as usual, been extracted by the regular vehicles of administering slander—the daily papers, and has called forth an indignant remonstrance from some of the parties affected. We therefore say no more, in reprobation of the author's conduct,

than to observe, that we suppose after all, it will be to these little bits of gossip to which his work will chiefly owe its success. We regret this the more, as there are few works recently published, which have otherwise given us so much gratification. To those who are not possessed of our scruples, "the Living and the Dead" will be a volume more than usually fascinating.

Narrative of a Survey of the Intertropical and Western Coast of Australia, performed between the years 1818 and 1822, by Captain Phillip P. King, R. N. &c. in 2 vols. illustrated by plates, charts, and wood cuts.—Murray.

Books of travels are always valuable, even if they are not very interesting, for it does sometimes happen, even in this age, when so many exist who succeed in writing about nothing; there are still some few who continue to make even the most spirit-stirring occurrences dull and vapid by their manner of narrating them. Captain King is not one of these.—He had a plain tale to tell of the expedition upon which he was employed, and he tells it well and manfully. There is no attempt at fine writing in his volumes, every thing is clear, strait-forward, and intelligible; and his narrative of the voyage does him almost as much credit as the spirit and perseverance with which his plain account makes it evident that he conducted it; and those who take it up for the purpose, either of instruction or amusement, will meet with ample gratification.

A good, and apparently minutely correct chart of the coast which Captain King surveyed, accompanies the book, which is further decorated by some very pretty engravings; one in particular (vol. I. p. 169), a view up the River Hastings, at its junction with King's River, is very beautiful, and would form an admirable subject of a scene at one of the great theatres for one of the more elegant species of melodramatic pantomime. The scenery delineated in it is highly pleasing and romantic, and is just such a place where we should expect to see a fairy bark, conducted by swans gracefully floating, and bearing in it one of those lovely creatures of which Miss Foote, in her better days, was so charming a representative.

The title conveys as much information respecting the object of the work as we can afford room for. The adventures which Captain King and his companions met with, are better fitted for the purpose of giving an idea of it, and they do not seem to have been few, owing to the barbarous state of the Aborigines which he met with in exploring the coasts. The following adventure met* with by Mr. Roe, (the son of the Rector of Newbury) from whom Captain King derived no inconsiderable assistance, is a trifling specimen of "the fears all, and cares all," that visit the bold mariners who engage in such adventures.

* We were much amused with the pompous manner in which the worthy Captain relates his naming the various bays, creeks, capes, &c. He has duly honored all the great men of his acquaintance, and it is but fair to state that he has by no means forgotten his friends, e. g. "Two flat-topped hills were named Mounts Bedwell and Roe, "after the two midshipmen who accompanied me."

"On the following day, when our people resumed their occupation, they were again cautioned not to trust to the apparent absence of the natives. In the afternoon Mr. Roe walked along the beach with his gun in quest of birds; on his way he met Mr. Hunter returning from a walk, in which he had encountered no recent signs of the Indians. This information emboldened Mr. Roe to wander farther than was prudent, and in the mean time Mr. Hunter returned to our party in order to go on board; he had, however, scarcely reached our station, when the report of a musket and Mr. Roe's distant shooting were heard. The people immediately seized their arms and hastened to his relief, and by this prompt conduct probably saved his life.

"It appeared that, after parting from Mr. Hunter, he left the beach and pursued his walk among the trees; he had not proceeded more than fifty yards when he fired at a bird: he was cautious enough to reload before he moved from the spot in search of his game, but this was scarcely done before a boomerang wizzed past his head, and struck a tree close by with great force. Upon looking round towards the verge of the cliff, which was about twenty yards off, he saw several natives; who, upon finding they were discovered, set up a loud and savage yell, and threw another boomerang and several spears at him, all of which providentially missed. Emboldened by their numbers and by his apparent defenceless situation, they were following up the attack by a nearer approach, when he fired amongst them, and, for a moment, stopped their advance. Mr. Roe's next care was to reload, but to his extreme mortification and dismay he found his cartouch-box had turned round in the belt, and every cartridge had dropped out: being thus deprived of his ammunition, and having no other resource left but to make his escape, he turned round, and ran towards the beach; at the same time shouting loudly, to apprize our people of his danger. He was now pursued by three of the natives, whilst the rest ran along the cliff to cut off his retreat:

"On his reaching the edge of the water, he found the sand so soft that at every step his feet sunk three or four inches, which so distressed him and impeded his progress, that he must soon have fallen overpowered with fatigue, had not the sudden appearance of our people, at the same time that it inspired him with fresh hopes of escape, arrested the progress of the natives, who, after throwing two or three spears without effect, stopped, and gave him time to join our party, quite spent with the extraordinary effort he had made to save his life.

"Whilst this event occurred, I was employed on board in constructing my rough chart, but upon Mr. Roe's being seen from the deck in the act of running along the beach pursued by the Indians, I hastened on shore, determined, if possible, to punish them for such unprovoked hostility. Upon landing, Mr. Hunter, Mr. Roe, and one of the men joined me in pursuit of the natives; but, from our comparatively slow movements, and our ignorance of the country, we returned after an hour without having seen any signs of them; in the evening, before our people left off work, we made another circuitous walk, but with the same bad success. The natives had taken the alarm, and nothing more was seen of them during the remainder of our stay, excepting the smokes of their fires, which appeared over the trees at the back of the island.

"Previous to this attack upon Mr. Roe, the natives had probably been following Mr. Hunter; and were, doubtless, deterred from attacking him, by witnessing the destructive effects of his gun among a flight of cockatoos, five or six of which he brought away, and left as many more hopping about the grass wounded, and making the woods re-echo with their screams. When Mr. Hunter parted from Mr. Roe, the natives remained to watch the latter gentleman; and no sooner had he discharged his gun, which they found was of no use until it was reloaded, than they commenced their attack; and from the known dexterity of the natives of this country in throwing the spear, it was not a little surprising that they missed him so repeatedly.

"Before we embarked for the night, I walked with Mr. Roe to the place where he was attacked, in order to look for the spears that had been thrown at him, and for the cartridges he had lost; but as neither were found, we were revengeful enough to hope that the natives would burn their fingers with the powder, an event not at all unlikely to occur, from their ignorance of the dangerous effect of placing the cartridges near the fire, which they would be sure to do."

Mr. Roe had a genius for getting into scrapes. In the second volume we meet with the following narrative.

" Upon reaching Cairncross Island, under which it was my intention to anchor, the sails were reduced ; and, as we were in the act of letting go the anchor, Mr. Roe, who was at the mast-head holding thoughtlessly by the fore-topmast staysail-halliards, whilst the sail was being hauled down, was precipitated from a height of fifty feet, and fell senseless on the deck. We were now close to the reef ; and in the hurry and confusion attending the accident, and the Dick at the same time luffing-up under our stern, the anchor was dropped, without my ascertaining the quality of the bottom, which was afterwards found to be of a very questionable nature.

" The Dick having dropped her anchor within forty yards of us, was lying so close as to prevent our veering more cable than sixty fathoms ; but as we appeared to ride tolerably easy with a sheer to starboard, while the Dick rode on the opposite sheer, we remained as we were : to prevent accident, the yards were braced so that we should cast clear of the Dick if we parted, a precaution which was most happily taken.

" As soon as the distressing accident that had occurred was known on board the Dick, Dr. Armstrong, a surgeon of the navy, and a passenger in that ship, hastened on board to assist Mr. Montgomery in dressing Mr. Roe's hurt, which I found, to my inexpressible satisfaction, was not so grievous as might have been expected : his fall was most providentially broken twice ; first by the spritsail brace, and secondly by some planks from the Frederick's wreck, which had fortunately been placed across the fore-castle bulwark over the cat-heads : his head struck the edge of the plank, and broke his fall, but it cut a very deep wound over the right temple. This unfortunate event threatened to deprive me of his very valuable assistance for some time, a loss I could but very ill spare, particularly when upon the point of returning to the examination of so intricate a coast as that part where we last left off."

One of the dangers of untried navigation is thus strikingly exemplified.

" It was my intention to have brought up under the lee of the point, where Dampier describes his having anchored in twenty-nine fathoms clear sandy ground ; but, upon rounding the projection, the wind suddenly fell, and after a light squall from S. W., we had a dead calm ; the depth was thirty fathoms coral bottom, and therefore not safe to anchor upon ; this was unfortunate, for the sudden defection of the wind prevented our hauling into the bay out of the tide, which was evidently running with considerable rapidity, and drifting us, without our having the means of preventing it, towards a cluster of small rocks and islands, through which we could not discover any outlet, and which were so crowded, that in the dangerous predicament in which we found ourselves placed, they bore a truly awful and terrific appearance. At this time I was at my usual post, the mast-head, directing the steerage of the vessel ; but, as the brig was drifting forward by a rapid sluice of tide towards some low rocks, about a quarter of a mile off, that were not more than two feet above the water's edge, and upon which it appeared almost inevitable that we must strike, I descended to the deck, under the certain conviction that we could not escape the dangers that were strewn across our path, unless a breeze should spring up, of which there was not the slightest appearance or probability.

" Happily, however, the stream of the tide swept us past the rocks without accident, and after carrying us about half a mile farther, changed its direction to south-east, and drifted us towards a narrow strait, separating two rocky islands, in the centre of which was a large insulated rock that seemed to divide the stream. The boat was now hoisted out and sent a-head to tow, but we could not succeed in getting the vessel's head round. As she approached the strait, the channel became much narrower, and several islands were passed, at not more than thirty yards from her course. The voices of natives were now heard, and soon afterwards some were seen on either side of the straight, hallooing and waving their arms ; we were so near

to one party, that they might have thrown their spears on board; they had a dog with them, which Mr. Cunningham remarked to be black. By this time, we were flying past the shore with such velocity, that it made us quite giddy; and our situation was too awful to give us time to observe the motions of the Indians; for we were entering the narrowest part of the strait, and the next moment were close to the rock, which it appeared to be almost impossible to avoid; and it was more than probable that the stream it divided would carry us broadside upon it, when the consequences would have been truly dreadful; the current, or sluice, was setting past the rock at the rate of eight or nine knots, and the water being confined by its intervention, fell at least six or seven feet; at the moment, however, when we were upon the point of being dashed to pieces, a sudden breeze providentially sprung up, and, filling our sails, impelled the vessel forward for three or four yards;—this was enough, but only just sufficient, for the rudder was not more than six yards from the rock. No sooner had we passed this frightful danger, than the breeze fell again, and was succeeded by a dead calm; the tide, however, continued to carry us on with a gradually decreasing strength, until one o'clock, when we felt very little effect from it."

The results of the voyage are summed up at the conclusion, and will not be found uninteresting, as they certainly are not unimportant.

"It may not be considered irrelevant here to make a few brief observations upon what has been effected by these voyages, and what yet remains to be done upon the northern coasts of Australia. Beginning with the north-eastern coast, I have been enabled to lay down a very safe and convenient track for vessels bound through Torres' Strait, and to delineate the coast line between Cape Hillsborough, in 20° 54' S, and Cape York, the north extremity of New South Wales; a distance of six hundred and ninety miles. As my instructions did not authorize my delaying to examine any part of this coast, I could not penetrate into the many numerous and extensive openings that presented themselves in this space; particularly in the neighbourhoods of Capes Gloucester, Upstart, and Cleveland; where the intersected and broken appearances of the hills at the back are matters of interesting inquiry and research.

"My instructions at first confined me between Cape Arnhem and the North-west Cape, but were subsequently extended to the western coast. The examination of the northern and part of the north-western coasts, from Wessel Islands to Port George the Fourth, a distance of seven hundred and ninety miles, has been carefully made, and, with a few exceptions, every opening has been explored. Those parts in this interval that yet require examination, are some inlets on the south side of Clarence Strait, and one of more considerable size to the eastward of Cambridge Gulf, trending in to the south-east: otherwise, the coast comprised within these limits has been sufficiently examined for all the purposes of navigation.

"The coast also between the North-west Cape and Depuch Island, containing two hundred and twenty miles, has also been sufficiently explored; but between the latter island and Port George the Fourth, a distance of five hundred and ten miles, it yet remains almost unknown. The land that is laid down is nothing more than an archipelago of islands fronting the main land, the situation of which is quite uncertain. Our examinations of these islands were carried on as far as Cape Villaret, but between that and Depuch Island the coast has only been seen by the French, who merely occasionally saw small detached portions of it. At present, however, all is conjecture; but the space is of considerable extent, and if there is an opening into the interior of New Holland, it is in the vicinity of this part. Off the Buccaneer's Archipelago, the tides are strong, and rise to the height of thirty-six feet. Whatever may exist behind these islands, which we were prevented by our poverty in anchors and other circumstances from exploring, there are certainly some openings of importance; and it is not at all improbable that there may be a communication at this part with the interior for a considerable distance from the coast.

"The examination of the western coast was performed during an almost continued gale of wind, so that we had no opportunity of making any very careful observation upon its shores. There can, however, be very little more worth knowing of them, as I apprehend the difficulty of landing is too great ever to expect to gain much information; for it is only in Shark's Bay that a vessel can anchor with safety.

"With respect to the subjects of natural history that have been procured upon the voyage, it is much to be lamented that the small size of the vessel, and our constant professional duties, prevented my extending them. Of quadrupeds we saw but few. Birds were very numerous, but the operation of skinning and preserving them would have taken up more time than could be afforded. A few insects, some shells, and a small series of specimens of the geology of the parts we landed at, were among the only things obtained, excepting the extensive and valuable collection of plants formed by Mr. Cunningham, which are now in the possession of Mr. Aiton of the Royal Gardens at Kew; for which establishment it would seem that they were solely procured. It was in fact the only department of natural history in which any pains were taken, and for which every assistance was rendered. A small herbarium was, however, collected by me, containing nearly five hundred species: they are in the possession of my respected friend, Aylmer B. Lambert, Esq. whose scientific attainments in the field of botany are well and widely known. It is to be hoped, however, that the few subjects offered to the scientific world in the appendix through the kindness of my friends, will not be thought uninteresting or unimportant; and that they will serve to shew how very desirable it is to increase the comparatively slender knowledge that we possess of this extensive country, which in this respect might still with propriety retain its ancient name of *Terra Australis Incognita*."

If our readers have felt any sympathy for Mr. Roe, they will be glad to learn that he was promoted to the Lieutenancy of the Tamar, and was employed in the foundation of the settlement of Fort Dundas on the newly discovered coast. The details will be found in pages 234 to 242, and they are accompanied by a little jewel of a chart, from a survey made by the same intelligent and deserving officer, whom we are happy thus to commemorate, as we know him to be as fine a specimen of the real honest friendly British seaman as ever squeezed a landsman's hand to jelly in his hearty grasp.

National Tales. By Thomas Hood, Author of *Whims and Oddities*.
2 vols.

Mr. Hood is the very best punster that ever existed, and his vein of humour is frequently accompanied by a further and poetical feeling, which are the more delightful for the being more unexpected. Having this opinion of him, we were not prepared for the disappointment we have experienced in the perusal of his *National Tales*, which are very different indeed in merit from what we should have expected from the writer, who, two months ago, had diffused "one universal grin" over England, by the circulation of his *Whims and Oddities*. Few of these tales are interesting; many of them simply dull; many unnecessarily tragical; and not a few absolutely disgusting; while in all of them there is an absurd affectation of the style and language of the old writer, which is any thing but ornamental. Most sincerely do we pity the unfortunate individual, whom the pre-

vious reputation of Mr. Hood has seduced into the purchase of these two very worthless volumes, in which the author is most wofully

"chang'd from him,
The life of Pleasure, and the soul of Whim."

A Reply to the Accusations of Piracy and Plagiarism, exhibited by the Christian Remembrancer, the British Critic, and other Publications, (in their Reviews of Carpenter's popular Introduction to the Study of Scriptures,) in a Letter to the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne, A. M. By William Carpenter. Wightman and Cramp. 1827.

The limits of our Review forbid our entering so widely into an analysis of this polemical controversy, as we might otherwise have done. We will endeavour, however, in few words, to give an adequate abstract. Mr. Carpenter, a gentleman of ingenuity and talent, produced a short time since, "A popular Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures," which met with a welcome reception, and seems likely to fulfil its epithetical title. The Rev. Hartwell Horne, who is the author of a CRITICAL Introduction in the same cause, became tremulous for the success of his book, on seeing Mr. Carpenter's; and, as the only resort for his rivalry, attacked Mr. C. on the score of piracy in the pages of the Evangelical Magazine, the Critical Review, and the Christian Remembrancer; all which notable machinery plied very obediently beneath the directing hand of the Rev. Hartwell Horne, A. M. Thus attacked, both on the side of his moral and literary character, Mr. Carpenter has come forward, and, to our minds, completely exculpated himself from every charge of plagiarism and piracy. We could wish, for the sake of the previous character of Mr. Horne, that he had done NOTHING MORE.

"After having exposed the dishonesty and malevolence of the Reviewer, in all the leading points of his accusation, I should think that I trifled with my readers, if I offered any serious reply to some of the other topics on which he vehemently attacks me; as that I have stolen your *italics*—your *dashes*—your *punctuation*, &c. Here it is quite sufficient to answer a fool according to his folly, and to admit that there is not a letter in my book which may not be found in yours.

"When I first read the article in the 'Christian Remembrancer,' and the corresponding article in the 'British Critic,' I confess that I felt at once some pain and some indignation at finding my moral character so directly impeached before the tribunal of the public: and while I felt conscious of innocence in the matters charged against me, I was not at once equally certain of making that innocence appear to others. But truth, however beclouded for a time, will ultimately dispel every mist which obscured it; and accordingly, the closer examination of the charges adduced against me has supplied ample evidence that they are utterly groundless. My mind is, therefore, relieved from all feelings of indignation against my accuser, as well as from all painful solicitude for myself about the verdict of the public. But there is a painful feeling of which I cannot altogether divest myself, when I reflect that in vindicating my own moral character, I have been unavoidably compelled to impeach another's. Great indeed would be my pain if I were compelled to recognise the Rev. Thomas Hartwell Horne in the anonymous assailant of my reputation; if I were compelled to conclude, that you, sir, either wrote the articles alluded to, or supplied the materials for them. But, sir, I must endeavour to banish that idea. No: it cannot be, that a gentleman—a clergyman—a theologian, who has devoted so many years to the study and elucidation of the Scriptures—the professed pastor of a flock, before whom he is called to exemplify in his own conduct the pure

practice which he inculcates in his doctrine—it cannot surely be, that he should become at once a public false accuser, and should support his calumnies by a tissue of deliberate and gross misrepresentation. No, sir, I will struggle to repel the supposition, however it may be countenanced by concurring circumstances, or be sanctioned by the opinion of others. It is not possible, that you, sir, can have taken any part in those calumnious articles, or have lent to them any countenance.

“And, indeed, I am glad to observe, that the folly, also, and ignorance betrayed in these articles, are such as forbid the supposition of their having come from your pen. You, sir, could not, for instance, have been so foolish as to represent it as a grand discovery of yours—‘the result of much laborious and learned research’—that the prophets lived either *before*—or *during*—or *after* the Babylonish captivity: you could not be so shamelessly impudent and ridiculously vain, as to claim property in a chronological arrangement so obvious, and which had been explicitly laid down by a writer of eminence before you. Nor is it possible—excuse me for saying it—that you should have unblushingly described your own work as the most important of *uninspired* productions, with which the world has been blest. No, sir; you could not thus make yourself the laughing-stock of every well-informed reader. Another must have done it; either some secret enemy of yours, under the mask of friendship, or some most ignorant and ill-advised admirer, to whom, perhaps, the information conveyed by your book was all new and marvellous. But you, sir, know full well, that your work, as well as mine, is a mere compilation, and does not contain a tittle of any importance, which had not been long before the public in other forms. However useful, also, either compilation may be—and there is room enough in the world for us both—the modesty which always accompanies merit such as yours, would certainly have restrained you from such ludicrously extravagant panegyric of your own production.”

GAIETIES AND GRAVITIES OF THE MONTH.

CHIT-CHAT, &c.

Our correspondent who discoursed in our last number upon the most efficacious and allowable methods of making proposals of marriage, altogether overlooked a method at present very common, and much on the increase—we mean by advertisement. We always considered, until very lately, that these applications were the mere repetition of a stale and threadbare jest; but they now so frequently attract our attention, that we cannot any longer credit that blockheads pay for an advertisement for the sake of such a ragged joke. No; there are people who think gravely upon the subject of a matrimonial advertisement; and as curious specimens of the kind, take the following.

“Matrimony. A young gentleman is desirous of meeting with a young lady “whose fortune will yield sufficient to enable them to move in the first circles of “good and fashionable society, and whose generous and free mind can overcome the “prudish form of family introduction.” *Morning Herald*. *Ingenui vultus puer, ingenique pudoris.*

“A lady of respectable family, but no fortune, is desirous of being united to a “gentleman of liberal independent property, who may wish for the comforts of a “home.” *Sunday Paper*.

The last is the most unequivocal specimen of disinterested greatness of mind on record. A lady of no fortune wishing to be married to a man of property! Ah! lovely woman, what sacrifices will you not make for love, free and generous love! But what we wish to recommend is this. Every body knows that advertisements are the most successful when the class of readers to whom they are addressed is peculiarly interested in the matter propounded. Now we wish to inform the ladies, that our readers are known to be chiefly handsome, unmarried men; all with good fortunes,

and better sense. 'Matrimonial advertisements in the Inspector, we honestly believe to be the best chance that desperate maidens can have on this side the grave. We wish to be liberal and gallant! we, therefore, beg to notify, that advertisements from ladies for husbands, shall be received for our wrappers at *twenty-five per cent. discount*. Our publisher shall have orders not to be careful for five per cent. under that—lower we cannot go. The notices from gentlemen we will not abate a sixpence upon, if a thousand were offered at once!

We have, in our notice of the Periodical Literature of Germany, stated an opinion, that the politics of all the journals which we mentioned, were so tame, and so exemplary for their loyalty, that even the most apprehensive governments of the continent could not have any thing to dread from them. In fact, we had an idea, from what we had seen of them, that they were much as harmless as the opinions of a *will-born babe*. We now stand corrected by high authority. His Majesty, the Emperor of Russia, has lately issued an Order of Council, by which the importation in the Russian states of the *Morgen Blatt*, the *Abend Zeitung*, and even of the *Gazette for the Elegant World*, is prohibited. What are the people of Petersburg to read? They were in a great measure dependant on the German; and it is feared they will remain so, unless Mr. Bowring will undertake to point out to them the beauties of their own authors.

GRAMMAR OF CONTEMPORARIES.—“Our reading has served to convince us, “that every one of those who railed at other systems, have always failed in establishing their own.”

We recommend the above specimen of the slip slop style in which one of our contemporaries (Ed. Lit. Gaz. 17th March, 1827) occasionally writes English, to the notice of our good friend, Mr. Balaam, of Clapham. Any of the tyros of his 8th class would be ashamed of writing a sentence so grammatically incorrect. The “John Bull” of the 18th March exhibits two almost equal atrocities.—“He inquired “*whom the Orator was*”—“asked *whom that was*.” John never pretended to be correct or elegant in his style; but the Editor of the “*LITERARY GAZETTE*!!! to make such a lapsus! Fie! Mr. Jerdan!

LITERARY NOTICES.—In the press, 1 vol. 8vo., *THE LIFE, VOYAGES, AND ADVENTURES OF “NAUFRAGUS:”* being a faithful Narrative of the Author's real Life, and containing a series of remarkable Adventures of no ordinary kind. The scene of this work lies in Asia, of which interesting part of the globe this volume will contain many lively sketches: together with a variety of information connected with the state of Society, and the Manners, Customs, and Opinions of the Hindoos (particularly of the Brahmans). The whole related with precision, and such a strict regard to truth, as will, it is presumed, render the work one of utility, as well as of interest.

4 In the press, 8vo. *THE AGE REVIEWED.* A Satire, in two parts.

— Fungar vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exorsu ipsa secandi.

EXCEPTA FROM THE DIARY OF A P. M.

8. Heard a good thing of Colonel Berkeley at Long's. Lord Deerhurst was speaking to him about the late law affair, in which Scarlett very poetically compared him to *Comus*, and his castle to the enchanted palace. “It's the opinion in town, colonel,” said his lordship, “that Scarlett gave you and Hammond a *severe dressing*.” “Why,” replied the gallant gay Lothario, “be certainly intended to *Comb-us*.”

11. Stepped into Colburn's, and heard some literary chit-chat. Smith at his forge again, hammering out of brass and brass metal, another old thing called a novel. Heard Hood's tales mentioned—great change in his style: before, he was comically funny; and now, he is *seriously* funny. Rogers remarked, “That man has two *faces* under a “Hood.” Elia observed, Tom Dibdin intended publishing some tales and facetiæ in

Hood's style. "You," replied Rogers, "but this will be their distinction—one is *Thomas Hood*, and the other will be *Robbing Hood*."

14. His Majesty back from Brighton. Cobbett said he went there to *Brighton*, and he came back *Wind-sore*. An impudent vulgarian that Cobbett—pity he doesn't commit felony, to get hanged out of the way. Asked Tom what gave rise to libels—the liberty or the licentiousness of the press? "O the lie *amus*," he replied.

17. Penetrated the Arcade at 4. Sir Jonah Berrington going to publish some reminiscent twaddle about dreams on the bench, and anti-laughable anecdotes. The major enquired if Sir Jonah was any relation to a certain man of ancient times, who took a voyage to Ninnyvey in the belly of a whale? I replied, that he might be, for I had heard he mentioned, among other particulars in his book, the *Ericks of Whales*. Wellington getting tired of farming at Strathfieldsay, and political economy. Told one of his tenants, that if he couldn't get a better return for his capital, he would raise his barns. "Your Grace is mortal kind," replied the farmer, "the roof of my barn has been lying on the ground this twelvemonth, and I should like to have it raised, very much."

20. Heard an anecdote of Mr. Humanity Martin at Brookes's. He was observing, his name-sake's painting of Belshazzar's Feast, when some one asked him his opinion upon it. He replied, "My dear crater, I've been looking this half hour at the hanging *garden*, but for the soul of me I can't perceive the *gibbets*."

THE DRAMA.

ITALIAN OPERA.—We are, it would appear, a very inconsistent people, with tastes as changeable as the climate, or as the shapes of the ladies' bonnets. Now nothing goes down with us but Mozart and the Germans; soon we return to the soft blue sky of Italy, and Rossini acquires the ascendant. The weathercock of fashion changes, and Rossini is considered *fade*—it blows round to the same point, we again shake hands with him. But twelve months since it was a musical heresy to doubt that he excelled in the lighter or comic style of composition; now we declare that Rossini *redivivus* is only himself in serious opera. Fortunately we make amends for our recantations and backslidings in the long run; and seldom fail ultimately to hit the right point in the bull's eye of criticism, and in adjudging to each their just share of praise or censure. We now acknowledge Rossini to be an elegant composer, to have successfully cultivated a naturally good taste; and if not a Mozart, to have a musical genius of the highest order, whose defect is owing to a want of power, and a preference of refinement to energy. Two of his serious operas have been revived at this theatre, for the purpose of introducing the Signora Giacinta Toso (from the Conservatorio at Milan) to an English audience: namely, the "*Pietro l'Enemita*," and the "*Ricciardo e Zoraide*," in which the *débütants* sustained the difficult parts of *Agia* and *Zoraide*. Signora Toso will never attain the rank of *prima donna*; she will nevertheless be a first rate soprano voice in concert. She wants passion, she wants delicacy of perception, she wants feminineness of tone and feeling, and consequently, that power of throwing herself into her part, which would enable her to depict, as it were, involuntarily, the rapid transitions from hope to despair, from desperate woman's love to the more desperate woman's hatred, which render the characters of *Agia* and *Zoraide* so interesting, and at the same time so difficult. We now leave out of account the defects of her voice and science, because we are convinced they are not incurable by practice. Her intonation is excellent, a great point in a young singer; and her style, generally speaking, chaste. Her middle notes are particularly fine; and though her high notes are sharp and wiry even to harshness, and her low indistinct and muffled, yet the extent and volume of her voice are such as warrant us to declare that she has the voice of a *prima donna*. Would that she had the soul, the feeling, the *Pasta* genius of conception. In duos and trios, in fact wherever she sung in concert, she was most successful; in passionate recitative, and in solo, paintings of emotion (so to speak) most deficient. Her person is Patagonian, but symmetrical, not wanting in ease, though perhaps in dignity and grace of gesture. We would recommend her two years study and subaltern practice before she again aspires to the *prima donnaship*. A Signor Giubelei debuted in *Pietro* on the first occasion with considerable success; and Madame Brizzi sustained Madame Vestris's part of *Zomera* (also a first appearance) in the *Ricciardo e Zoraide* with we fear but a hypothetical chance of fame. Curioni and the rest, as usual. We must still complain of the orchestral and ballet departments; they are lamentably imperfect.

DRURY LANE.—The chief dramatic novelties last month at this theatre, were the just damnation of a most villainous "comedy" of a Mr. Sosne, called the "*Trial of Love*," after a most patient hearing of three hours, which was not only a trial of love upon the good temper of the audience, but a trial of patience upon their indignation; and the cruel and bloody murder of the part of Othello by a Mr. Smith (a Yankee amateur), for which he was fined 150*l.* by Mr. Manager Price, who, by the way, ought to be indicted by the public under Mr. Peel's new act—as an "accessary before" as well as "after" an act committed with a most "felonious intent." An old tale of fact has been dished up as a farce with the title of *Comfortable Lodgings, or Paris in 1750*, for the purpose of showing off Mr. Liston in a new coat. The dress fits Liston; we, therefore, need not say the audience laughed sufficiently to ensure the success of the piece.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Poole has performed the part of Mr. Bowdler on one of Shirley's lusty comedies—the Gamster, which under the name of the *Wife's Stratagem, or More Frightened than Hurt*, has been played a few nights at this theatre. The spirit, the masculine vigour of Shirley have evaporated by the operation; and the *Wife's Stratagem* is only tolerated from the excellent acting of Jones, Keeley, Madame Vestris, and Mrs. Chatterley. Keeley's was an admirable performance, a timid little rustic buck, wishing to be thought a man of gallantry, courage, and of the world. Winter's opera of the *Oracle*, as played at Mr. Arnold's theatre last summer, was also performed a few nights here. It is a heavy performance, with some high beauties, but glaring defects. It wants decision of tone, it wants novelty and variety of melody, has too much placid "gummy flesh" in its general composition; in addition, the contrivance of the concerted pieces is unskilful. It would require great amendments to ensure its popularity.

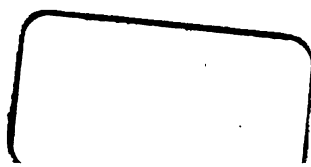
LENT ORATORIOS.—Mozart's edition of Handel's Messiah opened the Oratorios of this season, at Drury Lane Theatre. To offer an opinion on this well-known sublime composition would be needless impertinence; we shall, therefore, merely say that its sublime beauty prevailed over a very unsmooth performance, particularly on the part of the wind instruments, which were in any thing but harmonious keeping with the vocalists. Miss Paton appeared to great advantage; Miss Stephens was neither in voice or spirits. Braham sang in his usual gallery style; this great vocalist seems incurable of his acquired vulgar, unchaste vehemence. 'Tis a pity: Braham is worthy of a higher sphere. Miss Paton has introduced a long neglected air, from Gluck's (one of Rousseau's antipathies) *Orfeo*, "Che furo," with the happiest effect. It is a delightful melody—most delightfully executed. The great novelty of the Oratorios is a sacred *Cantata* of Weber. It crowns his genius, while it proves its versatility. The adherence to rule and uniformity—what precedes and what follows—in a word, the *oneness* of design so necessary to the successful management of a vocal score in church music, was thought incompatible with Weber's eccentric and various genius. This solemn series of Motetts is inferior only to Mozart's devotional music. The opening and final chorus are masterpieces. The *fugue* contrivance of the latter was a treat to the lover of music. 'Twere well if it ended the chorus. At the Covent Garden Oratorio of the 31st, the coup de grace was given to Signora Toso's prima donnaship, by Miss Paton, whose "Tu che accendi" surpassed even herself. We don't know whether most to admire the chaste discretion, or the soul breathing energy of the delightful singer's performance.

Mr. Mathews, and his satellite Mr. Yates, have anticipated the Chancellor of the Exchequer this session in bringing forward their budgets. We take it for granted, that our readers would not suffice with even our description of any of these three "supplies" for the year, and therefore will be very brief with our notice of *The Home Circuit; or, Cockney Glewing*, Mr. Mathews; and *Portraits and Sketches in Town and Country*, the title of Yates's Miscellany. Mr. Yates's is an improvement on his last year's entertainment, and Mr. Mathews's is not a falling off. The catering is Moncrieff's; that is, a stew of all the puns he ever heard or inflicted, with all the jokes he could scrape together. There is, and ever will be, more character—more comedy—in Mathews; more quickness of transition, and greater cleverness of imitation, in Yates. *Joe Hatch*, a new and excellent sketch of Mathews, is worth all Yates's together, and a large balance to boot; while the latter, mimicking Young and Macready, is better than Mathews's whole *Monopolylogue*. They are both well worth an evening's sitting.

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